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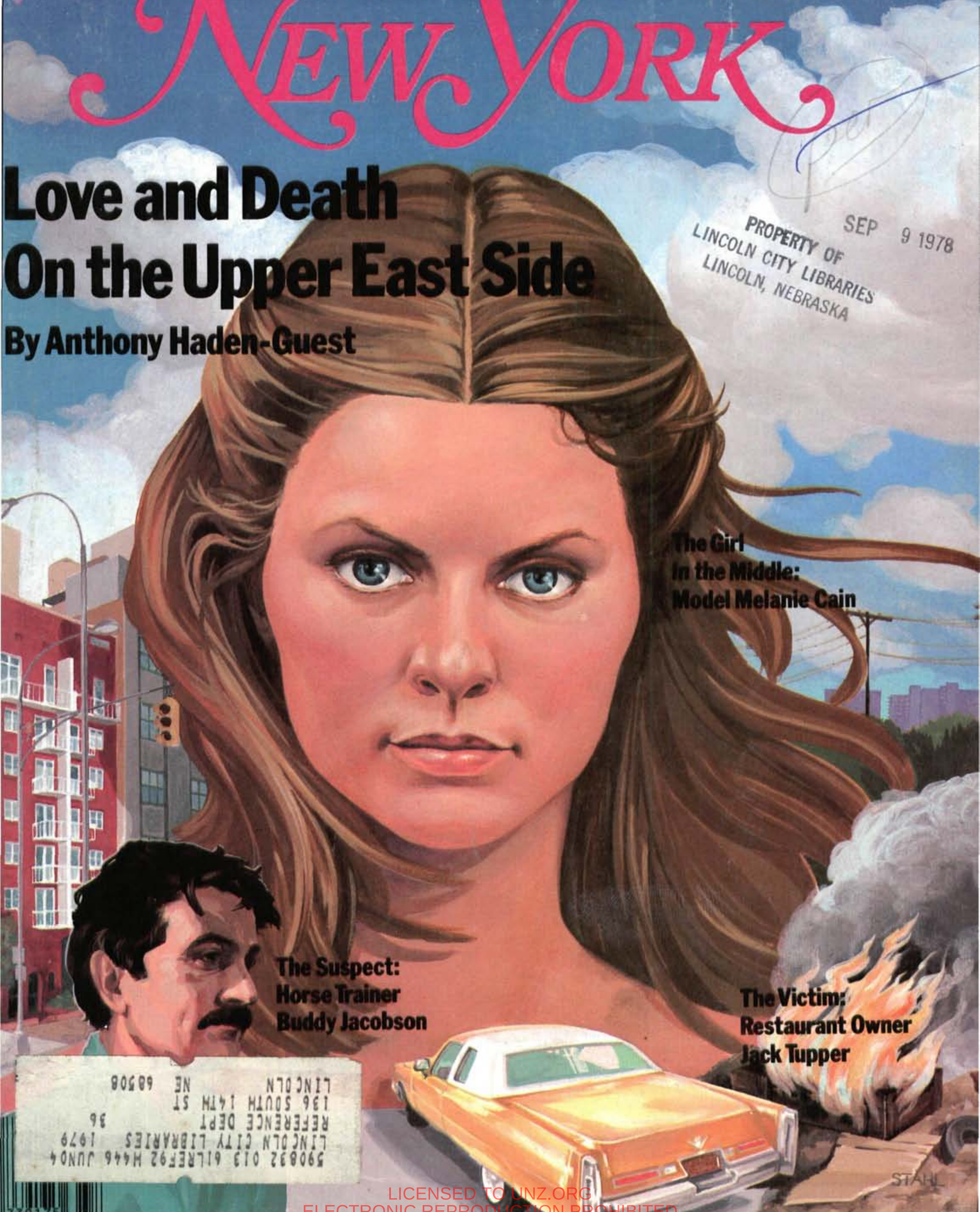

Love and Death On the Upper East Side

By Anthony Haden-Guest

The Girl in the Middle: Model Melanie Cain

The Suspect: Horse Trainer Buddy Jacobson

The Victim: Restaurant Owner Jack Tupper

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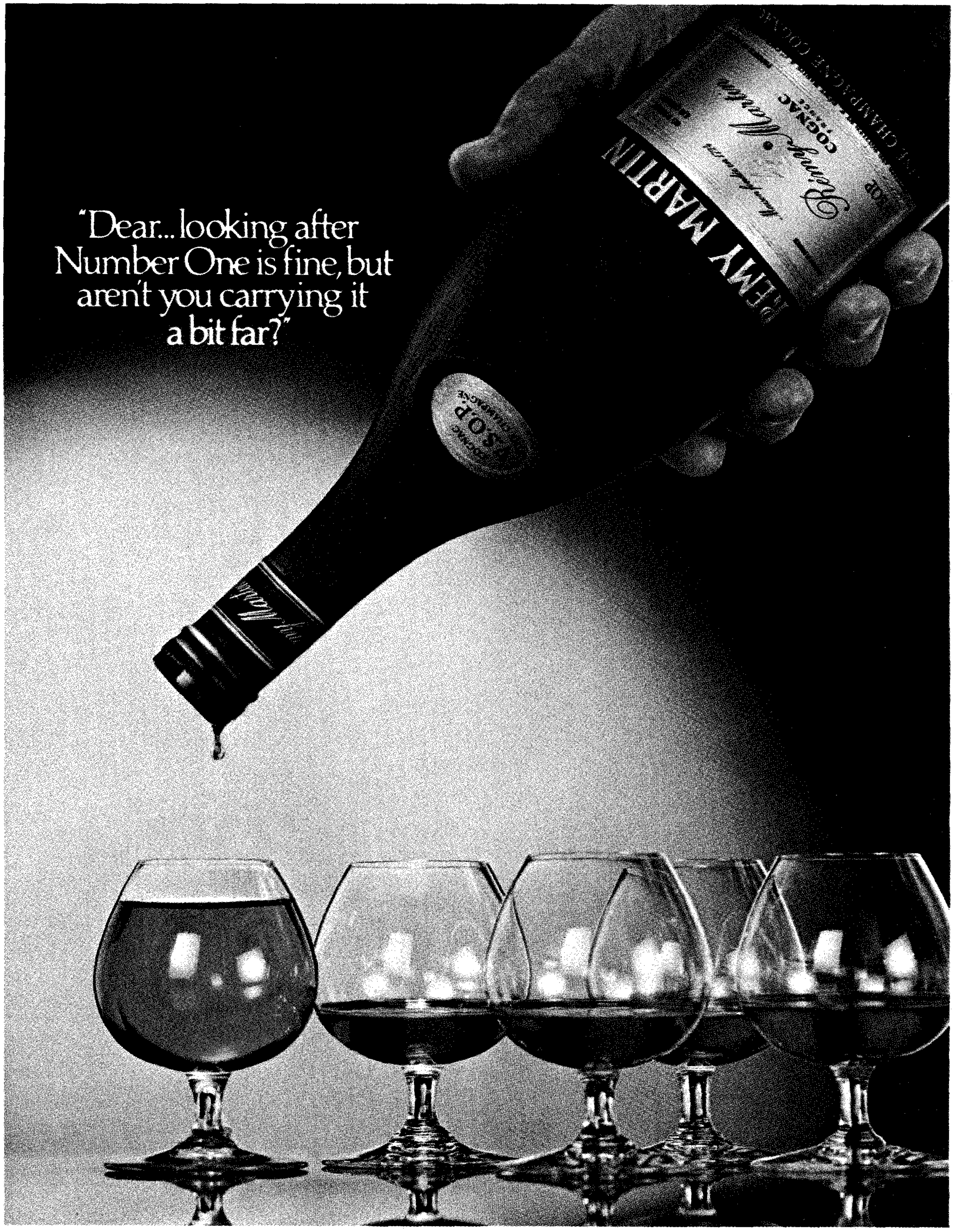
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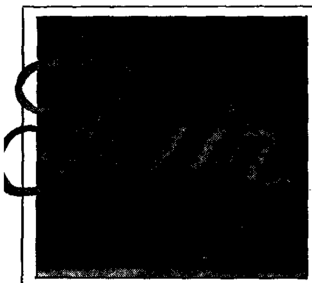
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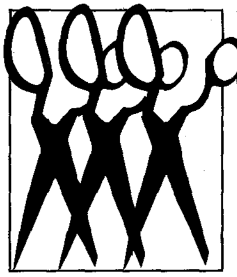
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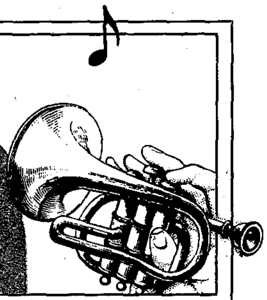
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Love and Death on the Upper East Side

By Anthony Haden-Guest

Three kids from nowhere come to Bigtown to make good. One of them ends up dead in a box, with another allegedly trying to set fire to it. This is the story of Buddy Jacobson—onetime horse trainer, ski-lodge operator, drug trafficker; the model who was the apple of his eye; and the chap who played worm to that apple.

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Don't Laugh at Andy Kaufman

By Janet Coleman

You might not think of a guy who goes on *Saturday Night Live* and starts reading *The Great Gatsby* as a notable comic, but Andy Kaufman did, and is.

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Hidden Houses

Photographed by Lynn Karlin

Behind some well-known Manhattan buildings there are other buildings, attractive, small houses cut off from the street and other urban realities.

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The Making of the Pope, 1978

By Murray Kempton

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By Deborah Haber

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New York's New FBI Chief:
Neil Welch, Boat Rocker

By Anthony Marro

New York's FBI office, second in size only to headquarters in Washington, has a new boss, Neil Welch. Known as a maverick, Welch is expected to give the office a vigorous shaking-up.

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Reading and Writing and Puberty

By Roland W. Betts

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New York Gazette

To keep you up with the news, we've again assembled an impressive list of guest experts, and we've included the solution to last week's Will Weng crossword puzzle.

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Cover: Painting by Nancy Stahl.

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SEPTEMBER 11, 1978—VOL. 11 NO. 37

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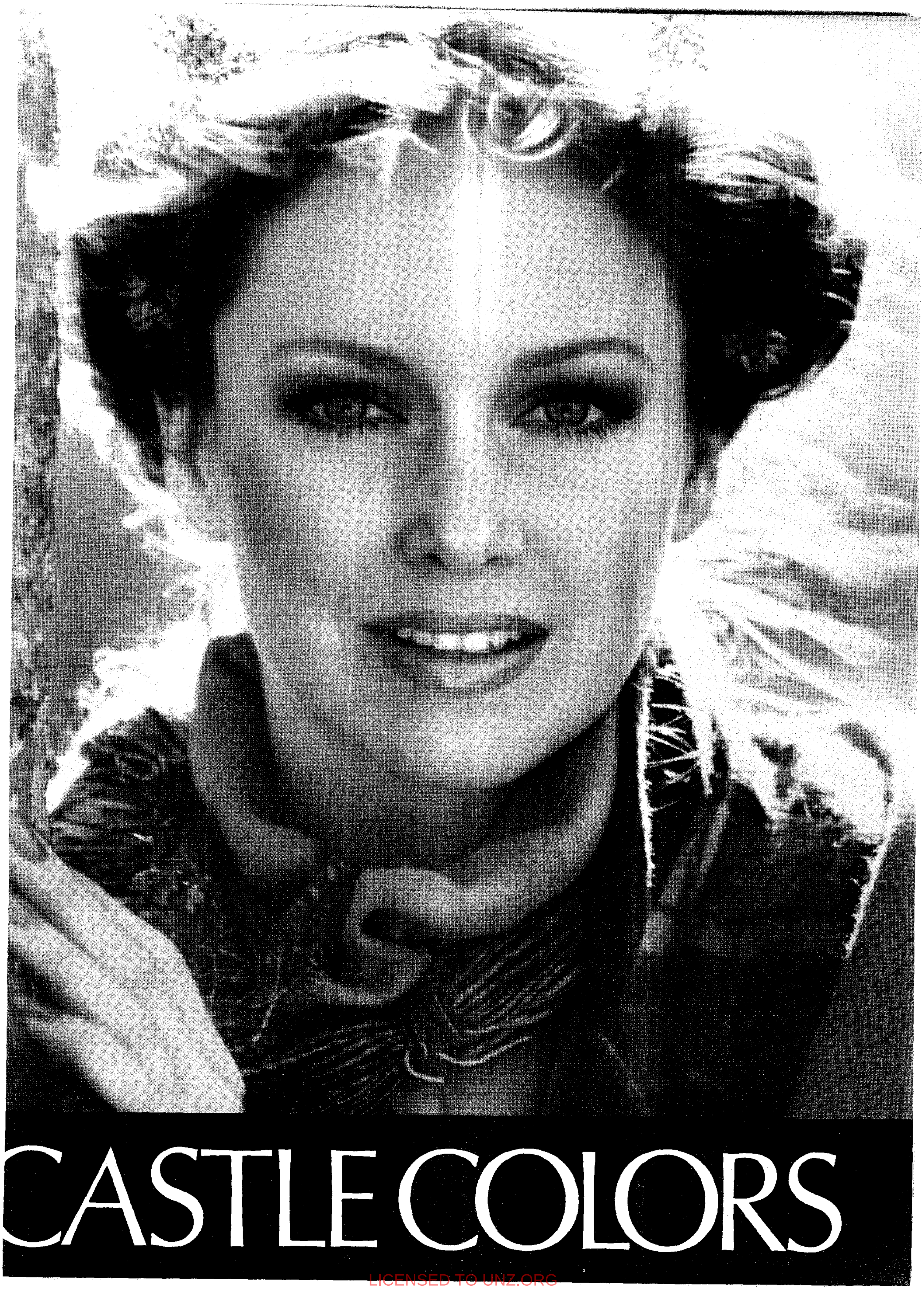
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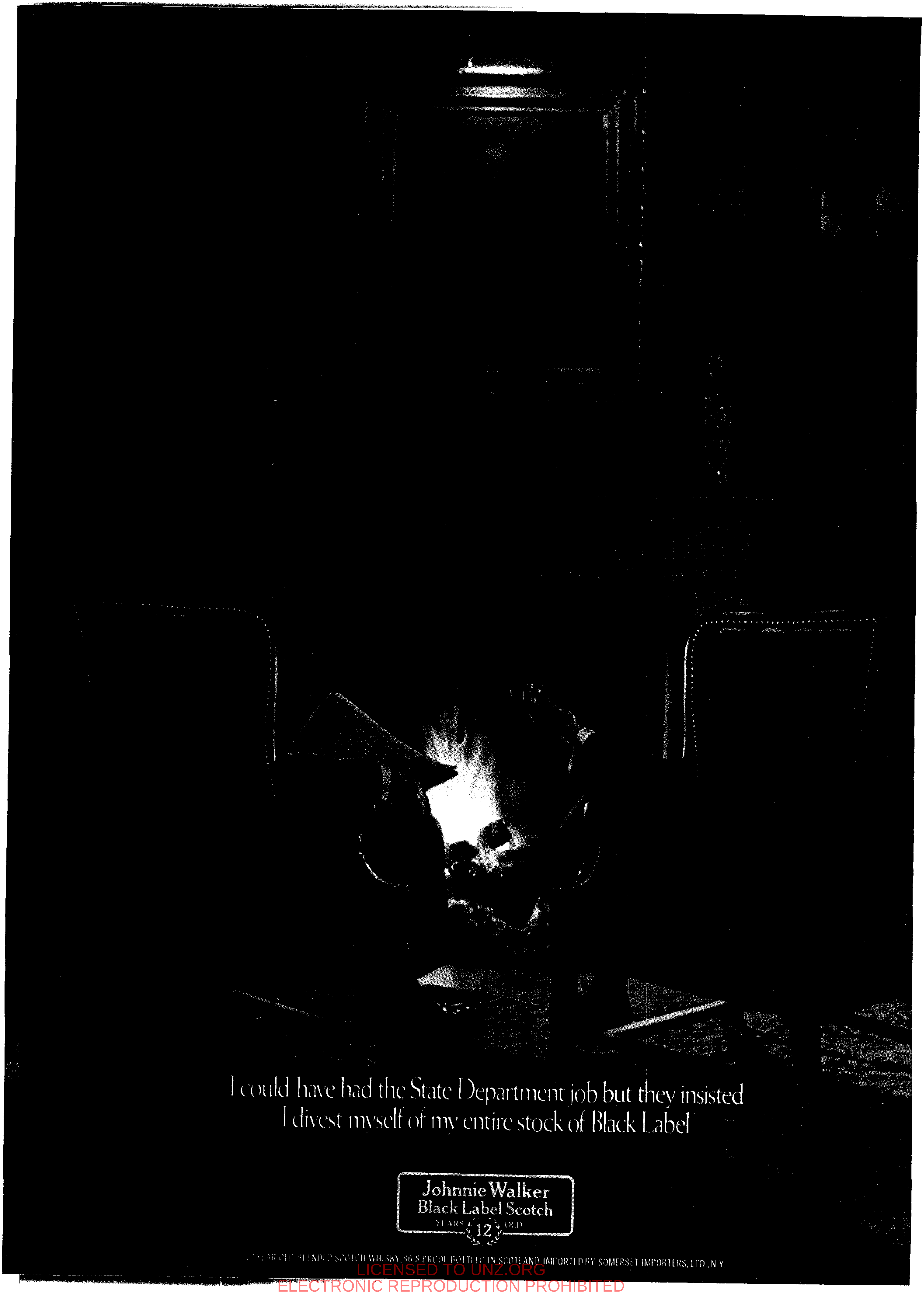
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LETTERS

You're OK, She's OK

Barefoot in the Park star Elizabeth Ashley's poignant remembrance of her emotional problems and of her gloomy view of herself as a unique, hopeless failure highlights the importance of both self-acceptance and freedom to fail ["A Short Time Out," August 14].

Many individuals scold themselves much more than the cruelest tormentor could, and they view their failures not as an important (even necessary) part of being, doing, and enjoying, but as some grave defect. They do not understand that being less than perfect is normal.

Depression can often be relieved through the use of anti-depressant medication, not with the habituating painkiller Demerol, as Ms. Ashley recalls. Whether medication is necessary or not, it is also the psychiatrist's task to help such patients realize that failure is okay and that the individual's worth is not measured simply by his production.

Dr. Charles E. McDermott
Director, Bay Ridge Mental Health
Brooklyn

Not Wrapped Too Tight

I am sickened by your pictures and descriptions of Bruce Bierman's "Final Wrap" [by Kim Dominique, August 7].

To take Breuer-style chairs and Eames tables and wrap them as orthopedic patients is sick or at very least tasteless.

Will he wrap *David*? Will he show the *Mona Lisa* in a pillowcase? Ecch!

Mr. Ralff
Mr. Ralff Interiors
Woodmere, N.Y.

The Other Side of the Coin

In Harvey D. Shapiro's article ["Mother of Mercy, Is This the End of Wall Street?" August 14], he refers to "the same law of averages that says if you can flip a half dozen heads in a row, the next half dozen tosses will come up tails." There is, of course, no such law. What Shapiro describes is known to statisticians as the gambler's fallacy, and can cause you to lose all your coins.

Marshall E. Deutsch
Bedford, Mass.

Forgotten Man

Re Roslyn Bernstein's "Artists on Salary: Funds for the Starving Class" [August 21]: A former CETA artist, I was employed as a production coordinator for the Theater for the Forgotten until May. The management of this so-called public-service theater can best be described as poverty pimps. Most of the artists in this program have been forced to sell out their talents and compromise their art by participating in trumped-up projects without the right to choose, without proper tools, and far beneath their creative standards. We had to work in a filthy, rat-infested, and unheated building throughout the winter. Management's only solution to these and other artists' problems has been a firm "If you don't like it here, resign," so I did, and so have others.

The artists are most definitely in need of funding, but if the Labor Department's CETA program, as currently implemented, is the only answer, then I choose to remain among the artistic "starving" class.

Andrew Zack
Manhattan

All That Jazz

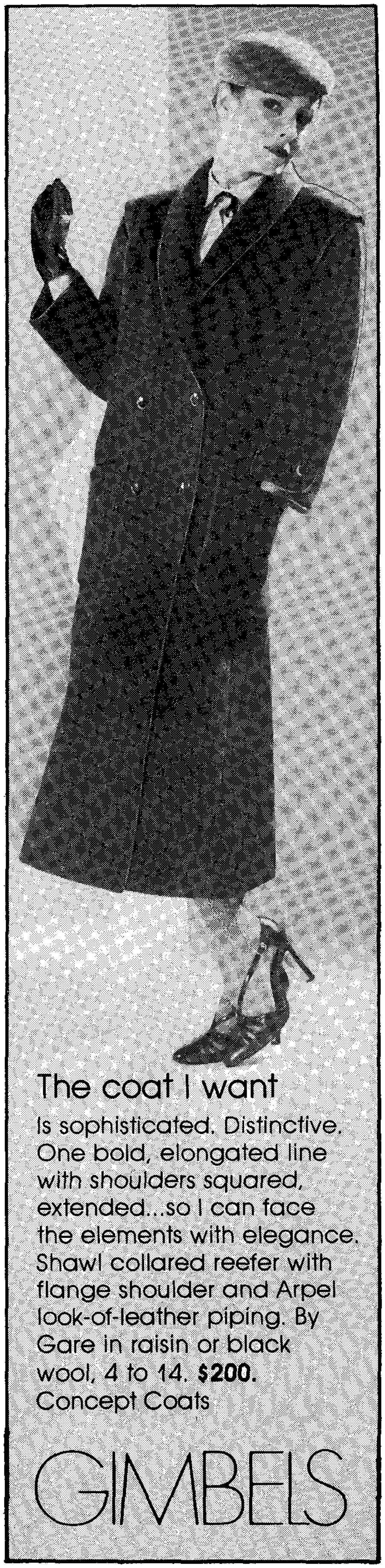
As regards the final paragraph of "Black and White and Red All Over" [by Helen Lawrenson, August 21], there was nothing at all the matter with Barney Josephson getting a plaque from the Newport Jazz Festival organizers "as a tribute for his having fostered the careers" of famous Café Society artists. To foster means to nurture, encourage, and sustain. Barney Josephson did that in the old days for John Hammond's discoveries, and he's still on the side of good jazz. I'd be willing to bet that if you ask John Hammond what he thinks, you'd find he approves of Barney Josephson's getting the plaque.

It is also worthy of mention that blacks and whites who wanted to go out and spend a nightclub evening together didn't have too easy a time of it in Manhattan 40 years ago. But they never had any problem at Café Society.

Robert D. Kempner
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Correction

On "Black and White and Red All Over" (August 21) the copyright line was inadvertently omitted. It is from the book *Whistling Girl*, by Helen Lawrenson, to be published by Doubleday. Copyright © 1978 by Helen Lawrenson. All rights reserved.



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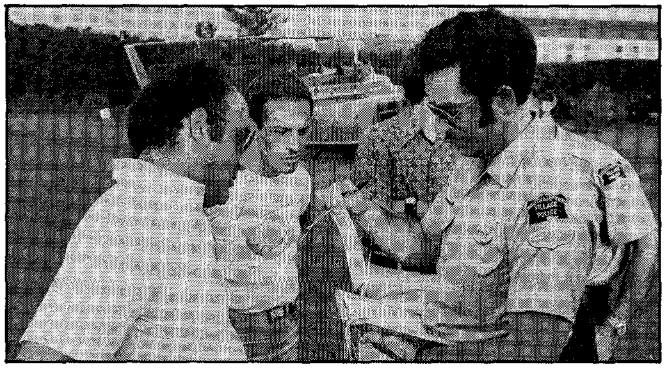
INTELLIGENCER

Guv Miffed at Jerry's Visit



Copped: Esposito tickets Jeff Wald after Brown fund raiser.

Governor Jerry Brown, who likes to say he has the questions not the answers, left our region with one more question on his mind: Who is Hugh Carey and why is he saying these nasty things about me One of the things New York's governor said of California's governor the other weekend was that Brown "should be locked up for loitering," because he was being given a fund raiser in Southampton by Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein. Carey then sniffed that at his fund raisers everyone paid, but that at the Brown affair "half of them got in for nothing." Stein says he is as puzzled as Brown by Carey's comments. "Maybe he just feels bad that Brown is being thought of as a presidential candidate and he isn't," Stein suggests.

Brown himself made a good impression on the guests at Stein's family estate. Lee Radziwill, who admits to having a crush on the Californian, opined that Brown was "very fascinating—and he looks so like Monty Clift." Linda Ronstadt didn't make it and the people had to be content with Helen Reddy, who spent much of the party trying to improve her facial suntan. Her husband-manager, Jeff Wald, was busy telling people it was *his* helicopter the governor was traveling in, just about the time Southampton Village Police Officer Ralph Esposito was ticketing said chopper for landing in the wrong place. Esposito ("Oh boy! I'm a part-time police officer trying to get hired. I hope I haven't blown it") was looking for someone to give the ticket to when Wald appeared and introduced himself as an aide to the governor. "He took it without any protest, but he wasn't smiling," Officer Esposito told us. "You mean he was Helen Reddy's husband? Thank God I'd just said to him what a great star she was. Anyway, the ticket shouldn't cost him more than $20. I did try to give it to Mr. Finkelstein [Stein's father, Jerry], but he said, 'No, no. Don't give it to me.' "

Sinatra Season at Music Hall

Lee Guber's about to announce his biggest coup for the fall concerts he will be staging in Radio City Music Hall. He has booked Frank Sinatra for seven straight nights from October 14. The shows should sell out instantly as Sinatra fans grab the chance to see and hear their idol in the intimate (relative to Madison Square Garden, that is) confines of the Music Hall. Sinatra will clear something over half a million dollars for his week's work. Not bad for a guy who "retired" years ago.

Siegel's Back Without Shrink

Stanley Siegel's going to be even harder to miss when he returns to television late in September on WCBS. The manic chatterer, who quit WABC's morning show in a contract dispute, will be on the air every weekday from 1 to 1:30 P.M. The show will be live and Stanley's getting something like $70,000 a year for doing it and a few specials. He's going to have to wing the show on his own, though. His shrink, Betsy Thorne, isn't part of the new deal. According to a Channel 2 source: "We think Stanley's fantastic but we don't think his old show was very good."

Oddly enough, WABC seems to think the same way, now that their star has gone. Just six hours after Siegel made an emotional farewell on air, WABC's program director, Neil Kuvin, was peddling a story to the Associated Press to the effect that Siegel's ratings weren't good enough anyway.

Carey, Duryea Close in Polls

If the gubernatorial election were held tomorrow, Republican Perry Duryea would bury Democrat Mary Anne Krupsak but would be pushing to beat incumbent Hugh Carey. That's the conclusion of the Roger Seasonwein Poll of 593 registered voters. The poll covered New York City, the suburbs, Westchester, and Long Island. According to Seasonwein, Duryea will need a lead of ten points or better upstate to beat Carey. Finds were:

	Total	New York	Suburbs	Westchester	Long Island
Carey	43	47	36	37	36
Duryea	37	32	47	45	47
Don't know	20	21	17	18	17
Krupsak	38	41	34	36	33
Duryea	46	42	54	49	56
Don't know	16	17	12	15	11

Tom Smothered By TV Censors

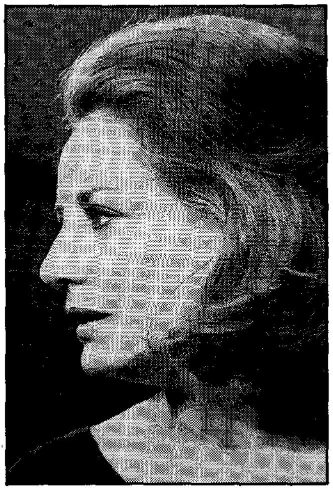
Smothers: Can't say that on TV.

The Smothers Brothers, who quit network TV over heavy-handed censorship, are in trouble again. This time it's the local New York stations which are exercising the blue pencil. Tom and Dick just took over the lead roles in *I Love My Wife* and cut a series of commercials to boost the show. Now, producer Terry Allen Kramer has been told the commercials aren't going to play in their present form. It wasn't so much the glimpse of the brothers and their co-stars, Barbara Sharma and Janie Sell, in their underwear that upset the channel chiefs. What got the commercials canned was Tom's (fully clothed) one-liner to Sharma: "You're boring in bed." At least it let the boys know that not much has changed since they were last kicked off the tube.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photos: top, Allan Tannenbaum; bottom, Sy Friedman

Barbara's Pals Smooth the Way



Walters: Moving to Park Avenue.

Barbara Walters finally has a new home to call her own. The ABC-TV star has just signed to buy the beautiful Park Avenue co-op of Luciana Avedon. The price was close to $400,000, but Barbara thought it a bargain after some of the places she's looked at in her year-long search for a new pad to move to from her present West 57th Street address.

Barbara was afraid right up to the signing that she might be rejected, what with the bias so many co-op boards have against entertainers. In the end, she didn't even have to go before the board for the customary interview. It might have had something to do with the references she provided. Among them were letters from Bob and Phyllis Wagner; Pete Peterson, head of Lehman Brothers; William Simon, former Treasury secretary; Pat Patterson, chief of Morgan Guaranty; and Leonard Goldenson, chairman of ABC.

Biaggi Demands Irish Switch

Mario Biaggi, fresh from his successful quarterbacking of the New York City loan bill in Congress, is being courted hard by Governor Hugh Carey right now. But Biaggi isn't going to give his endorsement easily. "He has to shift his position on the Irish issue," Biaggi tells us. "He must identify more closely with the position of the Ad Hoc Congressional Committee on Irish Affairs. The committee is seeking peace and justice and cannot support such one-sided stands as the governor's last year against the IRA. The governor has a big problem with the Irish right now, but I can't betray the people who have supported me by endorsing him unless he shifts our way. If he still believes what he said about the IRA being 'Marxist murderers,' he's in deep trouble."

Singing All the Way to the Polls

Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul, and Mary fame) just penned a campaign song for his friend Al Lowenstein, who's slugging it out with Carter Burden in the East Side congressional primary. The punch line implores us to "Together build a dream/ Cast our vote for Lowenstein." It sounds better when you sing it. Lowenstein's also going on a cable-TV chat show with such panelists as Irma Badillo and Buck Henry.

Old Foes Meet On Wall Street

On Wall Street they're all agog at the prospect of having ringside seats to the future battles of Arthur Burns and Henry Kissinger. Burns, former Federal Reserve chairman, just signed on with Lazard Frères as a senior adviser. Kissinger hangs his hat at the rival investment-banking giant Goldman, Sachs & Company.

Burns and Kissinger never got along during their Washington stints, and their differences survive today. Interviewed by *Business Week* recently, Burns was still blaming Kissinger for torpedoing his efforts to break the Arab oil-price cartel.

Prince Wants No Day-Trippers

The influx of rich Europeans goes on, and their reasons for coming here are as varied as their titles. Take the young Prince Anton Windisch-Graetz. "There's no point in owning land in Europe anymore," Anton says. "Europe is finished. The people come and picnic on your estates and there's nothing you can do to prevent them." Now the prince has bought 25 private, expensive acres in Southampton. We do hope no one leaves any Coke cans or chicken bones on his new turf.

Strike Splits 'Times' Heavies

When the newspaper strike finally ends, there will still be an awful lot of hurt feelings to be soothed. Take the situation at the *Times.* When the strike loomed, memos went out to all *Times* domestic bureaus and national correspondents pointing out that, in the opinion of the newspaper's counsel, staffers could quit the Newspaper Guild and continue to work for the Times News Service. Two national correspondents chose this course. In the Washington bureau, with 50-odd Guild people employed, three staffers chose to quit their union.

The others are making out as well as they can. State Department correspondent Bernard Gwertzman, for example, went over to work the state beat for the Washington *Star*. Nobody told executive editor Abe Rosenthal about it, and Abe hit the roof when Gwertzman's first story was relayed from the *Star* to the Times News Service, as is the regular practice. Abe has since calmed down, and Gwertzman continues to write for the *Star* and be syndicated (sans by-line) by the *Times*. Almost all of the *Times*'s columnists are still filing for the News Service. The exception is the one Guild man among them, Russell Baker. Baker's using the enforced idleness to finish the script for his musical *Home Again* (to be produced by Warner Brothers, with music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Barbara Fried, and direction by Gene Saks), which will debut in January.

One other casualty of the strike is the *Times*'s dashing deputy metropolitan editor, Warren Hoge. Hoge is destined to head up the paper's Brazilian bureau, which is just about as nice an assignment as you can get, but he's going nowhere until the strike ends. At least it's giving him time to learn Portuguese.

Curry: Mikhail, Rudi help out.

This Curry's So Hot on Ice

John Curry, the ice-skating darling of the jet set, is about to bust out all over. His pal Mikhail Baryshnikov is preparing to choreograph a work for Curry to perform on the national tour he'll start in November, and Curry's talking with Rudolf Nureyev about yet another ballet on ice. Curry had lunch the other day with Arthur Laurents, who wrote *The Turning Point,* and Laurents is now looking for a film vehicle for him. One suggestion (seriously) is that they remake Sonja Henie's greatest films, with Curry starring.

Photos: top, Bettye Lane; right, Wide World

The City Politic / Sidney Zion

THE IMPERIAL CAREY

Up, Up—and Away?

The notion of Hugh Carey as the imperial governor would have seemed both incredible and laughable four years ago when Hughie—as everyone then called him—ran his feisty, underdog campaign for the Democratic nomination against Howard Samuels. Carey, after all, had been a rather quiet, unassuming congressman for more than a decade, and if he was at all exceptional it was mainly in comparison with the average product of the Brooklyn machine out of which he came warp and woof.

On the personal level he was amiable without being nearly so gregarious as the popular image of the Irish politician would have it. He may or may not have been guarded in his relationship with the press, but the point was that nobody noticed, there having been no particular reason for journalists to subject him to anything approaching a cross-examination.

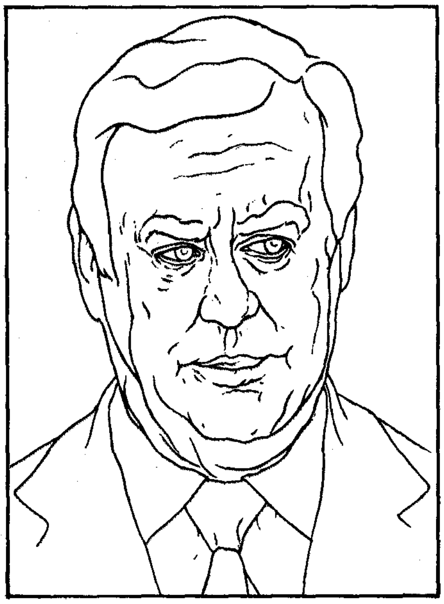
His ambition appeared to be more modest than his record. In 1969 he announced for mayor of New York, but dropped out as soon as Robert F. Wagner dropped in, accepting the City Council presidency slot on Wagner's losing ticket.

When he decided to make the run against Samuels in '74, it looked more like a mid-life crisis than a serious candidacy. The press immediately tabbed him as "Hughie Who?" and this was less derisive than a statement of realpolitik. Or so it seemed at the time.

But that campaign, like Carey himself, was never what it seemed to be. Poor Samuels made the fatal mistake of accepting the endorsement of the Democratic bosses whom he had nearly defeated four years earlier in a brilliant run against Arthur Goldberg. As a result Hughie was able to portray himself as an insurgent.

In fact, he was from the outset the sub-rosa candidate of the bosses who did not trust Samuels but did trust Carey despite warnings from the venerable Meade Esposito, Carey's Brooklyn leader, that Hughie was "a loner."

Given Carey's background, the leaders may be forgiven for ignoring Esposito, though few now forgive



themselves. During his tenure in Albany the governor has ignored and/or crossed nearly all of them, and has dealt similarly with just about everyone who helped him get where he is. A few examples follow.

Patrick Cunningham. As Bronx boss, Cunningham led the effort to put Carey on the ballot in 1974. When Cunningham was accused of corruption by Maurice Nadjari—a charge later dismissed by the courts—Carey dumped him as state Democratic chairman.

Jeremiah Bloom. The Brooklyn state senator was perhaps Carey's most ardent supporter. But Carey quickly turned away from him and now Bloom is running against him.

Abe Beame. The former mayor gave vital help to Carey's nomination. Last year, Carey jettisoned Beame for Mario Cuomo, who was in turn dropped for Ed Koch, despite the governor's pledge to support Cuomo to the bitter end.

Jerry Finkelstein. The publisher of the New York *Law Journal* was one of Carey's few mainstays in '74. Once elected, Carey failed to reappoint him to the Port Authority. When Finkelstein's son, Andrew Stein, defeated Robert Wagner Jr. for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan borough president, the governor backed Wagner on the Liberal-Republican lines. This was in complete contradiction to his stand on Cuomo-Koch, where he said he could not support Cuomo on the Liberal-party line because Koch had won the Democratic primary.

Robert Abrams. The Bronx borough president has shown such loyalty to Carey that he became an embarrassment to some of his friends. Faced, however, with the defection of Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak, Carey created a woman opponent against Abrams for attorney general in the person of Judge Dolores Denman.

Ordinarily, the answer to at least some of these knifings would range from "So what?" to "Great!" Why, after all, should the citizenry care about internecine warfare among politicians?

Indeed, had Carey run a populist administration, these things would have abounded to his credit. But to call Hugh Carey a populist is to be laughed out of town.

The man who was elected as a "regular guy" turned out to be a man who loved to hobnob with the Finest. Once satisfied with beer at Brooklyn bars, he now needed "21"! Once pleased with the company of Pete Hamill, he now required Sinatra and Anne Ford Uzielli.

Only yesterday he wanted to be president of the New York City Council. Suddenly it was vice-president—even president—of the United States. And failing that, in the 1976 convention, he seemed to have become terribly bored with so prosaic a job as governor of New York.

It was this ennui that led inexorably, inevitably, to his inaccessibility—to the press and to the politicians. I have heard that the cold-ass Tom Dewey was Debbie Reynolds next to Carey, that Nelson Rockefeller was Pat Boone.

Over the years, the ennui has made its mark on the public mind. Carey doesn't give a damn, they tell you. Carey comes to us only when he's in trouble. Carey wants the perfume, not the sweat.

This is the essence of Krupsak's campaign against him—she is sadly devoid of substantive issues, having been his sidekick for four years—and while she is unlikely to win, she has forced the governor to go to the bottoms of his coffers to beat her.

If he survives the primary, he will face the same problem, this time in

Illustration by Jeffrey Ingram Stone

This is the way we were.

When Allen was in Allen's Alley. When Bette and Joan and Barbara and Olivia were tearing our hearts out. And the Andrew Sisters were belting out Beer Barrel Polka on The Make Believe Ballroom. Our hair was rolled; our heels were high. And we wore fabulous little dresses like these...by Jessica McClintock for Gunne Sax: center, the button top, with tender tucks, $26; and front-tucked skirt, $25. Both, in black and purple crepe back satin. Left and right, ravishing retro-dresses: in long-sleeved black, $52. In short-sleeved navy, $48. All of crepe acetate and nylon, for sizes 5 to 13. Young Circle.®

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living color, from Perry Duryea, who unlike Krupsak and Jerry Bloom has plenty of money to make his case in the press and on television.

While that case will be posed on the issues—capital punishment, Westway, the economy, etc.—it will succeed, if at all, on the subliminal question of the imperial governorate.

That is where Hugh Carey has made his bed of thorns. That is where the matters that would ordinarily not matter to the public—the double-crossing of a snare of heels—may come together to wreck his political career.

For he has indeed conducted himself as the imperial governor. He has skewered his old friends, played up to his old enemies, been contemptuous of the public. No single issue, perhaps not a confluence of issues, could otherwise put him in such trouble as he now finds himself.

Capital punishment is not to be denigrated as a major source of Carey's problems, but if the people like him it is difficult to believe he would not overcome it rather easily. Now he is down to placing that issue—as all others—in the hands of David Garth, his press agent. It is not the only irony, but it is surely the most clinical one of Carey's campaign that Garth is the man who pushed the death-penalty issue into the public awareness last year when he made it the main tune for Ed Koch.

The issue turned Koch, willy-nilly, into a tough guy, a *shtarker* from his old image as a milky lib-lab. Now Carey must fight it, and if he doesn't succeed you can lay odds that Garth will say it was a peripheral issue, that the real problem was the imperial governor.

When that happens, if it happens, I'll buy the drinks. Assuming Garth isn't inaccessible.

Allard's Way

Watching Allard Lowenstein trying to take the 18th Congressional District is a meandering, enjoyable experience as the river chops by and the breeze eases the bright sunshine soaking Carl Schurz Park and its sleepy Saturday horde of East Siders. All the strengths and stereotypes of the district seem on display—trendy, tanned couples flopped on grass plots barely nudging one another, thoughtful readers facing away from land, family groups protecting their introversion, and all through this blinking faces look up, polite enough to say hello and recognize the man.

Lowenstein still has the omnivorous, issue-crammed bearing of a 1960s politician who wants to heft the world like a medicine ball. He is smiling and beady-eyed about his chances of finally getting back into Congress ten years after winning the single term on Long Island that hooked him in a kind of personal epilogue after the anti-war agitation had forced President Johnson to retreat from his own party.

"Are you running *here?*" one squinting bench sitter asks, putting the question in a tone that would warm the heart of Carter Burden, Lowenstein's chief competitor in the Democratic primary next week. Burden views Lowenstein as something of a territorial interloper with an all too movable entourage which has shifted its enthusiasms westward through his several candidacies from Long Island to Brooklyn and now the mid-eastern flank of Manhattan.

Carter Burden has a great deal going for him in a district where political races go to the rich and the quick. He came in third last year in the contest for City Council president, it's true, but that followed a valuable eight-year tenure in the City Council, where, covering much the same East Side territory, he shed his early chichi publicity roots. He can now speak of city laws he helped enact.

As a councilman, Burden specialized in tailoring services for constituents. He did well enough so that a benchful of old people familiar with a storefront advocacy service called the Burden Center for the Aging spoke up for him in Schurz Park as Allard Lowenstein made his pamphlet rounds, Lowenstein stirring a different sort of political memory, extending back through Kennedy to civil rights and Stevenson.

Lowenstein talks of offering a "national voice" for the district and the city, leaving mundane service requests from constituents largely to a competent staff and focusing on the broad international and domestic issues that have been his lifelong concern, most recently as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations for special political affairs.

Burden faults him on this, saying he would focus in Congress on a limited number of basic specialties, such as the control of health-care costs, and not scatter his efforts.

All but one of the district's Democratic clubs have backed Burden, along with the Liberal party and the New Democratic Coalition—large chunks of the local reform machine. Lowenstein counters with 32 endorsements from representatives and senators, including Henry M. Jackson, who praises Lowenstein's past service in Congress on such issues as Soviet Jewry—no small en-

Photography: Garry Bartoloni

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dorsement in the ethnic scheme of primary politics. Lowenstein also cites William F. Buckley Jr., the conservative mastermind who praises Lowenstein's "hectic idealism."

The 18th Congressional District is the most affluent in the city and the most over-politicked since Ed Koch moved on to City Hall. Its voters went through the trauma of Bella Abzug's attempt to launch herself back to Congress last winter in a special election with operatic twists that could have exhausted the average neighborhood.

Politics seems the district's endless season, with summer simply a reason to beg barefoot and shuttle the action out to the Hamptons, where both Burden and Lowenstein have been fund raising. William Green, a rich Republican who is now incumbent after a narrow, impressive victory over Mrs. Abzug, already is on TV with commercials for the November election.

What relieves this crassness are the voters, who pride themselves on sophistication and a tenacious neighborhood approach to politics that has seen the district's candidates knocking like Avon ladies on the doors of such civic fortresses as Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village.

There are three other very active candidates: Betty G. Lall, a Humphrey liberal who is director of Cornell University's downstate Urban Affairs Program and who has been a disarmament specialist with the Kennedy administration; Peter Wilson, a former assistant Manhattan district attorney; and Howard S. Katz, an economics writer running on the single issue of a return to the gold standard.

Yet it is one of the two front-runners who is likely to find his career nipped by the decisive notation of losing one too many. Both Burden and Lowenstein claim encouragement from preference polls. Burden says his latest sample shows him seven and a half points ahead of Lowenstein. But Lowenstein disagrees and says that even before the campaign began he was found to be ahead of Burden by four points and taking four of five assembly districts.

The latter poll was taken by City Councilman Antonio Olivieri ,who was then considering challenging Burden but chose instead to become Lowenstein's honorary campaign chairman. The Burden-Olivieri antipathy is now a fixture of East Side politics—two clashing comers with the sort of ambition, wealth, and overbite that stereotypes the district. The two were classmates at Harvard and Columbia Law School, and Burden wonders whether it might take Freud rather than Gallup to plumb their hostility. Olivieri says there's no intra-class animus: He says he would support Burden except Lowenstein seems the perfect candidate.

When attacked as a roving opportunist, Lowenstein replies that in his previous races he always was invited in to take on an apparently impossible challenge for the sake of principle. The 18th District is more of a home to him than any other, he says. And Manhattan politics is home too. It was here he first scored strongly when he served as campaign manager for the late Congressman William Fitz Ryan eighteen years ago.

Lowenstein may stand to lose more than Burden with the major newspaper blackout, particularly in terms of editorial endorsements that East Siders like to consult. Burden senses a touch of eerie quiet too but says victory will be in the attention to such detail as not merely opposing Westway, as Lowenstein does, but in taking part in the legal fight against it, as Burden has done. The Burden camp is also running an extensive phone canvas of many of the expected 50,000 voters and will likely outmail the Lowenstein forces, which estimate their spending at perhaps a third of the Burden total of over $200,000.

The campaign involves a lot of tedious, fleshy handshaking and hellos, and no confrontation between the front-runners. Burden, who is opposed to capital punishment, contends Lowenstein is being cute on this issue, letting liberals assume one thing but telling local crime-fearing groups that he is not opposed. Lowenstein replies that for years he has consistently not ruled it out for certain crimes, crimes such as the Holocaust. This further rubs Burden supporters who suspect Lowenstein is pandering to the considerable Jewish vote.

There are politicians who say the race is close enough for this final week to be crucial as countless East Siders return home from summer and do quick studies of the contest. This would be remarkable considering the money and personalities burned up since the year began and the East Side treasure still to be expended as all this leads on toward November.—**Francis X. Clines**

Correction

In an article in last week's "City Politic" concerning the Democratic primary in the 26th Senatorial District, it was incorrectly stated that candidate Brenda Feigen Fasteau had raised $21,000, through August 11, in loans and contributions in her effort against William Woodward. In fact, Feigen Fasteau had raised $38,238 up to that point. *New York* Magazine regrets the error. ■

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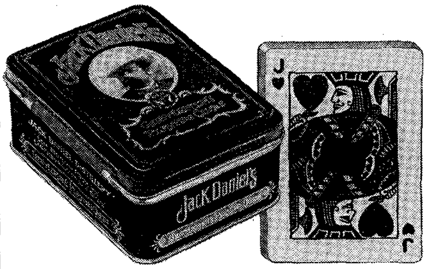

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106 Unconstructed bi-swingback suits (below). Bellows pockets. Pure cotton. This suit has been advertised around town for $115. Available in khaki only............... **$32**

361 American made suits (pictured below). Woolen blends with vests. Truly lovely patterns in lush fabrics. Great buys when we sold them for $139.90 to $149.90. Check this bargain out at....................... **$82**

243 Italian designer suits (pictured below). All are regular weights. Solid flannels and unique stripes. All vested. A very classy classic suit that sold in some of the best stores in town for $175. Now.............. **$74**

165 Designer suits. One of the biggest French names. All with vests and shaped cut. Most double vents. Incredible fabrics. Were $169.90 to $199.90. Magnifique................ **$119**

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55 Corduroy sport jackets. Three terrific styles. Five great colors. Rust, beige, blue, green, and brown. Incredible price.............. **$16**

88 Pure wool sport jackets (pictured above). A special group from a very well known designer. Houndstooth, checks, tweeds and plaids. Lush fabrics. Merns low price was $99. Now while they last................... **$49**

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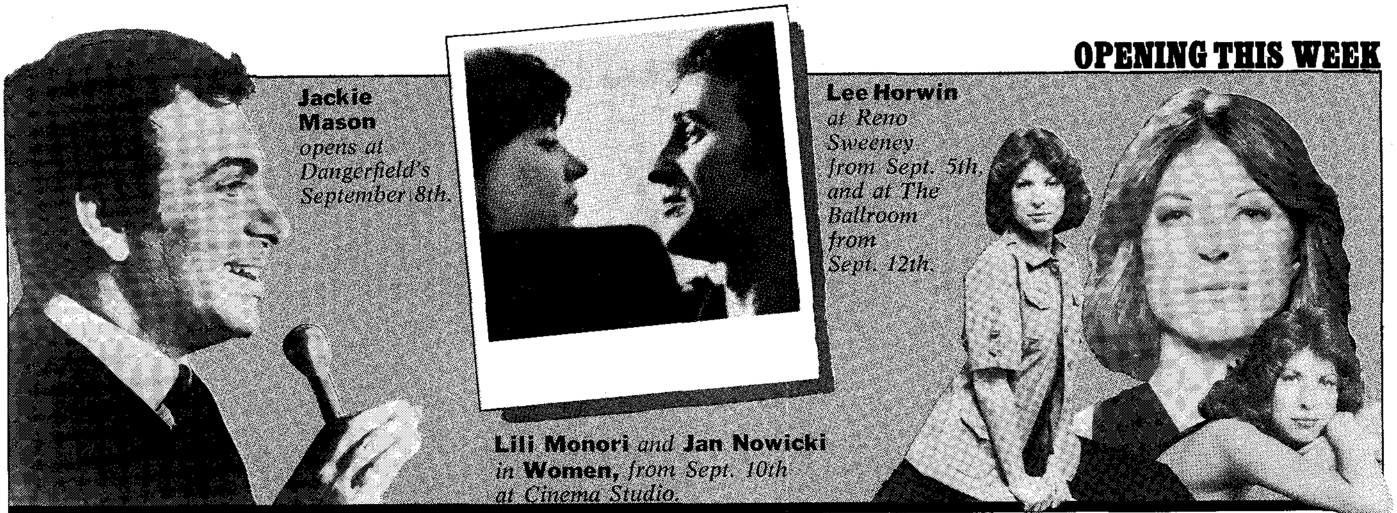
OPENING THIS WEEK


Jackie Mason *opens at Dangerfield's September 8th.*

Lee Horwin *at Reno Sweeney from Sept. 5th, and at The Ballroom from Sept. 12th.*

Lili Monori *and* **Jan Nowicki** in **Women,** *from Sept. 10th at Cinema Studio.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

September 5 through 12

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Little Theater, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350). (Evenings) 9/5-10, *The All-American Boy* (Jon Voight).

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 9/5, *Outrageous!; Putney Swope;* From 9/6, *3 Women; Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 9/5, *The Last Waltz; Midnight Cowboy.* From 9/6, *The Cheap Detective; Sleuth.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). Thru 9/5, *Bringing Up Baby; My Favorite Wife.* 9/6, *Rose of Washington Square; That Night in Rio.* 9/7, *The Talk of the Town; The More the Merrier.* 9/8, *You're Telling Me; Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* 9/9, 10, *Shadow of the Thin Man; The Thin Man Goes Home.* 9/11, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game; As Thousands Cheer.* 9/12, *The Dark Past; Knock on Any Door.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 9/5, *Padre Padrone; We All Loved Each Other So Much.* 9/6, 7, *The Goodbye Girl; The Heartbreak Kid.* 9/8, 9, *The 39 Steps; The Lady Vanishes.* 9/10, 11, *A Star Is Born; I Could Go on Singing.* 9/12, *The Sorrow and the Pity.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 9/7, *Madame Rosa.* From 9/8, *Outrageous!; Putney Swope.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *The Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

34th St East, nr Second Avenue (683-0255). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). To be announced.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Nea.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Slave of Love.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Interiors.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *Young Frankenstein.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Girl Friends.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Cat and Mouse.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). I. *The Revenge of the Pink Panther.* II. *2001: A Space Odyssey.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 9/5, *The Cheap Detective.* From 9/6, to be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Hooper.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Foul Play.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Young Frankenstein.* II. *Jaws II.*

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 9/5, *Sword of Fury; Sword of Doom.* 9/6, *Shoot the Piano Player; Detour.* 9/7, *Taxi Driver; On the Waterfront.* 9/8, 9, *The Harder They Come; Breathless.* 9/10, 11, *The Little Foxes; The Misfits.* 9/12, *Stray Dog; The Bad Sleep Well.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). *Madame Rosa.*

8th St Plyhse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). 9/7-9, *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000; The Wonderful Crook.* 9/10, 11, *Don't Cry With Your Mouth Full; La Salamandre.* 9/12, 13, *Cousin Angelica; Before the Revolution.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *The Buddy Holly Story.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.* IV. *Young Frankenstein.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Eyes of Laura Mars.* II. *Heaven Can Wait.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). Thru 9/5, *Star Wars.* From 9/6, *Avalanche.*

Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *Young Frankenstein.*

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Foul Play.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Jaws II.* II. *Hooper.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *2001: A Space Odyssey.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Lin Tse-hsu.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *The Magic of Lassie.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 9/5, noon, Emile Cohl Tribute; 2:30, *Face in the Sky;* 6 p.m. *The Stepford Wives.* 9/7, 2:30, *Report to the Commissioner;* 6 p.m. *The Nickel Ride;* 8:30, *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie.* 9/8, 2:30, *Gator;* 6 p.m. *Face in the Sky.* 9/9, noon, *The Shootist;* 2:30, *Norman. . .Is That You?* 5 p.m. *The Nickel Ride.* 9/10, noon, *The Shootist;* 2:30, *The Stepford Wives;* 5 p.m. *Le Voyage dans la lune* and *La Jete,* plus *The Day the Earth Stood Still.* 9/11, noon, *Mountain People;* 2:30, *Assault on Precinct 13;* 6 p.m. *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie.* 9/12, noon, *Mountain People;* 2:30, *Romance of the Rio Grande;* 6 p.m. *Norman. . .Is That You?*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Grease.*

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Who'll Stop the Rain.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 9/5, *Duel in the Sun; Pursued.* 9/6, *The Old Dark House; The Cat and the Canary.* 9/7, *High and Low; Pale Flower.* 9/8, *Animal Crackers; And Now for Something Completely Different.* 9/9, *Dr. Strangelove; Paths of Glory.* 9/10, *West Side Story; Los Tarantos.* 9/11, *The Puritan; The Phantom Baron.* 9/12, *Les Enfants Terribles; Fists in the Pocket.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). *The Cheap Detective.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Bread and Chocolate.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Foul Play.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 9/9, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.* From 9/10, *Women.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 9/5, *Red Dust; Tarzan and His Mate.* 9/6-9, *Designing Woman; The Women.* 9/10, 11, *Father of the Bride; The Actress.* 9/12, 13, *Fury; Intruder in the Dust.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Beacon, Bdway & 74th (874-1717). 9/7-9, *200 Motels; Mad Dogs & Englishmen.* 9/14-16, *Performance; Jimi Hendrix.*

Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *The Buddy Holly Story.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *The Revenge of the Pink Panther.* IV. *Jaws II.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Saturday Night Fever; Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 9/5, *Dead of Night; The Most Dangerous Game.* 9/6, 7, *Trilogy; In Cold Blood.* 9/8, 9, *Murder; Blackmail* (both early Hitchcock). 9/10, 11, *Seven Beauties; Let's Talk About Men.* 9/12, *Written on the Wind; There's Always Tomorrow.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 9/14, *Jaws II; Rollercoaster.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Little Carnegie *(D.D.)*

The Buddy Holly Story–The subtitle might be *A Portrait of the Artist as a Clean Young Man.* This sincere bio-pic traces the career of the awkward but self-assured West Texas boy with the goofy smile and the Clark Kent glasses who became one of the most creative of the early rock singer/composers and then died in a plane crash (in 1959) at the age of 22. The movie glorifies Holly a bit too much, but no matter: Gary Busey is brilliant in the title role. Written by Robert Gittler and directed by Steve Rash. Quad. *(D.D.)*

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema II.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Playboy; thru 9/5, 72nd St East; from 9/6, St Marks Cinema.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Quad; Embassy 72nd.

Eyes of Laura Mars–A slick, violent horror-thriller with psychic overtones about a high-fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway, paler than ever) whose kinky ads are driving a mad killer into frenzies. As he knocks off Dunaway's models and friends (with an ice pick), she "sees" the murders in her head. The script is preposterous but the movie's fantasy of the glittering New York fashion world is often entertaining. With Tommy Lee Jones as an amorous cop, Rene Auberjonois, Brad Dourif, and Raul Julia. Written by David Zelag Goodman and John Carpenter and directed by Irvin Kershner, who has seen better days. Coronet, Loews State I. *(D.D.)*

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything, has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Cinema III; Paramount; Loews Cine; Forum. *(D.D.)*

Girl Friends–This low-budget independent feature written by Vicki Polon and directed by Claudia Weill is about a bluesy Upper West Side Jewish girl (Melanie Mayron)—a photographer who progresses from bar mitzvah portraits to a gallery show in a couple of years. Along the way, she struggles to remain close with a safe-playing WASP girl friend (Anita Skinner). It's a mood piece about Relationships (particularly the need for female solidarity), but the moods aren't strong enough to affect our emotions. With Eli Wallach and Christopher Guest. Cinema I. *(D.D.)*

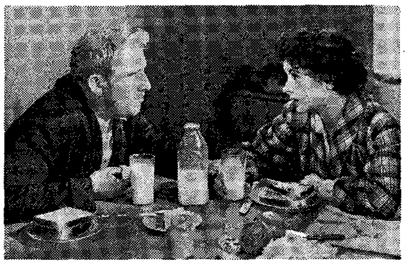
Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Ziegfield.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East; 34th St East.

Hooper–A raucous, tough-tender celebration of the childish daring of Hollywood stuntmen, starring Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Brian Keith, Sally Field, and Robert Klein, who dies a funny and cruel send-up of director Peter Bogdanovich. Mixed in with the macho sentimentality there's some very acute satire of Hollywood filmmaking. A thoroughly enjoyable movie, directed by Hal Needham. Loews Orpheum; RKO Cinerama II. *(D.D.)*

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Baronet. *(D.D.)*

MILK AND HONEY



Spencer Tracy and **Elizabeth Taylor** play the title roles in Vincente Minnelli's *Father of the Bride*, sharing the bill at the Regency (Bdway & 67th St) with *The Actress* (Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy), 9/10 and 11th.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I; D.W. Griffith; Olympia; RKO 86th St II.

Lin Tse-hsu (The Opium War)–A feature film from the People's Republic of China suppressed a few years ago by the "Gang of Four" (which was then suppressed itself). It would take a dedicated Sinologist to figure out why. The movie is a seemingly orthodox anti-imperialist pageant about the wicked British merchants who smuggled opium into Imperial China in the 1830s and the noble minister who repelled them. Stiff and unilluminating, the movie's only selling point is a few glimpses of the Forbidden City in Peking. Guild. *(D.D.)*

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Waverly; thru 9/7, Gramercy.

The Magic of Lassie–The world's most famous canine in a Lassie-type film, also starring James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, Stephanie Zimbalist, Alice Faye; directed by Don Chaffey. Radio City Music Hall.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Beekman; Sutton; Murray Hill; 86th St E.; Loews Astor Plaza. *(D.D.)*

Nea–An irritating, ice-cold portrait of an imperious 16-year-old Geneva girl (Ann Zacharias) who writes a best-selling pornographic novel. The director, Nelly Kaplan (*A Very Curious Girl*) seems eager to celebrate the insolence of youth, though her heroine is anything but appealing (she is also rather opaque). With handsome Sami Frey as a publisher. Trans-Lux East. *(D.D.)*

Revenge of the Pink Panther–After five times around the course, the Panther is beginning to run out of gas. The movie takes an hour or so to get going and never does work up much suspense or comic excitement. As Clouseau, Peter Sellers wears some hilarious costumes and he still speaks to people on the "phoewne," but he doesn't get to do as much sleuthing as before, and the entire cast keeps falling down and crashing through windows and floors. It's a repetitive, tired movie; writer-director Blake Edwards should find something else to do. Trans-Lux 85th; Bay Cinema; Gemini I; Greenwich. *(D.D.)*

Rollercoaster–A relatively unassuming movie about a technologically expert extortionist who blows up rollercoasters, and a valiant safety inspector who gets locked into a curious relationship with him. It remains a cat-and-mouse game, made more interesting by the uncertainty about which is the cat, which the mouse. The film has something both for lovers and haters of rollercoasters. Thru 9/14, Olympia.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. New Yorker.

Slave of Love–It's the summer of 1917, and a group of spoiled, childlike Russian filmmakers and actors are working on an absurd melodrama in a Crimean resort while the Revolution is happening all around them. Finally, the violence invades their world, too. A surprisingly languorous and fine-grained Soviet film, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and starring the charming Elena Solovei. Film takes long to come to a boil, but is worth the wait. Plaza. *(D.D.)*

3 Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. From 9/6, Art.

Viva Italia!–A collection of nine sketches variously directed by Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola that turns out to be much tougher than you would guess from the euphoric title. Much sadness here, and some mordant satire; also the usual movie-Italian buffoonery, with people shouting, singing, throwing things at each other. With Alberto Sordi (doing a terrific turn as a papal aristocrat), Vittorio Gassman, and Ugo Tognazzi. Paris. *(D.D.)*

Who'll Stop the Rain–A scary, taut, bitterly sardonic fable about heroin smuggling in the Vietnam period, adapted from Robert Stone's novel *Dog Soldiers*. Michael Moriarty and Tuesday Weld are only moderately effective as an ordinary couple who fall into crime, but Nick Nolte gives a smashing star performance as a psycopathic but gallant ex-Marine. Adaptation by Stone himself and Judith Rascoe. Direction by Karel Reisz. Festival; Criterion; 68th St Plyhse; U.A. East. *(D.D.)*

Women–The seventh feature film completed by Hungarian director Márta Mészáros is an absorbing, psychologically complex portrait of a quarrelsome friendship between two dissimilar women—a forty-ish, very bourgeois government bureaucrat (Marina Vlady) and a rebellious, always-in-trouble peasant woman (Lili Monori) who forces her friend to think about her life seriously for the first time in years. It's a movie formed by feminist consciousness, but there's not a cliché in sight. From 9/10, Cinema Studio. *(D.D.)*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

PREVIEWS AND OPENINGS

Tuesday, September 5

The Inspector General–A revival of Gogol's play, directed by Liviu Ciulei. With Max Wright in the title role, Theodore Bikel, Bob Balaban, Helen Burns, and Arnold Soboloff. Previewing now prior to a 9/21 opening. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Players–An all-male cast in David Williamson's play about a soccer team and the behind-the-scenes power struggle for control of top players, the buying and selling, backstabbing and bulldozing that regulates the life of the club and the lives of its supporters. With Fred Gwynne, Rex Robbins, Gene Rupert, Michael O'Hare, Tom Carlin, Tom Flagg; directed by Michael Blakemore. Previewing tonight; opening tomorrow. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. From 9/11, schedule is as follows: Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Danbin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

OH, THE LITTLE DEARS

Alice Ghostley has succeeded Dorothy Loudon as the nasty, wicked, fussy orphanage matron in **Annie,** the award-laden musical which has plenty going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a nice dog, a Christmas tree, and book, lyrics and score by Meehan, Charnin, Strouse). At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Maureen Stapleton and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–The Smothers Brothers are now appearing in a tale of wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and the direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. From 9/6, Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats at 2 p.m. Wed, Sat & Sun; & a 7:30 perf on Sun. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

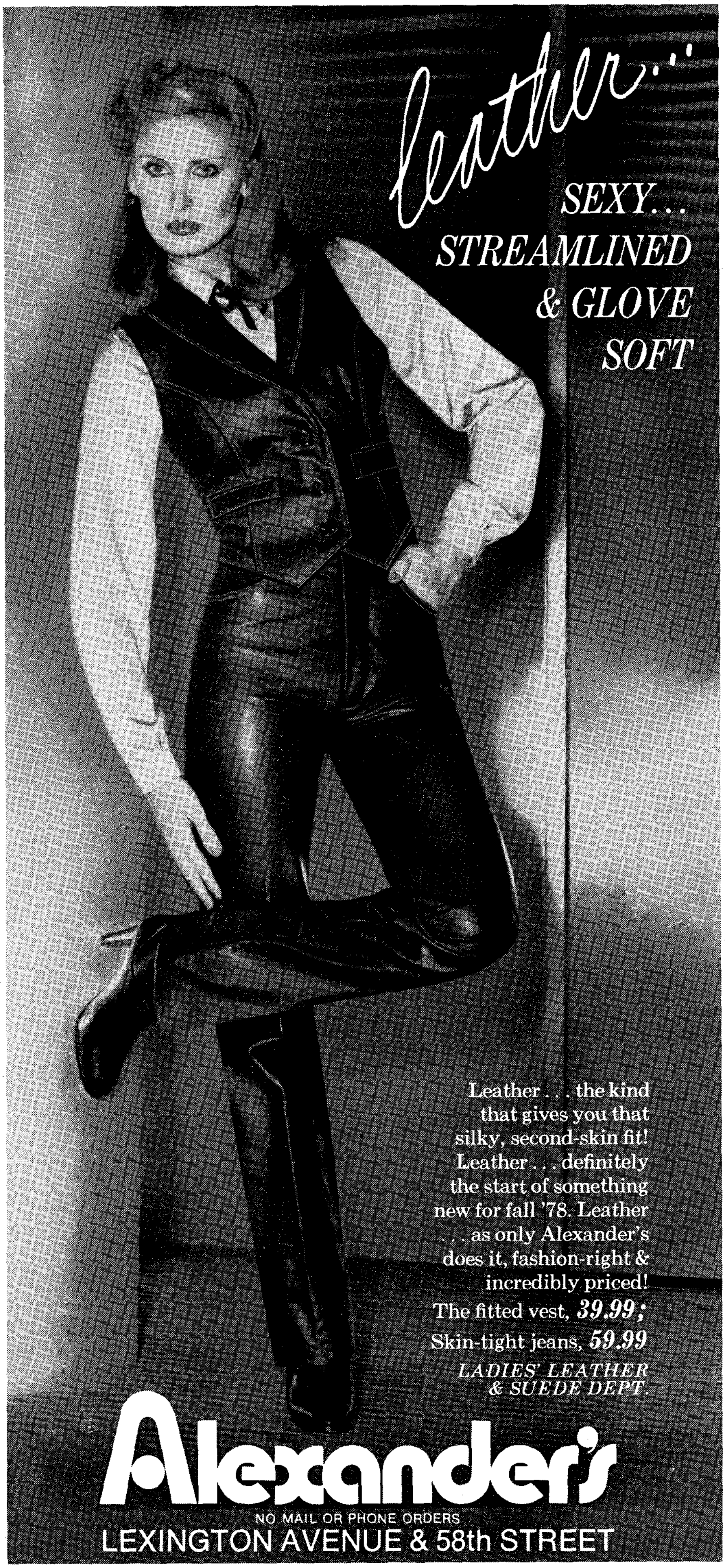
On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 9/10. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).



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AROUND TOWN

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

All That Flapdoodle–GBS's *Village Wooing* and *How He Lied To Her Husband,* directed by Fred Sanders. 9/7-10, 14-17, 21-24, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $3. Priory Theater, 2162 Bdway (595-2026).

American Theatre Experiment–9/5-9, John Tulsee's *Bring on the Night.* $3. 78th St Theater, 276 W 78th (228-0900).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed be Lee Theodore. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Anything 'n' Everything–A festival of one-act plays performed by the Blues Freeze Theatrical Ensemble. 9/8, 9, at 7:30; 9/10 at 3 p.m. $6. Harlem Performance Center, 2349 Adam Clayton Powell Blvd (690-5192).

And Baby Makes Four–A new play by Sam McClanahan, directed by Howard Lipson. Thurs thru Sun, thru 9/17, at 8 p.m. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (695-7106).

The Birthday Party–Harold Pinter's play dealing with the disintegration of an individual's spirit by Modern Civilization. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30, 9/7-24. $3. Little Theater, 5 W 30th St (564-0692).

But Never Jam Today–Vinnette Carroll's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* adhering closely to the book. Done with an all-black cast. 9/6-9. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m., Sun 7 p.m. Urban Arts Corps, 26 W 20th St (924-7820).

Calalou–A new musical (book, lyrics, and music by Irving Burgie) set in a small sugar plantation town of the Caribbean Islands. Thurs thru Sun, 9/7-24, at 7:30. $3. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

The Cradle Will Rock–A revival of last May's revival of the Marc Blitzstein's classic American dramatic musical set in Steeltown, U.S.A. 9/12, 13, 19, 20, at 7:30. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (541-8492).

Diet Theatre II–A comedy revue by Erik Brogger, directed by Robert Mailand, distinctly in the diet genre. Fri & Sat at 10:30 p.m. Sun & Mon at 7:30. 9/9-11, 15-18, 22-25. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m., thru 9/14. G.B. Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* Fri, Sat, & Sun at 8 p.m., thru 9/24. *A Body in Every Bed,* Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Mon & Tues at 8, 9/10-10/31. Gogol's *The Nose,* Fri & Sat at 10:30 p.m. thru 9/17. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Game Plan–A new play by Dan Laurie involving the relationship between a father and his sons caught up in small-town politics. With Fred J. Scollay, Dan Lauria, Sam Locante, Ralph Oliva, Bill Marcus, and Wally Salisbury. Directed by Vincent Gugleotti. From 9/12. Theatre Four, 425 W 55th (246-8545).

Hollywood Confidential–A one-man movieland epic, written by and starring Charles Busch. Fridays and Saturdays at 11 p.m. $3. Ridiculous Theater Company, One Sheridan Square (260-7137).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle-aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer.

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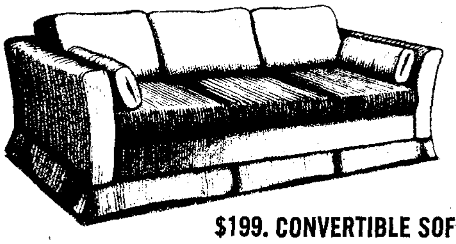

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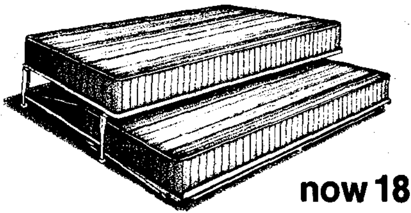

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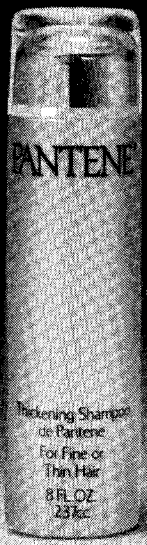

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She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6:30 & 9 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Thomas Middleton's Elizabethan comedy, *A Mad World, My Masters,* written in 1608; 9/8 at 7:30, 9/9 at 7:30. Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* 9/9 at 10:30, 9/10 at 3 p.m. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

Man-Wo-Man–Two plays, *Michael* by Ed Bullins, and *Passion Without Reason,* by Neil Harris, directed by Ernestine M. Johnston. Admission Free. Public/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Truth–A play by Glory Van Scott, directed and choreographed by Louis Johnson. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. 9/15-11/5. $5. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Momma's Little Angels–Louis La Russo II's new play about an Italian-American family living in Hoboken. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2:30. $9. Quaigh Theatre, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088).

New Living Newspaper(Vol. 1, No. 2)–Today's news comes alive on stage! Directed by George Ferencz. 9/6, 7, 8, 11 at 8:30; 9/9 at 7:30 & 10:30. Free. 416 W 42nd St in Theatre Row (237-0833).

New York City Stage Company–Shaw's *Pygmalion,* 9/9, 15, 23, 27, 10/1; Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* 9/6, 10, 16, 22, 28, 30; Coward's *Hay Fever* 9/7, 9, 13, 17, 23, 29; Nichols's *Joe Egg,* 9/8, 14, 16, 20, 24, 30. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m., Sat mat at 2:30. $4. Park Royal Theatre, 23 W 73rd St (877-0984).

Nine to Five–Written by Ned Jackson, directed by Raymond J. Barry and performed by the Quena Theatre Company. 9/7 thru 9/10. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Oklahoma–1943 musical with book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, music by Richard Rodgers, based on Lynn Riggs's play, *Green Grow the Lilacs.* Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. 9/14-10/8. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Overtones–A one-act comedy by Alice Gerstenberg, along with Anouilh's The Orchestra, another one-act comedy; both devoted to women. 9/8-10, 14-17, 21-23, at 8 p.m. 9/17 & 24 at 3 p.m. $3. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Passion of Alice–A new musical fantasy, by Jocko Richardson, Ken Cory, and Sean Kalliel, with score by Gary Richmond. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 9/24. $4. Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W 13th St (243-6800).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; mats Wed at 2, Sun at 3. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWU, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 10/29. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Ridiculous Theatrical Company–*Bluebeard,* Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. *Stage Blood,* Mon & Wed at 8 p.m. *Camille,* Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. All written and directed by Charles Ludlam who also stars. One Sheridan Square (260-7137).

La Ronde–Arthur Schnitzler's play, 9/7-10, 14-17, 21-24, Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. $4. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (JU 6-3700).

Royal Court Repertory–*Macbeth,* with all-female cast, 9/5-7, 11-14, at 8 p.m. 9/6, at 3 p.m. *Antigone,* 9/8-10, 15-17, at 8; 9/10, 17, at 3 p.m. Royal Court Repertory, 301 West 55th St (997-9582).

Sleeparound Town–Written, directed, and composed by Sarah Kernochan, starring Carrie Fisher in this five-character musical. From 9/12. Public/Theater Cabaret, Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

Soho Repertory Theatre–Coward's *Fallen Angels,* 9/9 at 7; 9/10 at 7:30. Robin Maugham's *The Servant,* 9/8 at 8:30; 9/9 at 10:30; 9/10 at 4 p.m. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

St Mark's Gospel–Alec McCowen in a solo performance reciting the complete text of *The Gospel According to St. Mark* (King James version) six performances weekly, 9/5-24. Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E 71st (730-0794).

Streamers–David Rabe's play set in an army barracks in Virginia in summer, 1965. Fri thru Mon, 9/8-11, 15-18, 22-25, at 8 p.m. Lee Strasberg Institute, 115 E 15th (533-5500).

Ten Little Indians–Agatha Christie's play, directed by Ed Rubin. 9/8-10, 15-17. $2.50. Old First Reformed Church, 7th Ave & Carroll St (Bklyn) (788-6362).

13th St Theatre–*Laughing Stock,* a satirical comedy revue, Wed at 8:30; Horovitz's *Line,* Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. Reiter's *Joan and the Devil,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx,* Sun at 9. 13th St Theatre, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Fri at 10:30 p.m. Plays in repertory with Tom Millott's *Love, Death and Taxes.* Thurs thru Mon at 8 p.m., Sat at 10:30 p.m., Sun at 3. Thru 9/25. $5. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

The Troupe Repertory–*The Father,* by August Strindberg, Downstairs Theatre. Thru 9/7, Mon thru Thurs at 8. *Nutty Nuptial—The Marriage of Barillon,* by George Feydeau and Maurice Disvallieres; at the Upstairs Theater: *I Am a Zoo,* by Bonnie Zindel, Downstairs Theater. Fri thru Sun, 9/8-24. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Women—Many Voices–Nancy Bandiera in a one-woman show comprised of nine female characters. 9/8, 9, 10, at 8 p.m. $3. Theatre 22, 54 W 22nd (JU 6-3700).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Restaurants

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our restaurant critics, who chose the restaurants independently and dined there anonymously. ***(S.B.)*** Seymour Britchky. ***(G.G.)*** Gael Greene. The code: **AE,** American Express; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge; **V,**Visa.

The Greats

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich, even strongly romantic. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set: grilled food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sat noon to 2 p.m. Dinner entrées $8.50 to $14.50. Pool Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $12.50 to $18.50. Jacket and tie required at all times. AE CB DC MC V (754-9494). *(G.G.)*

Hunam–845 Second Ave nr 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Mon thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5.25 to $10.50. AE CB DC (687-7471). *(G.G.)*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–Downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Dinner entrées $4.95 to $11.95. AE CB DC MC V (532-3888). *(G.G.)*

The Palace–420 E 59th. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat seating 6:30 p.m. thru 9:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $80. Jacket and tie required. AE CB DC MC V (355-5150). *(G.G.)*

The Palm–837 Second Ave nr 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $24. AE CB DC MC V (687-2953). *(G.G.)*

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Daily noon to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $19; prix-fixe dinner $14. AE CB DC (371-8844). *(G.G.)*

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank St at Hudson. Crowded, noisy, often booked days ahead, this food-establishment hangout does sublime things with vegetables, lush pastas, and a good fish soup. At times, sad to note, the waiters, normally sweetly manic, grow testy, if not arrogant, and even the kitchen sometimes sputters. Bring wine. Wed thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $4 to $7. No credit cards (929-4400). *(G.G.)*

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave nr 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.95 to $19.75. AE DC (838-0850). *(G.G.)*

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. If the food is sometimes pedestrian, the views are so splendid you may not notice. Mon thru Fri 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sun noon to 7 p.m. (buffet). Dinner entrées $10.75 to $17.95; prix-fixe dinner $19. Jacket and tie required at all times. AE CB DC MC V (938-1111). *(G.G.)*

Wonderful Settings

Barbetta–321 W 46th. The dining garden is serene, with trees and vines around umbrella-shaded tables and an illuminated pool—a spiffy glade in a sylvan setting. The Italian food is the best out-of-doors eating in town, if your captain steers you in the right direction. The green pasta with bolognese sauce is wondrous. Mon thru Sat noon to 2 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $9.75 to $14.75; pre-theater (5:30 p.m. to 7 p.m.) prix-fixe dinner $17.50. Jacket required at dinner. AE CB DC MC V (246-9171). *(S.B.)*

Box Tree–242 E 50th. This tiny restaurant is lovingly assembled, with an impeccable eye for ornament. It

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Her no-nonsense cooking courses are just the sort you'd expect from the famous author of **The Seasonal Kitchen** and **The Peasant Kitchen.** What's more, you'll find exactly the right course for your level of accomplishment, in her new series, all are 4-session courses. Tuition is $75 for each. Modest, indeed, considering the quality of the instruction and the material covered. Come learn with Perla in her own kitchen on the 8th Floor at Herald Square only.

Beginners Basic Skills Classes on Wednesdays, noon to 2 pm September 13 through October 4.
Intermediate/Advanced Classes on Thursdays at noon to 2 pm, and 6 to 8 pm. September 14 through October 5.
Call (212) 758-8990 for more information and to register. Or register in person in Gourmet Cookware, The Cellar, Macy's Herald Square. Macy's welcomes the American Express card as well as the Macy's charge card. (Next session begins Wednesday, October 18 and Thursday, October 19.)

macy's

is like a dark jewel, bejeweled. The food is of French inspiration, but idiosyncratic and often superb. The vacherin—a hazelnut meringue filled with whipped cream and berries—may be the most sublime dessert in New York. Mon thru Fri lunch at 12:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat dinner sittings at 6:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.; Sun at 7:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $28.50. Jacket required at dinner No credit cards (758-8320). *(S.B.)*

Café des Artistes–1 W 67th nr Central Park West. One dines here surrounded by peach female nudes cavorting in the woods. The girls are the subjects of the famous old Howard Chandler Christy oils that have hung here for decades. The paintings were cleaned and artfully re-lighted a few years ago, and the Café is now a very pretty spot, albeit crowded. Food of many lands, most of it more than decent. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dinner entrées $6.50 to $12; prix-fixe dinner $12.50. AE DC MC V (877-3500). *(S.B.)*

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave nr 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $9. AE (534-8103). *(G.G.)*

La Goulue–28 E 70th. This place is a re-creation, with movie-set realism, of what seems like a bit of old Paris that has survived since the turn of the century. Dark wood, mirrors, and polished brass are the principal elements in this Art Nouveau fantasy. There are single long-stemmed flowers on each white-linened table, and there is a little zinc-topped bar. The simple French food is mostly fine. Daily noon to 3 p.m. & 6:15 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $8.75 to $14.75. AE DC (988-8169). *(S.B.)*

Nirvana–30 Central Park So. From this heavily adorned, fifteenth-floor Indian aerie one is afforded a panoramic view of Central Park. Much of the menu is standard fare, but there are several interesting rarities, including a spectacular lamb curry that is heavily laced with fresh spinach. Daily noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $4.95 to $9.95. No credit cards (752-0270). *(S.B.)*

Russian Tea Room–150 W 57th. The Tea Room is a glittering heterogeneity of things to eat, people to see, objects that adorn. It is intoxicating, even without its list of exotic vodkas. The food is splendid, most notably the blini—browned and fluffy buckwheat pancakes that you wrap around sour cream and caviar. Sun thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Complete dinners $9 to $17.75. Jacket required at dinner. AE CB DC MC V (265-0947). *(S.B.)*

Tavern on the Green–Central Park at W 67th. A fantasy glass pavilion dripping with Baccarat chandeliers and other magnificent excess from the irrepressible dream-merchant, Warner LeRoy. So far, not even the celebrated chef, imported at awesome salary, has been able to get the kitchen to sparkle too, but the desserts are wonderful. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sat 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sun 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight. Dinner entrées $6.95 to $21. AE CB DC MC V (873-3200). *(G.G.)*

The "21" Club–21 W 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Mon thru Sat noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $12 to $16. Jacket and tie required. AE CB DC MC V (582-7200). *(G.G.)*

Highly Recommended

Auberge Suisse–Citicorp Bldg, 153 E 53rd. The setting is modern and cool, and it takes a crowd of diners to warm the place up. But the Swiss food—of sparkling ingredients—is handsomely presented and vividly flavored. The escargots Café de Paris is a wondrous dish dominated by herbs, brandy, and browned Swiss cheese. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun noon to 6 p.m. (After Oct 1, Sun to 9 p.m.) Dinner entrées $7 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (421-1420). *(S.B.)*

Da Silvano–260 6th Ave betw Houston & Bleecker. This place may alter your notion of the breadth of Italian cookery: vibrant spaghetti puttanesca, with a sauce of tomatoes, olives and anchovies; excellent daily seafood specials, usually herbed; wondrous white-grape pie. A few extra tables are on the sidewalk when the weather is fine. Very busy. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.75 to $12.25. No credit cards (982-0090). *(S.B.)*

Dimitri–152 Columbus Ave nr 66th. New to bustling Columbus Avenue, this unfussy bistro offers modest prices and surprisingly good, eclectic food—a little French, a little Greek, a little Italian. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5 to $9. AE CB DC MC V (787-7306). *(G.G.)*

Grotta Azzurra–387 Broome St. This garish hole in the ground specializes in cooking with tomatoes and garlic. For the stoutest and most elemental Italian food, come here—but you may have to wait, for reservations are not taken, and d'grotta (as its fans call it) is busy. Tues thru Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées $4.75 to $9.50. No credit cards (226-9283). *(S.B.)*

La Petite Ferme–973 Lexington betw 70th & 71st. This is the best exponent of simple French cooking in town. The setting is of studied bucolic simplicity, with such accents as an ancient rake standing in a corner, plaid dish towels for napkins, doves in a cage. The mussel appetizer, with chopped red onions and a vinaigrette dressing, can inspire the jaded, revive the forlorn. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $13. AE DC MC V (249-3272). *(S.B.)*

Le Veau d'Or–129 E 60th. Contented crowds have been coming here for hearty French country cooking for decades, and the place seems hardly ever to change. Le Veau d'Or has the warmth of golden wood, of red leather, and of a contented and civilized clientele to whom fashions are merely fashions. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Complete dinners $11.90 to $19 (838-8133). *(S.B.)*

Shezan–8 W 58th. Assertive Pakistani and north-Indian food is here served in a modern setting that is at once cool and cozy, smooth and candlelit, refined and luxurious. The unctuous service borders on the extreme, but the food—powerfully flavored of strong ingredients as well as of spices—needs no such salesmanship. Sag gosht is among the most dramatic dishes—chunks of hot lamb coated with ground spinach and coriander leaves. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.50 to $10.50. Jacket required at dinner. AE DC MC V (371-1414). *(S.B.)*

Nice and Inexpensive

The East West Restaurant–105 E 9th. Health food à la Japanese, with an emphasis on vegetables, fish, and tempura cooking. You may bring your own beer or wine, but the chopstick-wielding young people who keep this simple place busy drink tea, mostly. Clapboard walls, hanging plants, and lots of long hair. Daily 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $7.50. No credit cards (260-1994). *(S.B.)*

El Tenampa–304 W 46th. By New York Mexican-restaurant standards, this small, homey, family-run establishment is highly experimental, even radical, for the menu goes well beyond tortillas and mole poblano. Some of the food is painfully hot, much of it is available nowhere else in New York, and almost all the dishes have the sprightliness of food just made. Bring beer. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.75 to $6. DC (840-9398). *(S.B.)*

Phoenix Garden–46 Bowery in the Arcade. This Cantonese restaurant looks like the inside of a refrigerator, only a little bigger. Do not pass up the "fried fresh milk" which is a fluffy crabmeat soufflé; or the steamed flounder, a snowy, sweet fish in a fragrant broth. Bring beer. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $2.50 to $8. No credit cards (962-8934). *(S.B.)*

Seeda–204 W 50th. In the heart of seediest Broadway, this Thai restaurant is spic-and-span. The food is often searingly hot, but that does not obscure the excellent seafood ingredients in most of the dishes. The squid salad appetizer is a must. Friendly service by young Thais in red T-shirts. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.95 to $9.50. AE DC MC (586-4513). *(S.B.)*

Sushiko–251 W 55th. Most Japanese restaurants in New York are frequented by Japanese businessmen. The whole family comes to this one. Sushiko has one of the best and most educational sushi bars in town, offering such rarities as abalone, salted Japanese eel, and tuna stomach. The less exotic meat dishes are good, too. Simple surroundings. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner entrées $3 to $8. AE CB DC (974-9721). *(S.B.)*

Ukrainian Restaurant–140 Second Ave nr 9th. The place is as straightforward as its name; the decor is knotty-pine roadhouse ballroom; and the food ranges from solid to hefty, including a hot borscht that is tart and earthy. The servings are immense so you will not mind the absence of interesting desserts. The waitresses wear folk blouses. Mon thru Thurs 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri 5 p.m. to midnight; Sat & Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $4.25. No credit cards (533-6765). *(S.B.)*

Vincent's Clam Bar–119 Mott St. Liquor and seafood bars up front, plastic-topped tables in the back. Raw clams and oysters, steamed mussels and conch, and deep-fried soft-shell crabs and calamari make up most of the menu. The alternative sauces—medium and hot—are both very hot. Large portions or small. No desserts. A nuts-and-bolts restaurant. Mon thru Thurs 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.; Fri, Sat, & Sun 11:45 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner entrées $2.50 to $3.75. No credit cards (226-8133). *(S.B.)*

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, dancing, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. Club reopens September 7th. Rita Dimitri will be performing Monday thru Saturday. The Chansonnette Trio play for dancing (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 9/10, Shirley Stringham, Carlos Ramirez, and the Mosaico Antillano Revue; shows at 9:30 & midnight; Sat at 8:30, 11:30 & 1:30; closed Mon (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a lively revue with belly-dancers and specialty acts. Showtimes Mon-Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat, 8:30, 11:45 & 1 a.m. Disco dancing until 4 a.m. Closed Sun (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. Entertainment and disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Two shows nightly at 10:30 p.m. & 1 a.m. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian Jackie Mason from 9/8, at 9:30 & 11:30 (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. A ravishing place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet Mondays (838-8384).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Singing waiters & waitresses, & Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing,

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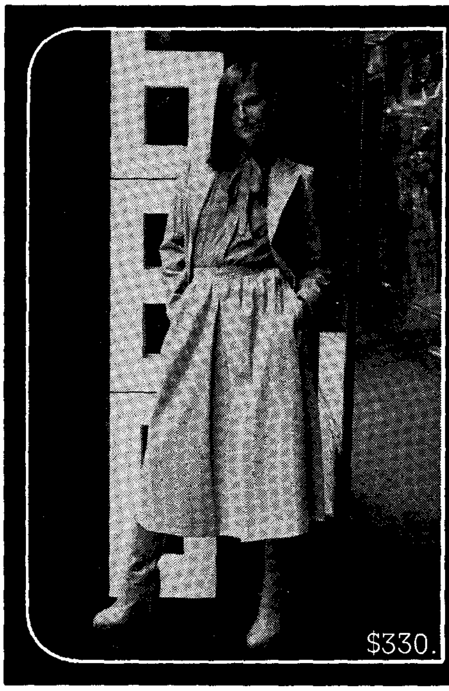


TED LAPIDUS 666 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.C. (212) 582-5911

cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. 9/5-23, Lainie Kazan (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra nightly, except Monday (PL 7-9090).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Thru 9/9, Sweet Cream, a three-sister group, at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat. (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

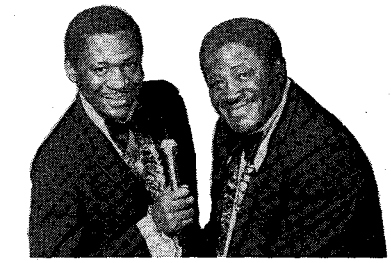
Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

THE BROTHERS HAVE A BEAT



The fabulous **Phillips Bros.,** a duo who play for listening and dancing, are returning to commence the fall season at the **Hotel Biltmore,** 43rd St at Madison, where they will play drums (that's Perry) and piano (that's Al) from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Monday through Friday (687-7000, ext. 424).

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** From 9/5, the renowned guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays in trio Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sun & Mon.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, except Sun, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. 9/11-10/14, Chazz and Jeannie. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Monday through Friday.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to
when and where They're playing.

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Beefsteak Charlie's–5th Ave & 12th. 9/6-9, Shunzo Ono; 9/13-16, Steve Kuhn (675-4720).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon in a new act thru 9/9. Shows at 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sat (473-9367).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. John Bunch, one of several distinctive pianists who first made his mark as a singers' accompanist, will deliver his clean and lucid notions in conference with the superior bassist, Sam Jones (228-6440).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 9/6, Ronnie Milsap. 9/7, An Evening with Leon Redbone. 9/8, 9, Gary Burton Quartet; Spyro Gyra. 9/11, Dion. 9/12-14, Lonnie Liston Smith (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always. From 9/5, the Curtis Sisters, Gale on violin and Prudence at the piano (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing, 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition. Cornetist Wild Bill Davison plays with the group thru 9/9. (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the grand old lady of the blues returns here 9/5 happily to sing away for the balance of the winter. Accompanied by pianist Gerald Cook, with bassist Jimmy Lewis, Ms. Hunter performs every night but Sunday (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Phil Leshin (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Genuine New Orleans restaurant. Trombonist George Masso and his trio (pianist Tom Fay and drummer Joe Corsello) are here Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. (687-1860).

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Fortune Garden–1160 Third at 67th. Chinese restaurant-club with Billy Budd playing piano and singing nightly in six languages plus a dash of rock. Tues thru Sat, 5 to 1 a.m., thru 9/9 (744-1212).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Tues, Chuck Wayne Trio. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma, takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave at 11th St. Saxist Eddie Daniels and his jazz group, Mon thru Sat, 9:30 & 11:30 p.m.; Fri & Sat extra show at 1 a.m. (260-0250).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Les Mareyeurs–988 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. The great Ronny Whyte entertains Tues thru Sat from 8:30 to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. The Chick Webb Orchestra with Eddie Barefield and vocalist Carol Sloane, thru 9/23. Mondays, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Cozy ambience and good food. Customers can sing along with Jerry Scott at the piano, from 8:30 until closing (794-2331).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music, Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker. 9/7-9, Doug Sahm, guitar wiz, fiddler, songwriter. 9/11-25, 10/9, 23, The Widespread Depression Orchestra's here for a Mon series, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine. Every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Tues, Vince Giordano & the New Orleans Nighthawks; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 9/5-9, Lee Horwin sings. Shows at 9 & 11:30 p.m. 9/12-15, Phillip D'Arrow at 9 p.m. 9/12-17 & 19-24, André de Shields (of *Ain't Misbehavin)* at 11:30 p.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sea Breeze–27 W 72nd. A large handsome seafood place. Thurs thru Sat, from 8 p.m. pianist-singer Jerry Toy Greenberg offers selections from Gershwin, Porter, Sondheim, etc. Tues and Wed, Larry Orleno does the same with ballads, standards, and the rest (595-2534).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 9/5-9, Dave Liebman Quintet. 9/10, 11, John Manning Quintet. 9/12-16, Chico Freeman Quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Thru 9/10, the New York Jazz Quartet makes a welcome reappearance, with saxophonist-flutist Frank Wess, and the distinctive pianist-composer-music director Roland Hanna. The big band of Thad and Mel on Mondays (AL5-4037).

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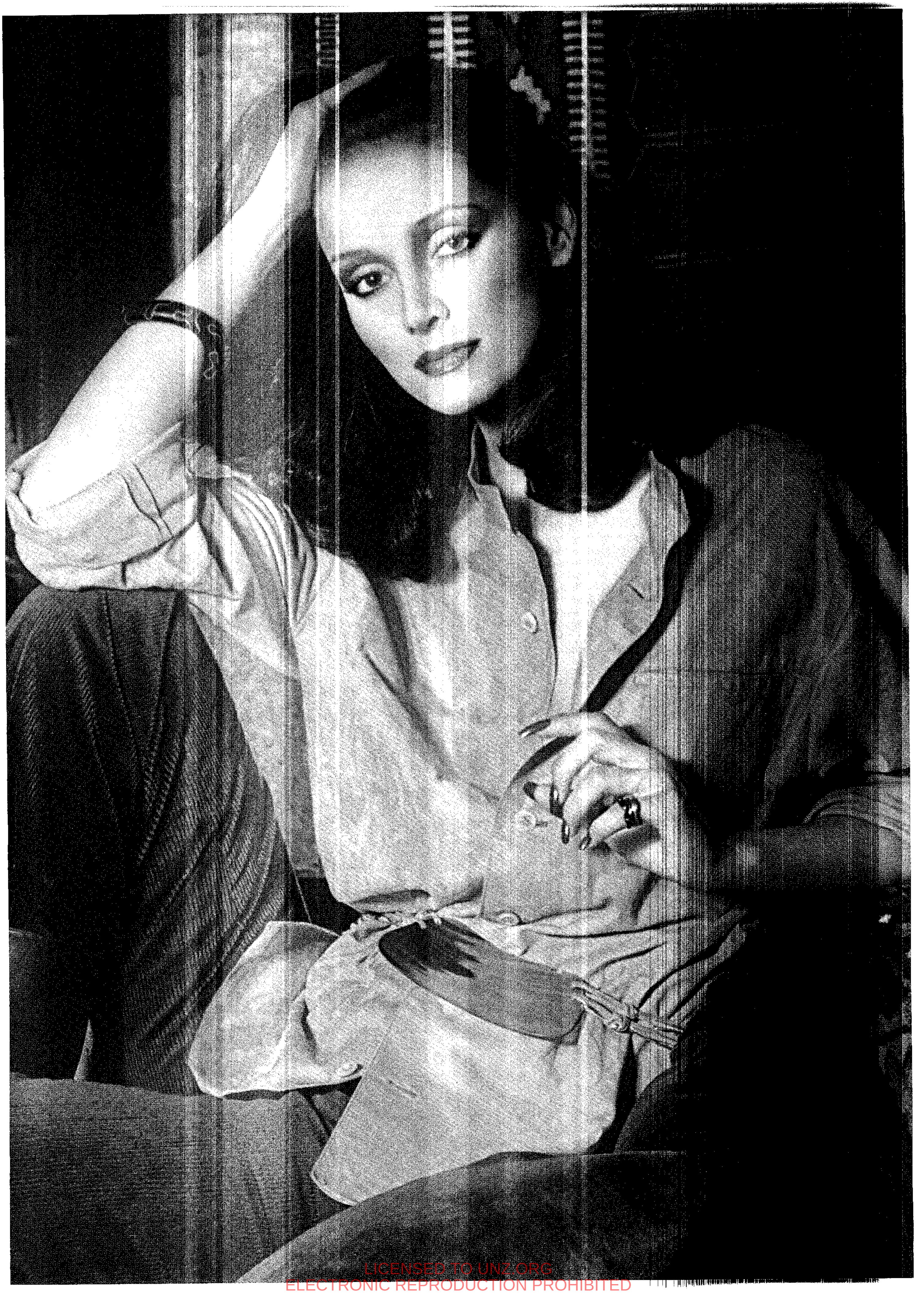

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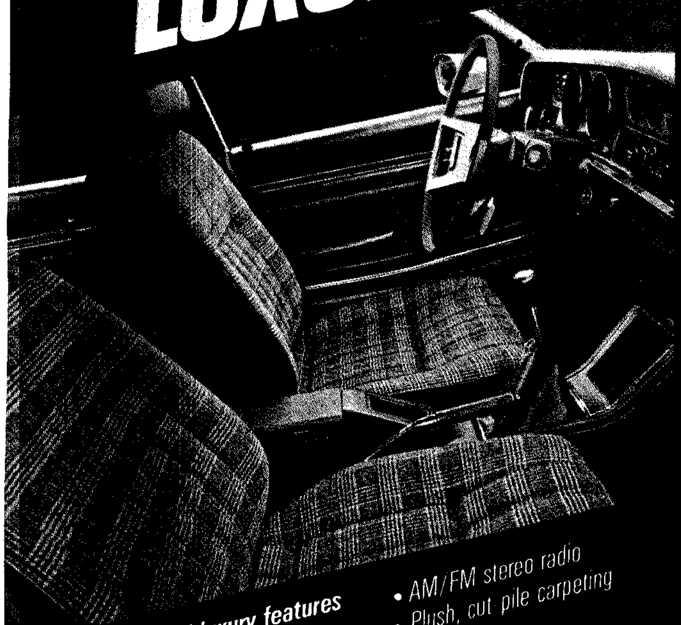

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Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

World Series of Body Building, Avery Fisher Hall, 9/9 at 8.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Block Fair, Stuyvesant & 10th Sts. (477-0420). Crafts, food, music, and games; 9/9 from noon to 8.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 A.M.-7 P.M. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, September 5

Chicago, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 8.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Paul S. Litteral, trumpet, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Wednesday, September 6

Edvard Lieber, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Irene Latorre, classical guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Thursday, September 7

Stony Baroque Chamber Players, St. Paul's Chapel, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at noon.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

So What, jazz, Eric's, 1700 Second Ave. (866-2045), at 10 & midnight.

Friday, September 8

LADY AND THE TRAMPS

Rock vocalist **Pat Benatar** returns to Tramps (125 East 15th Street), the scene of her critically-acclaimed premiere concert last spring, for six evenings of original song. The engagement runs September 8 and 9 and September 13 thru 16 with shows nightly at 9 and 11 (260-0370).

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band/Toby Beau, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Bert Lindsey, tenor, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Sea Chanteys, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Saturday, September 9

York Chamber Players, Gotham Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (873-4022), at 8:30.

Yes, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Paul Winter/Bridget St. John, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Yesuda, Indian music, Pace University Schimmel Center, 1 Pace Plaza (285-6220), at 6:30.

Pat Benatar, rock, Tramps, 125 E 15th St. (260-0370), at 9 & 11.

Robert Miller, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.

Lord Observer & His Calypso Revue, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, September 10

Andrae Crouch & the Disciples, Carnegie Hall, at 3 & 7.

Lisa Joy Sitjar, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Flora Redfield, soprano/**Angel Morris,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Jane Olivor, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Ian Shapinsky, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Herbert Coursey, tenor/**Clifford Clark,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Baroque Rococco & Ragtime Duo, Citicorp Atrium, 153 E 53rd St. (949-4361), at 3.

Pandit Pran Nath, Indian music, Heiner Friedrich Gallery, 393 West Bdwy (260-2110), at 10:30 A.M.

Monday, September 11

Jane Olivor, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Roger Goodman, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Baroque Rococco & Ragtime Duo, Lincoln Center Plaza (949-4361), at noon.

Tuesday, September 12

John Pickett, piano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Fred Loeb, clarinet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Baroque Rococco & Ragtime Duo, Lincoln Center Plaza (949-4361), at noon.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

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NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Naughty Marietta: 9/6 at 2 & 8, 9/7-8 at 8, 9/9 at 2 & 8, 9/10 at 1 & 7. Casts include: Rolandi/Hynes; Simon/Marsee; Trussel/Hensel; Titus/Roe; Foss and Billings. Conductors: Mauceri/Walser/Salesky. Director: Roffman. Designers: Smith and Zipprodt.

OTHER

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (685-1377). *Il Pirata,* 9/9 at 7:30, 9/10 at 3.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Merry Widow,* 9/6 at 2 & 8:30, 9/7-8 at 8:30, 9/9 at 4 & 8:30; 9/10 at 4.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 9/5 at 8: **The Sleeping Beauty** with Gregory and Bujones. Wed, 9/6 at 8: **The Sleeping Beauty** with van Hamel and Meehan. Thurs, 9/7 at 8: "A Special Evening for Ivan Nagy": **La Bayadere** with Nagy and Gregory; **Swan Lake,** Act II with Makarova and Nagy; pas de deux with Kirkland and Nagy; **La Sylphide** with Makarova and Nagy. Fri, 9/8 at 8: **Giselle** with Makarova, Dowell, van Hamel, Paredes. Sat, 9/9 at 8: **Giselle** with Kirkland, Nagy, Menendez, Smith. Sun, 9/10 at 2: **Giselle** with Tcherkassky, Bujones, Glushak, Paredes. Sun, 9/10 at 8: **Swan Lake** with D'Antuono and Meehan. Tues, 9/12 at 8: **Swan Lake** with Gregory and Nureyev.

THE KISS OF LIFE

The **American Ballet Theater** begins a new season at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday, September 5 with *The Sleeping Beauty.* Cynthia Gregory dances the title role and Fernando Bujones (left) is her Prince, the youngest performer to appear in that role. The engagement runs thru September 17. Opening night curtain at 8 (580-9830).

ELIOT FELD BALLET
PUBLIC THEATER

Tues, 9/12 at 7: *Harbinger; At Midnight; A Footstep of Air.*

OTHER

Footnote, Merce Cunningham Dance Studio, 463 West St. (691-9751), 9/8-9 at 9.

Eugene James Dance Company, Choreoground Theater, 69 W 14th St. (242-1903), 9/9-10 at 8.

Douglas Norwick & Dancers, Merce Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (924-1494), 8/30-31 at 9.

Pilot 5, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), 9/5 at 6.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Marc Boone/Beverly Buchanan–Drawings relating sounds to the landscape/Sculpture and landscape, 9/8-10/7. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Philip Evergood–Paintings, drawings, and prints, 9/12-29. Dintefass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Paul Findlay–Striated color abstractions, thru 9/21. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Jennings–Sculptured canvases in white-on-white or blended colors, thru 9/30. Cernuschi, 5 E 57th (759-5342). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Henri Matisse/Joan Miro**–Prints and drawings by both, thru 10/14. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Campos Bizcardi–Stylized landscapes and interiors by this Venezuelan, thru 9/29. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***James Brooks**–Paintings of the 70s, 9/9-28. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Paul Gunn–Contemporary English landscapes and London, thru 9/20. American seascapes of the 19th century, thru 9/15. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

***Hiroshige**(1797-1858).–Landscapes by this famous Japanese printmaker, 9/6-10/7. Ronin, 605 Mad Ave (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.

***Carl Holty**–Color field abstractions from the 40s, 9/9-10/7. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 9/16. Sabarsky,

Creation In The Vineyards

The creation of Sebastiani wines begins with vines which start the beautiful complicated process of forming grapes in Spring. Fuzzy little buds push forth from a European vine that has been grafted to hearty American rootstock. The buds unfold into canes with luxuriant leaves that shade the tender grapes, form sugar for each grape cluster and nourish the vines. In May the first bright green clusters (or flower buds) appear.

Each bud pops off its cap or "Calyptra" in June and a flower blooms. Then the flower pollinates itself and the grape berry is the ripened ovary of a single flower.

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811

987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Tues-Sat 1-6 during August.

***Manfred Schwartz**(1909-1970)–Pebbles of Etretat in hammered pastels and celestials of the 60s, 9/12-30. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

SoHo

John Christian Anderson/Roland Gebhardt–Wooden objects using 3D perspectives/Eight foot cubes on the roof, 9/12-10/7. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Owen Morrel–*Asylum*, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Nuki–Erotic works, thru 9/30. Leslie/Lohman, 485 Broome (966-7173).

Peca–Pennsylvania landscapes and abstractions, thru 10/10. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Doris Whitlock–Collages, thru 9/30. Key, 130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6.

Marian Zazeela–A "light" installation, 9/10-21. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380).

OTHER

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Adler–50 W 57th (757-8208). Canright, Flood, Goodman, Santlofer, and Sharpe, 9/8-10/7.

Alonzo–30 W 57th (586-2500). Argeropolos, Butchkes, Gilbert, Quat, others, 9/6-26/NYC images by New Jersey photographers Lazar, Ludwig, others, 9/9-10/21.

Crispo–41 E 57th (758-9190). 20th century artists including Abdell, Arman, O'Keefe, Wyeth, others, thru 10/15.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 9/21.

Jacobson–24 W 57th (581-8346). Denny, Tillyer, others, thru 9/22.

Markel–50 W 57th (581-1909). Contemporary collages by Appel, Dibbets, Nevelson, Sorman, others, 9/8-30.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). New talent featuring Siegel, Lasker, others, thru 9/30.

Viridian–24 W 57th (245-2882). Works in all media, thru 9/23.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Borgenicht**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Gallery members: a prospectus, thru 9/15.*

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Southcombe, Stobbe, others, thru 9/30.

Cordier & Ekstrom–980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857). Gallery artists, 9/12-30.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Clay vessels by southwesterner Dillingham; glass, batik, and jewelry, 9/12-10/7.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

***Gimpel Weitzenhoffer**–1040 Mad Ave (628-1897). Mon-Fri 10-5. Carved and cast sculpture by Hepworth, Moore, Niizuma; paintings by Jenkins, Natkin others, thru 9/15.

***Graham**–1014 Mad Ave (535-5566). American seascapes of the 19th century, thru 9/15.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Eaton, Seth, others, 9/9-23.

Mathes–19 E 71st (249-3600). 20th century American painters, thru 9/30.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross and graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, thru 9/16.

Ronin–46 E 70th (535-2221), Group show, thru 9/16.

Society of Illustrators–128 E 63rd (TE8-2560). Mon-Fri 10-5. Works by McLean, 9/7-22.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architects Aronson, Desmond, Exline, Lazzaro, Stluka, thru 9/9.

Ta-Nisia–741 Mad Ave (879-1510). Amoryanos, Hidalgo, Peter, others, thru 9/9.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). New work by gallery artists, 9/7-28.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6. Sculpture by Castoro, Harris, Nonas, others, thru 9/30.

***14 Sculptors**–75 Thompson (966-5790). Wed-Sun 11-6. Works dealing with homage theme, including Gray's stoneware dream of Mary and Stuart's wall sculpture for Joseph Cornell, 9/9-10/1.

Hansen–70 Wooster (431-5904). Drawings by Alden, Casselman, Einhorn, others; figurative paintings by Corozine; photos by Dulman, thru 9/30.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Tues-Fri 11-4. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and constructions by members, thru 9/14.

96 Grand St–(398-9474). Wed-Fri 2-7, Sat & Sun 12-6. Relationships between thought and language in works by Egloff, Wagner, others, 9/9-30.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri til 9. Cloisonne by Dubac and Leis, structures by Bedolla, thru 10/15.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Polyester calligraphic wall pieces by Allen, drawings and sculpture on domesticity by Cote, shaped canvases by Miller, and abstractions by Shlevin, thru 9/21.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 African objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Arsenal**–830 5th Ave (360-8141). Mon-Fri 9-5. NYC posters including Chagall's for the Opera House and Steinberg's *New Yorker* cover, thru 9/10.

Battery Park City–Gate 3, landfill site opposite Morris and West Sts. (825-1494). Environmental sculptures, thru 9/17.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. 19th and 20th century Mexican costumes, 9/6-10/22.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Works by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

***Greenwich House**–16 Jones (242-4106). Ceramics from 1948 to the present, thru 10/14.

Hall of Science–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Photos by Nilsson of the inside of the human body, thru 12/30.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Geometric abstractions by Greenstein, water and island reflections in paint by Perrault, masks by Rofhok, roomscapes by Wingerter, thru 9/24.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

***U.S. Custom House**–Broadway at Bowling Green (747-0147). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. American Indian artifacts, thru 10/31.

Photography

***Eve Arnold**–Black and white flashbacks to the 50s, 9/9-30. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5. Today's trends in French photography, thru 9/15.

Geoffrey Gove/SueEllen Snyder–A retrospective look at the snowstorm of 1978 by both, thru 9/5. Double Exposure, 340 6th Ave (541-7600).

Christopher James–Hand-colored personal fantasy images, 9/12-10/7. Esman 29 W 57th (421-9490).

***Andre Kertesz/Nick Nixon**–NYC, especially Washington Square Park/People, 9/6-30. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave. (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. A photographic preview of the treasures of King Tut, thru 11/3.

***Russell Lee**–Retrospective including late 30s farm security administration studies, industrial views of the 40s, Texas and Italy of the 50s and 60s, 9/6-10/14. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Neil Leifer–Two decades of international sporting competition, thru 9/30. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Tom McNease–Surrealistic, self-analytical images, thru 9/30. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri-Sat 3-10.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17.

Prakapas–19 E 71st (737-6066). Vintage values in works by Brady, Bullock, Evans, Rinehart, others, thru 9/30.

SoHo/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Photo-realism by Antonelli, joggers by Rouse, socialscapes by Shreiner, mixed-media color copy, and photo works by Lynne, 9/6-26.

***Carleton E. Watkins**(1829-1916).–The Yosemite Valley, Oregon, and California in the 1860s and 1880s, thru 10/28. **Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).**

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Wed at 8:45, Fri-Sun at 7:30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Visions of Courtly India:* Pahari miniatures, thru 9/17. *Haitian Art:* Paintings and sculptures since World War II; thru 11/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6, 9/5 10-6. Western European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. In the permanent collection.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. Prints by Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman (1882-1945); thru 9/17.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Photographs of Lee Friedlander. *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter. These shows run thru 9/17. *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16' scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Illuminated manuscripts of medieval Japan, thru 9/17.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *Reports on the France of Louis XIII:* Engravings by Abraham Bosse (1602-76) on the preoccupations, divertissements, interior decorations, and modes of dress in Paris during his time; thru 10/29.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Giovanni Battista Piranesi Drawings:* Commemorating the 200th anniversary of the death of the great Venetian draftsman, architect, and etcher. *Early French Illuminated Manuscripts:* Examples of Carolingian, Romanesque, and early Gothic illuminations. *Letters of Love and Affection:* Letters by artists, authors, statesmen from the late sixteenth thru the ninteenth century. *Songs of Whales:* The music of the humpback whales. These exhibits open September 5.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Fri 10:30-4:30, Sat & Sun 11-4. *En Foco:* Black-and-white photographs by Charles Biasiny Rivera, Roger Caban, and Felipe Dante which deal with Hispanics in three areas—education, small business, and labor; thru 10/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Drawings by Anthony F. Dumas of the playhouses that comprised the Broadway theater district from 1900 to 1940; thru 10/29.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. Functional and sculptural works in clay and glass by young Americans, thru 10/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. Sound installation by Max Neuhaus, thru 9/5. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. *Mirrors and Windows:* American photography since 1960; thru 10/2. *Photographs by Art Sinsabaugh:* Of Chicago cityscapes, New England, the East Coast, and the midwest; thru 10/29.

National Black American Historical Museum, 107 W 116th St. (864-9164). Tues-Sun 11-7.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Nippon Museum–116 E 38th St. (889-5913). Daily 11-6. Closed Tues.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Documents and photos dealing with the struggle for woman suffrage, 1848-1920, thru 9/30. Rare circus posters, thru 9/20. Five centuries of prints by women, thru 11/15. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Scores, correspondence, manuscripts, and stage designs of Luigi Dallapiccola (1904-75), the noted Italian composer, thru 9/16.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; thru 9/24. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/24. *Twentieth-Century American Drawings:* Major works by Bochner, Indiana, Morris, Nauman, and Wood; thru 10/1. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. Works from 1920 thru the early 1970s by Stella, Motherwell, Rauschenberg, others, thru 9/8.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Detroit Tigers, 9/5-6 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, 9/8-9 at 8, 9/10 at 2; vs. Chicago Cubs, 9/11-12 at 8.

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222); vs. Dallas Cowbows, 9/10 at 1.

Jets, Shea Stadium (421-6600). No home game this week.

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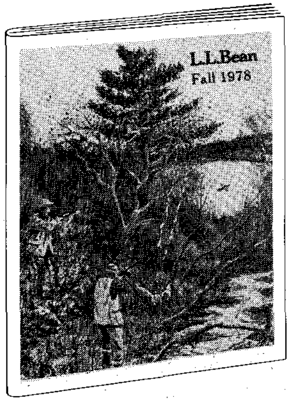

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Music Director

THREE CONCERTS

Thursday, May 3

CAROL NEBLETT, **soprano**
GWENDOLYN KILLEBREW, **mezzo-soprano**
ROBERT TEAR, **tenor**
SIMON ESTES, **bass-baritone**
Temple University Choirs (Elaine Brown, director)
BEETHOVEN "Egmont," Overture
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 9 ("Choral")

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $15.00; Second Tier Boxes $12.00; Dress Circle $9.00; Balcony (front) $7.00, (sides) $6.00, (rear) $5.00

Friday, May 4

FREDERICA VON STADE, **mezzo-soprano**
RAVEL Ma Mère l'Oye
RAVEL Shéhérazade
DEBUSSY Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune
DEBUSSY La Mer

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $13.50; Second Tier Boxes $10.50; Dress Circle $8.50; Balcony (front) $6.50, (sides) $5.50, (rear) $4.50

Saturday, May 5

MOZART Symphony No. 35 ("Haffner")
HINDEMITH Mathis der Maler
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica")

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $13.50; Second Tier Boxes $10.50; Dress Circle $8.50; Balcony (front) $6.50, (sides) $5.50, (rear) $4.50

Detroit Symphony

ANTAL DORATI, **Music Director**

Friday, April 27

GWYNETH JONES, **soprano**
LUCIA POPP, **soprano**
Other soloists to be announced
STRAUSS "Die aegyptische Helena"
The complete opera in concert

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $15.00; Second Tier Boxes $12.50; Dress Circle $9.00; Balcony (front) $7.50, (sides) $6.00, (rear) $4.50

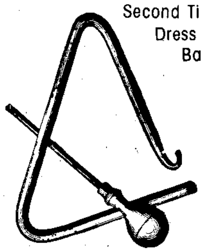
Boston Pops

ARTHUR FIEDLER, **conductor**

ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCE

Tuesday, December 12

Tickets:
First Tier Boxes and Parquet $12.50;
Second Tier Boxes $10.50;
Dress Circle $9.00;
Balcony (front) $7.50,
(sides) $6.50, (rear) $5.50



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SERGIU COMISSIONA, conductor
GARY GRAFFMAN, piano

BACH-STOKOWSKI Chorale-Prelude:
"Wir glauben all' an einen Gott"
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral")
RACHMANINOFF Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini
DUKAS The Sorcerer's Apprentice

November 5

SERGIU COMISSIONA, conductor
ZARA NELSOVA, cello

BRITTEN "Peter Grimes," Four Sea Interludes
DEBUSSY La Mer
ELGAR Cello Concerto in E minor
RAVEL Boléro

December 3

KAZUYOSHI AKIYAMA, conductor
MASUKO USHIODA, violin
TSUYOSHI TSUTSUMI, cello

LEES Concerto for Woodwind Quintet and Orchestra (N.Y. premiere)
BRAHMS Double Concerto
BARTÓK Concerto for Orchestra

January 7

JORGE MESTER, conductor
EUGENE FODOR, violin

ALBÉNIZ "Iberia," Three Excerpts
TCHAIKOVSKY Violin Concerto
DVOŘÁK Symphony No. 7

February 18

KAZUYOSHI AKIYAMA, conductor
JUSTUS FRANTZ, piano

BRAHMS Variations on a theme of Haydn
HAYDN Symphony No. 104 ("London")
BRAHMS Piano Concerto No. 1

March 18

RICHARD DUFALLO, conductor
JAN DE GAETANI, mezzo-soprano
CRISTINA ORTIZ, piano

RUGGLES Men and Mountains
IVES Decoration Day
COPLAND Piano Concerto
WERNICK Visions of Terror and Wonder (N.Y. premiere)

April 15

SERGIU COMISSIONA, conductor
SUSAN DAVENNY WYNER, soprano
BIRGIT FINNILAE, contralto

New York Choral Society
(Robert de Cormier, director)
MOZART Ave, verum corpus
BRAHMS Alto Rhapsody
MAHLER Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection")

May 6

SERGIU COMISSIONA, conductor
EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano

HOMMANN Overture in D major
BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor")
BERLIOZ Symphonie Fantastique

Subscription, eight concerts for the price of six: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $48.00; Second Tier Boxes $42.00; Dress Circle $33.00; Balcony (front) $24.00, (rear) $18.00

Subscription Sale Closes September 15

Individual concerts: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $8.00; Second Tier Boxes $7.00; Dress Circle $5.50; Balcony (front) $4.00, (rear) $3.00

CARNEGIE HALL

Claudio Arrau

GALA RECITAL HONORING THE 55th ANNIVERSARY OF HIS CARNEGIE HALL DEBUT

Friday, December 15

Program to be announced

By arrangement with ICM Artists Ltd.

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $12.50; Second Tier Boxes $10.00; Dress Circle $8.00; Balcony (front) $7.00, (sides) $6.00, (rear) $5.00

Lazar Berman

TWO SUNDAYS at 3:00

October 29

SCHUBERT Sonata in B-flat, Op. Posth.
SCHUBERT/LISZT Transcriptions
LISZT Mephisto Waltz
LISZT Gondola Funebre
LISZT Nuages Gris

March 11

Works by CLEMENTI, CHOPIN, LISZT, etc.

By arrangement with Jacques Leiser Artists' Management

Tickets, each concert: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $12.50; Second Tier Boxes $10.00; Dress Circle $8.00; Balcony (front) $7.00, (sides) $6.00, (rear) $5.00

Alfred Brendel

TWO THURSDAYS

February 15

SCHOENBERG Six Pieces, Op. 19
BRAHMS Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel
LISZT Late pieces
BUSONI Toccata (1921)

March 1

ALL-SCHUBERT PROGRAM

By arrangement with Colbert Artists Management Inc.

Subscription, two concerts: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $12.00; Second Tier Boxes $10.50; Dress Circle $9.00; Balcony $7.50

Rudolf Serkin

Monday, December 11

Program to be announced

By arrangement with Judd Concert Bureau

Tickets: First Tier Boxes $25.00; Parquet $20.00; Second Tier Boxes $15.00; Dress Circle $10.00; Balcony (front) $7.50, (rear) $5.00

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble *

ARTHUR WEISBERG, Music Director

America's foremost performing ensemble for 20th-century music. Elliott Carter 70th-birthday celebration, featuring the music of Elliott Carter, Edgar Varèse, and Igor Stravinsky.

Tuesday, March 20

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $7.50; Second Tier Boxes $6.50; Dress Circle $5.50; Balcony (front) $4.50, (rear) $3.50

Cleveland Quartet

GALA TENTH-ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

DONALD WEILERSTEIN, violin;
PETER SALAFF, violin;
MARTHA STRONGIN KATZ, viola;
PAUL KATZ, cello

With
Assisting
Artists

THREE MONDAY EVENINGS

February 5

PINCHAS ZUKERMAN, Viola
BERNARD GREENHOUSE, cello
ALL-BRAHMS PROGRAM
Sextet No. 2 in G major, Op. 36
Sextet No. 1 in B-flat major, Op. 18

February 12

GARY GRAFFMAN, piano
JAMES VAN DEMARK, double bass
ALL-SCHUBERT PROGRAM
String Quartet in D minor, Op. Posth. ("Death and the Maiden")
Piano Quintet in A major ("The Trout")

February 26

ITZHAK PERLMAN, violin
EMANUEL AX, piano
ALL-FRENCH PROGRAM
DEBUSSY String Quartet in G minor
RAVEL String Quartet in F major
CHAUSSON Concerto for violin, piano and string quartet

By arrangement with Kazuko Hillyer International, Inc.

Series subscription: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $20.00; Second Tier Boxes $17.50; Dress Circle $15.00; Balcony (front) $12.50, (sides) $10.00, (rear) $7.50

1978-79 SEASON

ORPHEUS*

America's extraordinary conductorless chamber orchestra.

Monday, March 12

Heather Harper, soprano **Program: To be announced**

Tickets: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $7.50; Second Tier Boxes $6.50; Dress Circle $5.50; Balcony (front) $4.50, (rear) $3.50

I Musici*♪

Italy's virtuoso instrumental ensemble returns

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

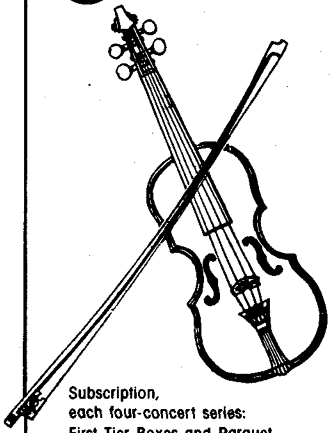
November 1
All-VIVALDI PROGRAM

November 8
All-BACH PROGRAM

By arrangement with Kazuko Hillyer International, Inc.

Subscription, two concerts: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $14.00; Second Tier Boxes $12.50; Dress Circle $11.00; Balcony (front) $9.50, (rear) $8.00

Masters of the Violin♪



SERIES A

Sunday, October 22 at 3:00
ITZHAK PERLMAN

Thursday, November 30
ISAAC STERN

Monday, January 29
VLADIMIR SPIVAKOV

Wednesday, March 14
PERLMAN/ZUKERMAN

SERIES B

Tuesday, October 24
ITZHAK PERLMAN

Saturday, January 27
YEHUDI MENUHIN

Sunday, February 4 at 3:00
LEONID KOGAN

Monday, March 26
GIDON KREMER

Subscription, each four-concert series: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $40.00; Second Tier Boxes $33.00; Dress Circle $27.00; Balcony (front) $23.00, (rear) $19.00

programs to be announced

New York String Orchestra*

TWO CONCERTS
10TH-ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER,
Music Director

The orchestra consists of sixty-five gifted instrumentalists of high school and college age, selected by auditions held in many parts of the country. It has been consistently praised by critics for spirited playing of high professional caliber.

Christmas Eve, Sunday, December 24 at midnight

MAUREEN FORRESTER, contralto; ISAAC STERN, violin;
GERARD SCHWARZ, trumpet;
PINCHAS ZUKERMAN, viola; SAMUEL SANDERS, piano

BACH Orchestral Suite No. 3

BACH "Erbarme dich" from the St. Matthew Passion

BRAHMS Two Songs for contralto with viola and piano, Op. 91

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 2

Friday, December 29 at 8 P.M.

JAIME LAREDO, SHLOMO MINTZ, ISAAC STERN, PINCHAS ZUKERMAN, violins

MENDELSSOHN "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Overture

WAGNER Siegfried Idyll

VIVALDI Concerto for two violins
Concerto for four violins

MOZART Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter")

By arrangement with New School Concerts and Carnegie Hall— Jeunesses Musicales

Tickets, each concert: First Tier Boxes $5.00; Second Tier Boxes and Parquet $4.00; Dress Circle $3.50; Balcony $2.50

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CARNEGIE HALL

International Festival of Orchestras

(5 concerts for the price of 4) Series A-B-C

Series A

Monday, October 23

Toulouse Symphony

MICHEL PLASSON, conductor
PHILIPPE ENTREMONT, piano
BERLIOZ "Le Corsaire" Overture
SAINT-SAËNS Piano Concerto No. 5
CHAUSSON Symphony in B-flat
RAVEL La Valse

Thursday, November 16

Toronto Symphony

ANDREW DAVIS, conductor
ARTHUR OZOLINS, piano
BEETHOVEN Leonore Overture No. 2
PROKOFIEFF Piano Concerto No. 2
BRAHMS Symphony No. 1

Wednesday, January 31

Moscow Philharmonic

DMITRI KITAENKO, conductor
Program to be announced

Sunday, March 4 at 3:00

Buffalo Philharmonic

MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS, conductor
FREDERICA VON STADE, mezzo-soprano
MOURET Fanfare for a King's Supper
BERLIOZ Les nuits d'été
DEBUSSY Three Nocturnes

Friday, April 20

Minnesota Orchestra

STANISLAW SKROWACZEWSKI, conductor
GIDON KREMER, violin
SCHUMAN Symphony No. 10 (N.Y. premiere)
PROKOFIEFF Violin Concerto No. 2
SCHUBERT Symphony No. 9

Each series (A, B, or C)
5 concerts for the price of 4

Series B

Thursday, October 26

Leipzig Gewandhaus

KURT MASUR, conductor
KARL SUSKE, violin
DIETMAR HALLMANN, viola
MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 4 ("Italian")
MOZART Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5

Thursday, January 11

Budapest Symphony

GYÖRGY LEHEL, conductor
ANDRÁS SCHIFF, piano
HAYDN Symphony No. 93
SCHUMANN Piano Concerto
SUGÁR Epilog (American premiere)
Another work to be announced

Friday, February 16

NDR Symphony

ZDENEK MACAL, conductor
JORGE BOLET, piano
MOZART Symphony No. 35 ("Haffner")
RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2
STRAUSS Don Juan
HINDEMITH Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber

Thursday, March 29

Rochester Philharmonic

DAVID ZINMAN, conductor
MISHA DICHTER, piano
BERLIOZ "Benvenuto Cellini," Overture
BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 3
ARGENTO In Praise of Music (N.Y. premiere)
BARTÓK "The Miraculous Mandarin," Suite

Friday, April 13

Milwaukee Symphony

KENNETH SCHERMERHORN, conductor
MIGNON DUNN, mezzo-soprano
VERN SHINALL, bass-baritone
Men's Voices of the Westminster Choir
(Joseph Flummerfelt, director)
SIBELIUS Symphony No. 7
SIBELIUS Kullervo (N.Y. premiere)

Series C

Friday, October 27

Leipzig Gewandhaus

KURT MASUR, conductor
PETER RÖSEL, piano
SCHUMANN "Genoveva," Overture
RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 3
BRUCKNER Symphony No. 3

Friday, February 2

Korean National Symphony

YUN TAIK HONG, conductor
DONG-SUK KANG, violin
Korean work to be announced
SIBELIUS Violin Concerto
BRAHMS Symphony No. 4

Friday, February 23

Moscow Philharmonic

DMITRI KITAENKO, conductor
ALEXANDER TORADZE, piano
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF Russian Easter Overture
PROKOFIEFF Piano Concerto No. 3
RACHMANINOFF Symphony No. 2

Thursday, March 8

Baltimore Symphony

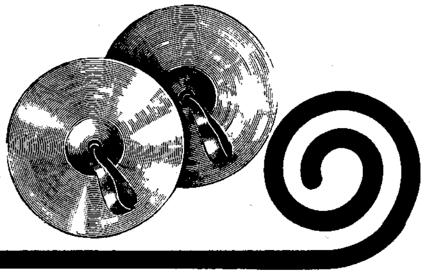
SERGIU COMISSIONA, conductor
EMANUEL AX, piano
SCHUMANN Symphony No. 1 ("Spring")
LISZT Piano Concerto No. 2
ELGAR Enigma Variations

Saturday, April 21

Minnesota Orchestra

STANISLAW SKROWACZEWSKI, conductor

Program: To be announced



Subscription, each five-concert series: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $36.00; Second Tier Boxes $32.00; Dress Circle $28.00; Balcony (front) $24.00, (rear) $20.00

1978-79 SEASON

Carnegie Recital Hall*

New Music Consort

An outstanding ensemble dedicated to 20th-century repertoire, featuring exceptional European chamber music.

THREE THURSDAY EVENINGS

January 11
French Program

March 8
Austro-German program

April 26
Italian program

Tickets,
each concert: $4.00

Concert Artists of Latin America

New York debuts of Latin American soloists who have become well established in their own countries.

THREE CONCERTS

Monday, October 23
DANIEL RIVERA, piano (Argentina)

Tuesday, December 19
OMAR MEJÍA, piano (El Salvador)

Tuesday, February 6
MARGARITA PRUNEDA, soprano (Mexico)

Tickets,
each concert: $4.00

American Brass Quintet

Fifth annual Recital Hall series, featuring America's foremost brass chamber ensemble.

THREE TUESDAY EVENINGS

December 5
JACOB DRUCKMAN, guest composer and conductor

January 9
DORIAN WOODWIND QUINTET, guest artists

March 27
Soloist to be announced

Series subscription: $10.00,
Individual concerts: $4.00

Da Capo Chamber Players

A unique series of modern masterpieces and premieres with guest artists.

THREE WEDNESDAYS

December 6
February 14
April 18

Tickets, each concert: $4.00

Choral Syndicate

An unusual series featuring the vocal arts with soloists.

FOUR WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

January 17
New York Soloists Quartet

February 28
New York Consort for Poetry and Music

March 28
Maurice Edwards-Gomer Rees Cabaret

May 2
Gregg Smith Singers
By arrangement with Gomer Rees Productions

Tickets, each concert: $4.00

New Concert Artists of France

New York debuts of gifted young artists from France, arranged in cooperation with the Office of Cultural Services of the French Embassy.

THREE MONDAY EVENINGS

November 27
MARIE-THERESE GHIRARDI, guitar

January 15
YVAN CHIFFOLEAU, cello; PIERRE REACH, piano

March 19
Artist to be announced

Tickets, each concert: $4.00

League-ISCM Concerts

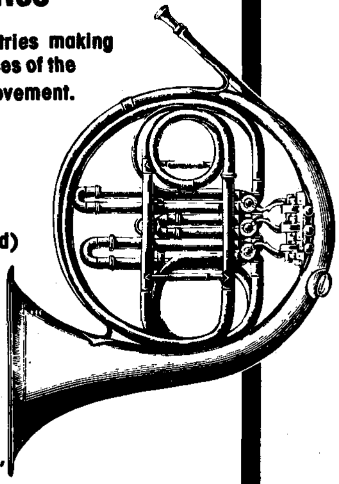
Annual series held in cooperation with the League of Composers—International Society for Contemporary Music (U.S. Section). Music by American composers is featured, particularly of the last three decades. Artists and programs to be announced.

SEVEN THURSDAYS

October 26; November 30; December 14; January 25; February 22; April 5; May 17
Series Subscription: $22.00 Individual Concerts: $4.00

International Artists Series

Gifted young recitalists from other countries making their New York debuts under the auspices of the International Jeunesses Musicales movement.



SIX CONCERTS

Friday, November 17
POUL ROSENBAUM, piano (Denmark)

Monday, December 11
CHRISTIAN BLACKSHAW, piano (England)

Wednesday, January 24
ZEHAVA GAL, mezzo-soprano (Israel)

Monday, February 19
Artist to be announced (Canada)

Friday, March 23
SANDRO DE PALMA, piano (Italy)

Monday, April 23
MARIO BELTRÁN DEL RÍO/OSCAR SOLÍS, guitar duo (Mexico)

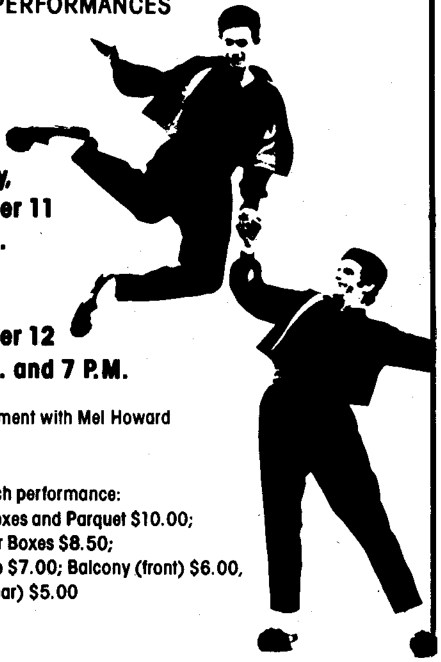
By arrangement with Carnegie Hall—Jeunesses Musicales
Tickets, each concert: $4.00

CARNEGIE HALL

PARTHENON DANCERS OF GREECE

One of Greece's finest and most colorful folk-dance companies.

ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCES
THREE PERFORMANCES



Saturday, November 11 at 8 P.M.

Sunday, November 12 at 3 P.M. and 7 P.M.

By arrangement with Mel Howard

Tickets, each performance:
First Tier Boxes and Parquet $10.00;
Second Tier Boxes $8.50;
Dress Circle $7.00; Balcony (front) $6.00, (rear) $5.00

Performing Arts of Asia*

BUGAKU

Dance and music of the Imperial Court of Japan, in the first United States appearance of the Osaka Garyo-kai Troupe.

Wednesday, October 4

ENSEMBLE NIPPONIA

Japan's foremost musicians return with performances on their traditional instruments.

Friday, October 20

YAKSHAGANA

The ritual dance-drama from South Kanara, India, on its first American tour.

Saturday, March 31

By arrangement with the Performing Arts Program of The Asia Society

Tickets, each performance: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $9.00; Second Tier Boxes $7.50; Dress Circle $6.00; Balcony (front) $5.00, (rear) $4.00

Antonio and his Spanish Ballet

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FOUR PERFORMANCES

The farewell tour of this brilliant and dynamic Flamenco artist.

Friday, November 17 at 8 P.M.
Saturday, November 18 at 8 P.M.
Sunday, November 19 at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M.

By arrangement with Mel Howard

Tickets, each performance: First Tier Boxes and Parquet $12.50; Second Tier Boxes $10.00; Dress Circle $8.00; Balcony (front) $7.00, (rear) $6.00

Designer: Barbara Gordon
Gurtman & Murtha, Advertising

All concerts are at 8:00 P.M. unless otherwise indicated. Programs and Soloists Subject to change

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1978-79 SEASON

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American Symphony				
I Musici				
International Festival of Orchestras "A"				
International Festival of Orchestras "B"				
International Festival of Orchestras "C"				
Masters of the Violin "A"				
Masters of the Violin "B"				
Cleveland Quartet				
			TOTAL	

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				TOTAL	

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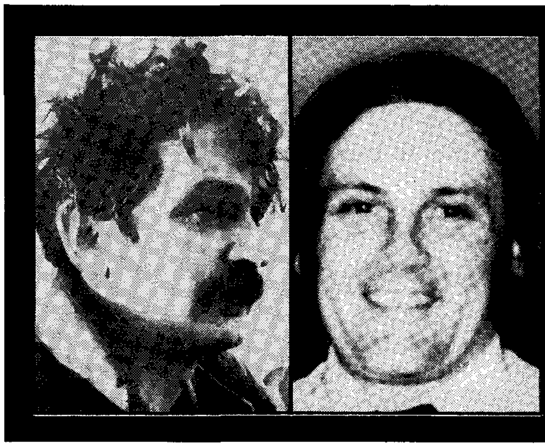
NEW YORK



The men: Left, Buddy Jacobson, accused in the slaying of neighbor Jack Tupper on August 6.

Love and Death On the Upper East Side

By Anthony Haden-Guest

"...The first wave of newspaper stories splashed happily over the 'love triangle.' Older-guy-loses-girl-to-younger-guy..."

There was a tropical feel to the air that hot July afternoon, and the sunlight was rich as melon. It was half past four. Jack Tupper was standing outside the building in which he lived, talking desultory business with an acquaintance I shall call Shaw.

A piece of blond wood caught their eye. A bar. It was among the oddments being disposed of by a shoe store which was selling out. Tupper was planning to buy a bar. They walked inside. There was a girl there. Melanie Cain.

This was unsurprising. The moribund shoe shop was, after all, cheek by jowl with My Fair Lady, the model agency of which Melanie Cain was part owner and—as one of the city's leading models—the principal ornament. Indeed, the entire building, at 155 East 84th, which lies between Lexington and Third, belonged to Buddy Jacobson. Melanie's partner and longtime lover.

Tupper knew them slightly. He had, a few weeks before, moved from the fifth floor to apartment 7C. Just across the hall from Buddy and Melanie in 7D, where I happened to have talked to them a few months previously while writing a feature for this magazine entitled "Model Wars."

The three chatted. Melanie asked if Tupper wanted to go jogging. He said sure. They'd meet in half an hour.

Jack Tupper jogged with Melanie Cain around the reservoir.

That was how it began. Jogging. Truly an American Romance.

On Sunday, August 6, less than three weeks later, Jack Tupper was murdered.

Jack Tupper's face was sliced up with a knife. His head was beaten in. His body bludgeoned. Also, he had been shot seven times. (According to police, two bullets in his body matched a spent bullet found in Jacobson's apartment, and there were bullets embedded in the wall.)

A while later, three men were observed trying to set fire to a box on a piece of wasteland in the Bronx. The wasteland is within eye line of an upper window of the local firehouse and is in full view of much of Co-op City. Three witnesses allegedly identified Buddy Jacobson. One gave the license-plate number of the yellow Cadillac in which the men departed. The perfect crime it wasn't.

The first wave of stories splashed happily over the "love triangle." Older-guy-loses-girl-to-younger-guy. Buddy Jacobson's reported offer to Jack Tupper, covertly tape-recorded, of $100,000.

Later stories, unencumbered by details, alluded to call-girl rings and cocaine dealerships. The FBI was said to be involved. Likewise, the Mafia. Oh, yes: There was a death threat.

This is (some of) what actually happened.

Buddy Jacobson, like Jack Tupper, comes from Queens. The man who always lies about his age was born in Flatbush on December 30, 1930. His father was in the hat business and lived on Queens Boulevard.

Hatting did not allure. But Buddy's mother was born Florence Jacobs. Her brothers—Sidney, Eugene, and, especially, Hirsch Jacobs—were potent names on the racetrack. Trainers to reckon with. Hirsch's daughter, Patrice, was later to marry Louis Wolfson, owner of the Triple Crown winner Affirmed. At nineteen, Buddy was a groom with Eugene Jacobs in Florida. After a stint in the Merchant Marine, Jacobson set up as a trainer.

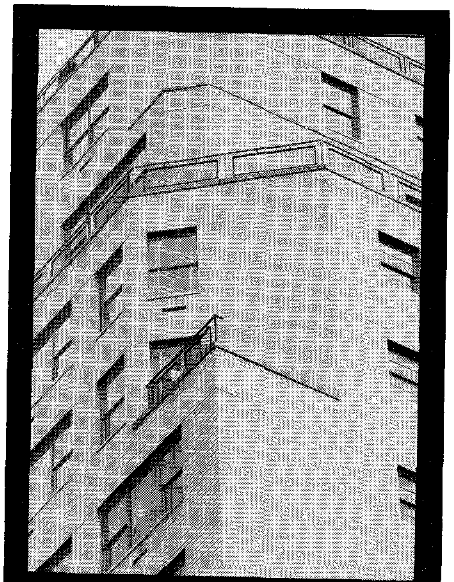
He was brilliant at his work. In 1963 he was America's most successful trainer, a feat he repeated in 1964 and 1965. He was not, however, winning prizes for popularity.

Established owners and trainers still grow choleric on the subject of Buddy Jacobson. He thought of horses as machines, I was told again and again, at Saratoga and at Belmont. They say he drugged and ran "sore horses." There

Photos: Wide World

The woman: Melanie Cain lived with Jacobson, then with Tupper, in building at 155 East 84th. But their entangled lives changed when Tupper's body was found, badly charred, in the Bronx.

Photos: top, George Bennett; bottom, Cynthia Johnson



Second mystery: Another model, Cheryl Corey, fell to her death from this balcony, also August 6.

are occasional hints that he hung around with "bad" people.

Well, there is no shortage of bad people on the turf but no evidence that Jacobson did much hanging around them. "Buddy was a good, solid horseman," says Pete Axthelm, the sportswriter, who knew him at this period. "Revisionist history makes him the biggest outlaw on the turf. But they would have gotten him if he had been."

Another trainer agrees: "Buddy had a clean bill of health. He never had a ruling against him for entering a horse of the wrong weight, the wrong age, or whatever. Which is remarkable for somebody who was running about 50 horses." But this trainer takes a cooler view of Jacobson's horsemanship.

"He wasn't such a good judge of horses' legs. It's a fallacy," he told me. "It was a matter of wheeling and dealing. He was quick in picking up on things. Buddy would use X-rays before anybody. He was pumping cortisones into a horse's joints before anybody else. It gave him an edge."

His increasing success made Jacobson increasingly autocratic, obsessive. "As a personality he was a loner, and he didn't like anybody telling him what to do," says Sam Lefrak, the builder, for whom he trained with considerable success. "You would never ever see him pat a horse," an owner recalls, still affronted. "He was always saying that they were the dumbest things alive."

Certainly much of this was a deliberate needling of the Establishment. Jacobson once purchased a foal from Ogden Phipps's trainer. Phipps was, he heard, irate. Buddy said he was going to call the horse Ogden Flips.

In 1967 the strife escalated. Buddy Jacobson was elected president of the New York division of the HBPA, which is to say the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association. It is the HBPA that looks after the interests of the employees on the backstretch. Stable hands and the like. Soon Jacobson was agitating for a pension fund.

By 1969 he was in conflict with both the New York Racing Association and the state. At a meeting in April, he demanded a boycott. Even his uncle, Hirsch Jacobs, perhaps the most brilliant American trainer ever, supported him. (Family feeling was not Buddy's forte; in later years he failed to go to Hirsch's funeral.) On April 26, Jacobson's boycott struck Aqueduct.

Matters of motive are interesting here. Few seem to have found Buddy Jacobson convincing as a champion of the little man. "He would never talk to his help," recalls a trainer. "He would never say hello, good-bye."

"I don't think he cared about Puerto Rican stable hands," Axthelm says. "I think he wanted to prove that he, Buddy Jacobson, could overturn the whole power structure. Power would pass from the hands of George D. Widener into the hands of Buddy Jacobson."

Not just racetrack power, of course. Also, control of a potentially substantial pension fund. And Buddy Jacobson blew it. He made miscalculations. He should perhaps have kept the strike going for three days. A show of strength. Instead, he kept it going nine days. Support trickled away. It was finally crushed.

"Buddy always thinks he's the cleverest person in the world," says another horseman. "He had contempt. He wanted to have complete control. And, in the end, everything was a bust-out."

In October 1969, the racing establishment paid Jacobson back in full. They began an audit. "They came to us," Sam Lefrak says, "and under investigation they found irregularities."

The NYRA charged Jacobson with seven offenses and found him guilty of five. Misrepresenting sale or purchase prices and pocketing the difference. That sort of thing. Most racetrack people say that the charges, which centered on loose practices common enough on the turf, were a means to an end. Jacobson was suspended for 45 days, but the timing of the suspension was such that the tracks were able to deny him stabling. He sued for $6-million, but remained out of racing for five years.

There seems to have been no reason for him to have stayed away that long. He could have raced elsewhere until New York readmitted him, but Jacobson was tired of horses. He took his earnings and looked elsewhere.

Already, he had been indulging a consuming passion for girls. One of them remembers his bachelor apartment in Kew Gardens. "The building was full of stewardesses," she tells me. "Buddy had a Cadillac. He would leave it out in front for the girls to use. He was cooking roast beef every night. The place was full of girls. He said he was thinking of taking the door off its hinges.

"He could never go with the same girl more than once or twice. He lost interest. He would chase some girl, sending her flowers all the time, but if he heard that she was going with somebody else, he lost interest. He said it's like digging up somebody's grave."

An early venture was a ski lodge, called the Norway, near Mount Snow, Vermont. Buddy's partners still marvel at his private life. "He would fix to have one broad driven to New York. The next one is on her way. They would pass at the toll booth."

They found his business practices less amusing. "He wanted to show that he could run a ski lodge better than people who had been running them all their lives."

Jacobson's first building in Manhattan was 155 East 84th, originally a couple of nondescript tenements. Jacobson took charge of the rebuilding himself, laying floors and, if the floors were laid wrong, re-laying them. Buddy Jacobson, as always, wanted to do things his own way. And the building got built. Buddy Jacobson appointed himself his own janitor and began renting out the apartments. One early tenant was Melanie Cain.

Melanie Cain arrived in New York in 1973. She had been born in Norfolk, Virginia, seventeen years before. Her Irish Catholic background seems fashioned for family-hour television. Three sisters, two brothers. Mother, a Republican activist. Father, a salesman. Melanie spent childhood spells in Washington, D.C.; New Jersey; Texas; Connecticut; and Pennsylvania; she went to high school in Naperville, Illinois, where she did some theater. "Modeling was never an ambition," she told me. It was a way to make ends meet.

Melanie joined the Eileen Ford agency in July 1973. "She was a very pleasant kid but naïve," says Jerry Ford, Eileen's imperturbable husband.

Photographed by Richard Pan.

"She had a bit of a weight problem. Good mouth, good teeth."

Already, by March 1974, she was doing well enough for *Seventeen* to run a cover story, "Meet Melanie Cain," which concluded to the effect that "everything about Melanie is refreshing—she's the image of everything wholesome, like Kellogg's Corn Flakes."

Melanie's first apartment in Buddy Jacobson's building was on the ground floor. She shared it with a couple of other models, Colette Blonigan and Pita Green. Later, she moved up to the seventh floor. 7C. (Sometime later it was to be rented by Jack Tupper.)

Melanie had never met anybody like Buddy Jacobson. He was slight, with shaggy hair by now—not the short back and sides of his early years on the track—a nondescript dresser, not remotely like the male model she had been seeing for her first months in New York. But his rap was awesome, his presence hypnotic.

Jacobson's reverses had not diminished his appetite for control—had, if anything, increased it. He is remembered for cultivating eccentricities back in the ski-lodge days. "He would never wear socks," says an associate. "He would ski without socks. If you argued that something was red he would try and convince you it was green."

Not too long after the *Seventeen* cover, he talked the slightly reluctant Melanie Cain into partnership in a model agency, named for a favorite show, *My Fair Lady*.

The competition in New York was already heavy, but Buddy had a strategy. "They wanted young, fresh faces. They told me they just threw a dart at the map and went where it landed," one model said. One of the darts, presumably, landed on Minneapolis. And, for all that Minneapolis knew, My Fair Lady was the Ford, Wilhelmina, and Zoli agencies combined. "They came out in the fall of '75 and advertised in the papers," she added. She said she knows of seven girls to whom Buddy Jacobson handed airplane tickets. For a while she stayed at the back of the agency, sharing a small room with another girl, and she still likes Jacobson—"I don't think he did it"—but she stayed only a month and a half before moving eventually to Eileen Ford. "Buddy wasn't really doing anything for us," she said, simply.

Buddy was doing things for Buddy. Mainly in property. He acquired the Park East, a former hospital on 83rd, and planned to turn it into a $3-million co-op. His workmen were Italian, mostly from the South, mostly unacquainted with English, occasionally lacking papers, and always fanatically loyal to their *capo*.

Neglected, My Fair Lady languished but survived. "They tried to be professional," says Zoli. "There is always some work around. They did hands, legs, lingerie."

"They had pretty girls," observes Andrea Quinn of *Seventeen*, "but offbeat types. Like girls who were too short." Most agreed the agency's only substantial asset was Melanie Cain.

Cain's relationship with Jacobson lasted, in sheer propinquity, some five years. But the second half was not like the first. Six times she packed and left. But Buddy's control was hypnotic. She always returned.

But the control went beyond the autocratic to the obsessive "I have no friends," Jacobson told me with no regret. One visitor to My Fair Lady recalls Buddy shouting into the telephone, "What do you mean, he's your friend? There are no such friends. There are people who want to use you." Models staying in the building were discouraged from allowing boyfriends to use the swimming pool. It was Buddy Jacobson's domain.

Also, there were the lies. About his age, for instance—Buddy passed for mid-thirties. More oddly, he introduced David and Douglas, his sons, as his younger brothers. And about his women. Buddy Jacobson subscribed fully to the Hefneresque myth that the superior man is denoted (or created) by a continuous sequence of swiftly executed copulations, but he carried things to an especially loveless limit.

"It's tremendous, the power he felt. He's sitting in Nicola's with four girls, nine girls, thirteen girls," recalls an acquaintance, Nicola's being the pleasant restaurant opposite Jacobson's building. "But he wasn't *interested* in the girls.

"I don't think he was really into screwing. Nothing kinky. I once saw him with this fabulous young broad, and I asked if she was a good f - - k.

"He looks at me strange. 'What do you mean?' he said. 'A f - - k is a f - - k.' "

Jacobson handled his compulsive infidelities well enough for a while. One time, Melanie caught him *in flagrante* and fled. He walked in later and said, "I've decided to forgive you." But the pressure was slowly becoming too much. Modeling, moreover, was no longer satisfying. For a couple of years, she had been taking dancing classes. Jacobson told her to stick to the modeling. How could she compete with girls who have been training since the age of six? "I told her she would end up as a hoofer in Vegas," he said. But Melanie was discontented. Then somebody else with plans moved in. Jack Tupper.

Jack Tupper was Irish and came from Queens. In Queens he had operated a restaurant-bar, the Sherwood Inn. He had just sold his share of the All Ireland, a bar on Third. He was now 34. Buddy Jacobson's building was his first Manhattan address, but he had already become a familiar figure in a specific world, the world of Upper East Side bars. These are the bars that punctuate Third Avenue, bars like P.J. Clarke's, Harper, Churchill's, Allen's, and JG Melon.

It's a solid world, and Jack Tupper fitted in. He was a medium-large man, perhaps 190 pounds, and almost six feet tall, with a broad face and thinning sandy hair. He was quiet, but it wasn't a quietness to mistake for docility. "It was important to Jack Tupper how physically imposing he was," a friend of his tells me. "He used to say in the end it all comes down to strength."

It wasn't merely in his size that Tupper was a contrast to Jacobson. Buddy Jacobson lived in his self-constructed world, didn't own a suit, slept on a mattress on the floor.

Jack Tupper was affable, gregarious, he got about. He had plenty of men friends. Buddy Jacobson told me he himself had no men friends. Melanie, he said, was his only friend.

Certainly, without Melanie, the Melanie smile, displayed on the covers of *Redbook*, *Seventeen*, *Cosmopolitan*, he wouldn't have much by way of an agency as he slid toward 50. "Love triangles" have many different angles.

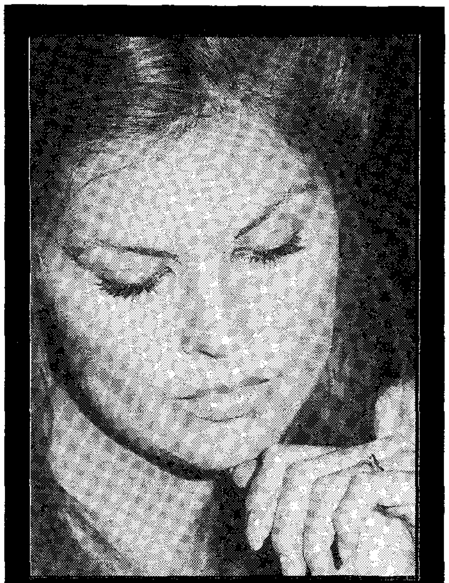
That first day jogging, Melanie admitted, she had a crush on Jack. They dined the following evening. That same Friday, attempting secrecy, he took Melanie for a weekend with his sister and brother-in-law, an FBI agent assigned to Puerto Rico.

Upon their return, they checked into a $90 suite at the Drake. And now, Buddy Jacobson *knew*.

They returned to East 84th. And normal life. Jack Tupper continued to look around for a possible bar and took on a partner with East Side connections. They cast an acquisitive eye here and there. Harper, for instance, and the Madison Pub. Melanie continued to work. She did a commercial for Clairol, and bookings began to come in for the weeks ahead.

And it is here that the river of fact necessarily flows into twin streams of interpretation.

Tupper was wont to complain to friends that Buddy Jacobson was harassing Melanie. Some of the harassment was plaintive in tone. "Dear Melon," ran a cable he sent on July 29, "Sorry for the past week and for the abuse I must have put you through for the past five years. You always hurt the one you love. Jack is a good guy and will love you and be honest with you.



How it was: Melanie Cain, who came to New York and Made It Very Big as a model, and very quickly.

You're right, I would always be a bum . . ."

But there were other, less lachrymose, signals. "The guy is like harassing her and calling her on the phone," Tupper told Dick Leslie, owner of R.W. Bond's, on Third. Tupper said that Buddy would call him and demand his "wife" back. Curious choice of words. Also, he was *watching* them.

"Jacobson has been standing on the terrace for two weeks. He never leaves it," Tupper said.

Oddest was the reported cash offer. "Can you believe that this girl is worth $100,000?" Tupper said, indicating Melanie, not without pride. "This guy is such an asshole. He offered me $100,000 to leave town...buy a restaurant."

Alongside the cash, Jacobson apparently offered Tupper his pick of other girls. A rhetorical trope, no doubt. The alleged offer was tape-recorded, and is in the hands of the police. Why was it recorded? Jack recorded all his calls, it seems.

At no point did Tupper find Jacobson's behavior alarming, friends say. But Melanie began to search for an apartment with special urgency.

On Friday, August 4, Tupper and Cain dined with a friend in the Parma. There was talk of marriage.

"Where shall we have an after-dinner drink?" Tupper asked.

"Shall we go into the lion's den?"

The "lion's den" was Nicola's, slap-bang opposite Buddy Jacobson's building. They strolled the few blocks. Tupper and Cain strode straight in, but the friend glanced up at Buddy's terrace.

For the first time he could recall recently, Buddy Jacobson was not there, watching. "Guess who's not on the terrace?" he said.

"He probably knows where we are," Tupper said. It was Jack Tupper's belief that they were being followed.

On Saturday, Jack Tupper took Melanie out to Long Island. They returned to Manhattan late and dined at home. Melanie had a cold.

On the morning of Sunday, August 6, Melanie Cain got up early, leaving Jack Tupper in bed, and went to sign the lease on an apartment on 52nd.

Next time she saw him, she recognized him only by the Sagittarius chain around his blackened neck.

Later, Buddy Jacobson admitted that these had not been his happiest weeks. He was upset about Melanie but denied there was any "love triangle."

I said that I had heard that he had had no sexual involvement with Melanie for the preceding six months.

"I'm glad you said that," Buddy Jacobson said, twice.

And was there any connection with the death of Cheryl Corey? Cheryl Corey was the model, also with My Fair Lady, and a sometime tenant of 84th Street, who had fallen to her death off a boyfriend's balcony that same Sunday morning.

"No," Jacobson said, adding, "The only connection that there may be is that I learned about it that morning. I don't think I've ever seen a dead body in my life.

"And I think that hearing that, coupled with the events of the prior few days, and the events that were to take place that day, that, at anytime during that day, I was not in the best frame of mind."

He halted and clarified.

"In other words, I was not ready to make some important decisions." The decision, he explained, concerned his defense.

The events that were to take place that day: Melanie Cain returned to 155 East 84th at just before one o'clock. Jack Tupper was not there. She went downstairs and talked with some of the models. The death of Cheryl Corey lent the chat a darkish tinge.

Melanie Cain returned to the seventh floor. Several times. In retelling, the day grows disjointed, increasingly phantasmagoric. Soon she found that although the apartment that she and Tupper shared seemed unruffled there were bothersome details. Jack's boots were still there, and his jogging shoes.

Her eye alighted on something more unusual yet: the address book, a mock-leather affair kept shut by an elastic band, without which Jack Tupper seldom went out. Also his gold Cross pen.

It was perhaps at this moment that Melanie Cain first felt a twinge of alarm. She telephoned the agency. A voice answered. A choked voice. It was a moment or so, Melanie said later, before she recognized the voice as that of Buddy Jacobson.

Further curious changes occurred from one visit upstairs to the next. The carpet in the hall, for instance, a piece of vivid maroon plaid, was as it had been on her first return. Later, it had accumulated smears of white paint.

She went to Buddy's apartment and rang the buzzer. She says that she saw shadows beneath the door, but nobody would come out. She went out and began to ring Jack Tupper's friends from the pay telephone on the corner. It was a sweltering Sunday afternoon. Few were home. Tupper's red sedan was still in the street.

Melanie returned. The elevator wouldn't come down. She climbed the seven flights of stairs. The service door was barred, the windows papered over.

She walked back downstairs and returned to the telephone on the corner, where she telephoned her service, to see if Jack had rung. He hadn't. She walked to the All Ireland to see if he was there. He wasn't.

Melanie Cain walked back to 155. The afternoon was turning a sulphurous yellow, and hot as dough baking, but sodden. Treading the sidewalks was like walking the bottom of a contaminated aquarium. The elevator was now working perfectly. But, up on the seventh floor, the rug was missing altogether.

She crossed to Jacobson's apartment and opened the door. Disorder. Shattered fragments of mirror. Cushions tumbled off the sofa beds she had herself purchased. People—she assumed they were some of the Italian construction workers from the house on 83rd—milling around. The rug vanished. Jacobson screamed, "Get out! I don't want to see you." He slammed the door.

Cain says she did not, as has been reported, see blood on the rug. She could not yet accommodate the thought "murder." Finally, she raised one of Tupper's friends on the telephone. Shaw was watching golf on television, a three-way tie on the last hole, Jerry Pate fouling up a three-foot putt. Shaw said he would be along directly. Walking back into the building, Melanie found Buddy Jacobson in the lobby. He was cool, self-possessed. Jack Tupper? "No, babe. I haven't seen him."

Shaw arrived. They looked through Tupper's apartment, examined the hall. Opening one of the service doors,

Photograph by George Bennett

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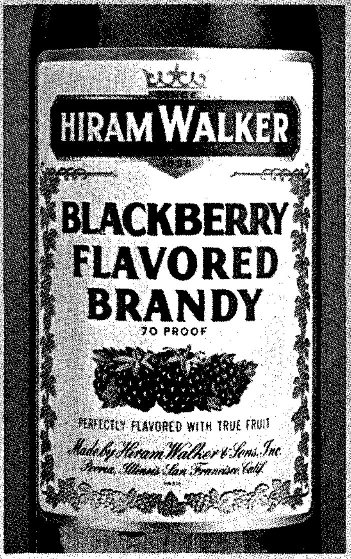
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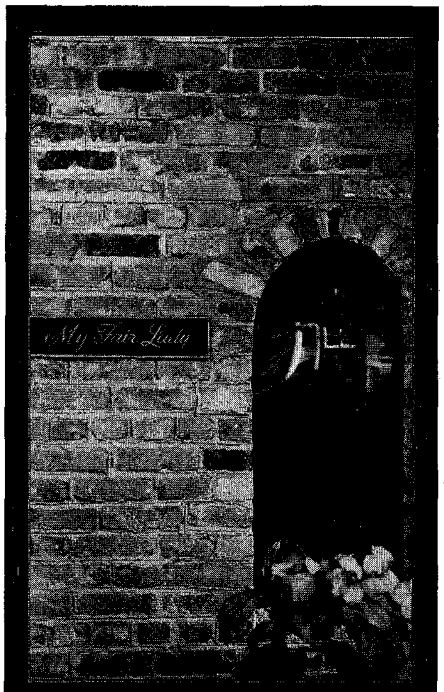


Model home: This is the place that Buddy built, with Melanie as star.

Shaw noted what appeared to be a spot of blood on the brass runner. It was scarlet inside but already brown on the rim. "It could be covered with a dime," Shaw told me. He also found a shred of hair.

Both were invisible when the door was shut. Mostly, the hall was clean. "You could see somebody had taken a cloth and wiped the tiles," Shaw says.

Still they were loath to call the police, waiting outside under the awning of Nicola's while warm rain leaked from the stifling sky. Finally, they called. At eight, the cops came.

That afternoon at four o'clock there had been a visitor to the Asch Loop fire station in the North Bronx. A "civilian," which is what policemen and firemen call people who are neither policemen nor firemen. "He said there's a fire a couple of blocks away," one of the duty firemen, Dennis Smith, told me. "He'd seen the guys who started it. They drove off in a yellow Cadillac. He gave us the license-plate number, which was difficult to forget: 777 GHI."

Ten firemen from Ladder 61, including Smith, who is a best-selling novelist, took off in two trucks. The fire proved not difficult to find. Oily, blackish smoke was pouring up a few hundred yards from the firehouse on a patch of wasteland immediately beside the New England Thruway.

"The fire was what we call a nothing fire," Smith said. "There was a trunk on a heap of garbage, surrounded by a mound of garbage. The guy's legs were coming out of the bottom of this burnt box. One of the guys said, 'Ah! Gee! It looks like a Mafia hit.'

"But somebody else said, 'No, what's the point of burning it? That's *dumb.*' "

They forced the two hasps on the box and examined the dismal sight. "The head was all matted. But you could see the bullet holes," Smith says. "But you couldn't tell what color he was. Black or white or Puerto Rican."

Another fireman told me that "if they had just taken the body down to Baychester, two blocks away, nobody would have found it for weeks."

Relevant details were passed to the police, who sent out a description. "The very moment they put it on the air, the car was stuck in a jam on the Triboro Toll Plaza," says Smith. "And there was a patrol car sitting right behind it."

Buddy Jacobson was arrested. And imprisoned. And fact began to metamorphose into rumor.

Two days after the murder, there was an unusual event. Fairly unusual, anyway. A small group of FBI agents cleared out Jack Tupper's apartment. The bureau was not overjoyed when I inquired after their involvement in the case.

"There is no involvement," they said. "It was a private matter and nothing to do with the case."

A murder? Private?

Reluctantly, they said that Tupper had a brother-in-law with the FBI in San Juan. I said that I knew and that I knew he was one of the agents who cleared out the apartment. Grudgingly, they told me that the whole thing had been okayed by the police.

No doubt. But since his death a singular sense of mystery has been engendered by Jack Tupper. Axthelm alludes to two ominous "Sicilians . . . from Montreal," with whom Tupper, willingly or no, had dealings. A curiously specific tale, deriving originally from Drug Enforcement Agency sources, links Tupper to a kilogram of cocaine.

On examination, the stories have as much credibility as those, equally widely bruited, identifying My Fair Lady as the front for a call-girl ring. Which is a story that journalists and the police find deliciously credible. Modeling, a business which involves large sums of money and numbers of beautiful women, is a realm of nuances, even at the upper echelons, and opening paragraphs are no place for nuances. But people thoroughly tuned in to the sleaziest end of the business give My Fair Lady a clean bill of health.

A final word. The penultimate entry in the Manhattan telephone directory has caused comment. The name is "Budd Zzzyp," but both address and number are shared with My Fair Lady.

A weird name, and a telephone number which answers "My Fair Lady"? Some great camouflage. I prefer to believe that it was a handy way of telling people your number, a gimmick which soured when too many people called, singing "Zip-a-dee-do-dah."

The survivor, it seems, will be Melanie Cain. Her Clairol commercial has been canceled, apparently. (I can't be sure. The Clairol account person at Foote, Cone & Belding will neither confirm nor deny, nor, indeed, answer telephone calls.) But the negative impact will be slight. "If Melanie comes out as the maligned member, I don't think this need have a long-lasting effect," says Jerry Ford.

And nobody is maligning Melanie. Least of all, Buddy Jacobson. The sequence of hearings trudges on. Extraordinarily, but regularly, Jacobson overrides his lawyers and the advice of his judges, making lengthy, detailed statements. Doing things his way. Always asking for Melanie Cain. Jacobson's mother is to testify before the grand jury, one hears. Law-enforcement officials say they are investigating his son Douglas. None of it seemed to faze Buddy Jacobson. What Melanie knows would clear him, he insists. "If she was to answer ten questions, I would walk out of here a free man."

We spoke several times. It was in the counsel room of the Bronx House of Detention, a trim place, with pale-pink tiling and canary-yellow bars. Jacobson's skin was sallow, with olive undertones. His formerly luxuriant hair and mustache were severely trimmed.

He was smiling easily, but at moments the light flickered out. It was as if the eyes went dead. A similar remoteness can be seen in photographs of Buddy. The light returned. He was promising "earthshaking developments."

Upon the occasion of my first visit, a wad of lined paper was sticking up from the pocket of his nondescript Western shirt. Drafts of letters to Melanie.

His lawyer arrived. Genial, silver-haired. Irwin Klein.

They talk awhile of the "contract" that somebody has taken out on Jacobson. Jacobson says that he is in as much danger inside as out.

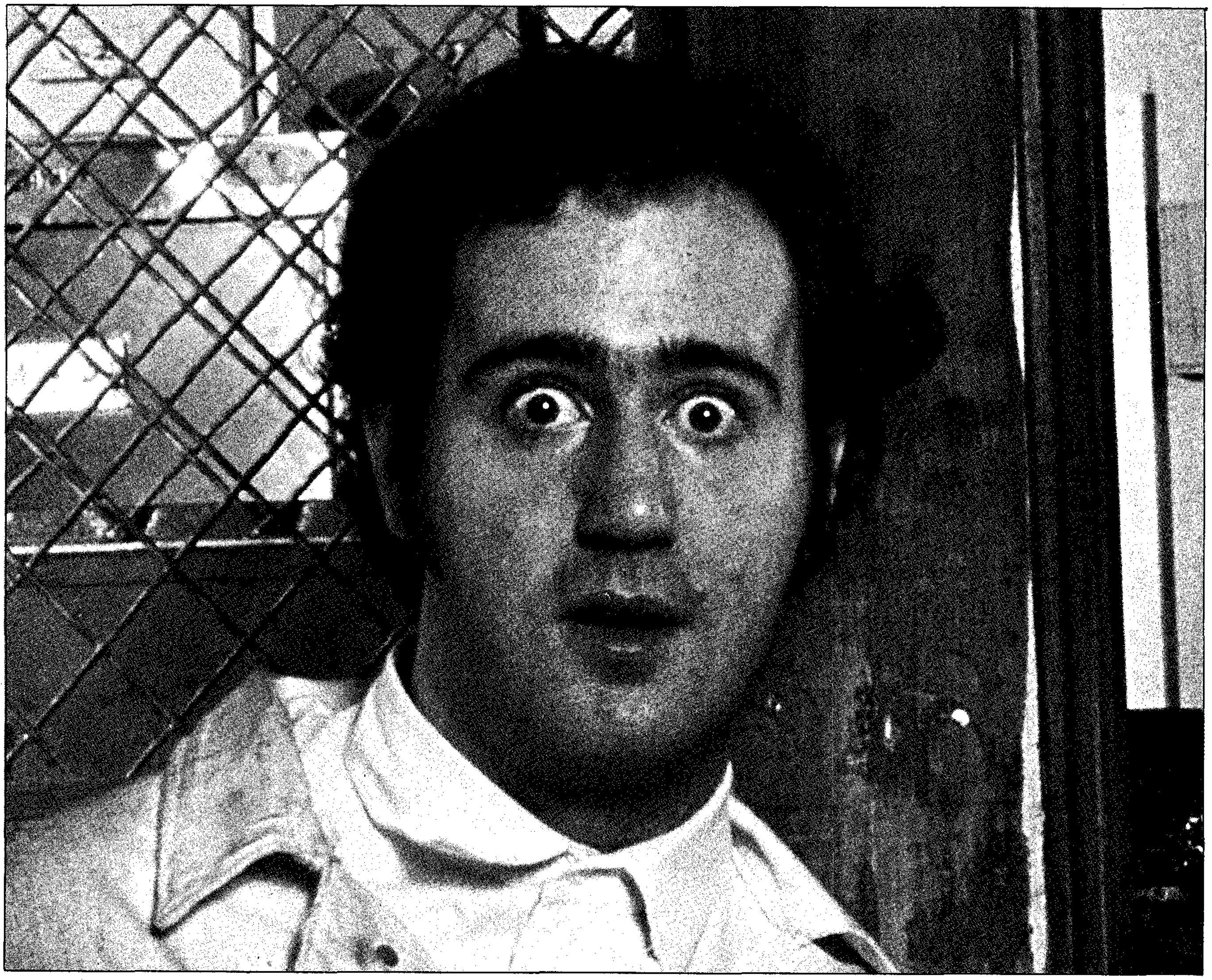
He returned to the subject of the letters. "You're writing to who?" asked Klein alertly.

"Melanie."

"I don't know if it's right, Buddy," said Irwin Klein.

"Well, I'm doing it anyway," Buddy Jacobson said. He is, once again, doing things the Buddy Jacobson Way. ▬

Photograph by Cynthia Johnson



Don't Laugh at Andy Kaufman

By Janet Coleman

"... Andy Kaufman's performing specialty is bringing himself to the brink of bombing. He is simply not afraid to die..."

When I asked Andy Kaufman, the comedy daredevil, how he would host *The Tonight Show,* his eyes lit to an iridescent blue. "Oh, *The Tonight Show,*" he said. "I'd love to run *The Tonight Show.*" In an aluminum bowl, he had been mixing three flavors of Haagen-Dazs ice cream—chocolate, coffee, and vanilla—into one flavor. It was his second helping. As before, he'd topped this dish off with a heaping mound of Ovaltine. Now he looked up from the bowl. He looked like the face on the Coney Island Steeplechase, George C. Tilyou, with radiant pinwheel eyes. And suddenly they clouded. "I don't know if I should tell you this," he said. "I'm just afraid some guest host might read this and might do this." He dug back into his snack. "But I would have more singing and dancing, more stuff going on. One thing I always wanted to do is have real important guests come out. Say my guest is Dustin Hoffman." Andy Kaufman took another lick of ice cream and projected himself to Johnny Carson's desk.

"Well, hi, Dustin!" Andy Kaufman said.

"Hi, Andy, how are you?" he said.

"I'm fine."

"Thanks for coming."

"You're welcome."

"How do you like the weather here in L.A., Dustin?"

"Oh, well, the weather. I find it to be . . . confusing. Because sometimes in the daytime it's hot, and then in the nighttime it's cold."

"Yeah, a lot of people go out in the daytime without a sweater or some-

thing, because they think it's very hot. And then it's nighttime and it gets very cold. But the weather lately has been very nice."

"You know, the weather *has* been nice. I went to the beach the other day. The sun was shining."

"Do you think it's going to rain?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't know. I don't think it will."

"Okay. Now," Andy Kaufman said with fanfare, "we have Jane Fonda. Da da da da, dada dah da ta. Hi, Jane! Tell me, do you think it's going to rain?"

"Oh, I think it might. I think there's a good chance it might rain."

"Yeah? Well, what did you think of the weather yesterday? Do you think it was a little cloudy?"

"Yeah, it was a little cloudy," answered Andy Kaufman, trailing off at last. "So, like a whole show talking about the weather. I don't know if we could sustain it for 90 minutes," he said briskly, scraping ice cream from the sides of the bowl. "But still, the concept is what's important."

A comedian's reward is laughter. Comedians generally can't endure too much time onstage without it. Andy Kaufman can. In fact, Andy Kaufman's performing specialty is bringing himself—or, rather, his gallery of characters—to the brink of bombing. He manipulates the audience the way the bullfighter would taunt the bull, maddening them with artfully calculated veronicas until they boo him off the stage, then cajoling them back in for the laugh, i.e., the "kill" in comedy. He is simply not afraid to die.

The nerve of Andy Kaufman staggers even the most sophisticated professionals of comedy. "He takes his life in his hands," says Carl Reiner with admiration. After seeing Andy Kaufman's act at New York's Catch a Rising Star, Reiner was so impressed that back in L.A. he found himself re-creating huge chunks of it for his manager, George Shapiro, now the manager of Andy Kaufman. "So I feel like one of the doctors at his birth. He's an extraordinary performer. But where he's going no one knows."

Although he was later to amend his reaction into one even less humble, Chevy Chase was heard to remark this year that he "felt like Bob Hope" after watching Andy Kaufman.*

"He has some marvelous routines," Steve Allen says, "as well as some other routines concerning which the jury would still seem to be out. I saw him do something on *NBC's Saturday Night Live.* I'm supposed to be some kind of half-assed expert on comedy. But I didn't understand it. I kept waiting for the funny part to start."

Steve Martin, calling from Hawaii, says, "I think he's the best comedian going." In his reflective offstage way, Martin begins to describe an amazing aspect of Andy Kaufman's performance last winter at L.A.'s Comedy Store. "The Tony Clifton thing. I swear I would not have known it was him. . . ." I have never seen "the Tony Clifton thing." But my curiosity is piqued by this acting feat Steve Martin estimates to be "really pushing comedy to the outer limits."

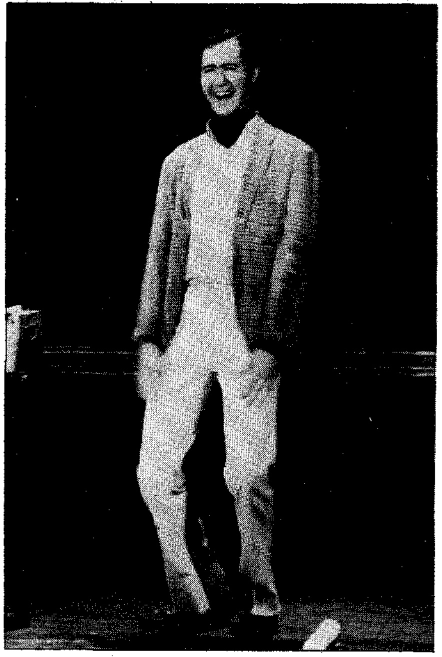
In one of his most provocative pieces, Andy Kaufman reads *The Great Gatsby* until the audience begins to riot. When a docile crowd in Fairfield, Iowa, failed to register its expected disapproval, Andy Kaufman continued his reading until they did, at seven o'clock the following morning.

He first appeared on *Saturday Night Live* in the character of Uncle Andy, a kiddie-show host, lip-syncing to a tinny recording of "The Mighty Mouse Song." He kept at it, brazenly, for three long choruses, a display so rivetingly pointless it was hilarious.

Often Andy Kaufman's Uncle Andy will invite the audience to join in with him on animal imitations or a song. His Hawaiian-shirted conga drummer is equally gregarious, genially drawing members of the audience up onstage to chat or sing along with him, although he communicates with them entirely in gibberish for a long time, potentially for hours.

The darker possibilities of Andy Kaufman's art, however, emerge in his rendition of the "Foreign Man." In a tortured accent, vaguely Serbo-Pakistani, Foreign Man performs a comedy act so unspeakably inept that he embarrasses the audience. They want someone in control up there; Foreign Man does not appear to be in control. His jokes are groaners, he forgets his place, he wants to start again at the beginning. And his demands upon us escalate: Finally, he is wallowing in flop sweat, sobbing for sympathy. And he is so earnest, so naïve, so dedicated to his job, he wins us over. We laugh, he laughs. All relieved, we laugh together.

The most dazzling, perhaps disturbing too, of all his pieces is Andy Kaufman's imitation of Elvis Presley, supposedly Elvis's own favorite imitation of himself. Here, in satin suit and studs, a gyrating, snarling, sexual, completely transformed Andy Kaufman appears performing repertory, letter-perfect Presley. Between musical numbers his remarks are Elvis's own, verbatim, as Andy Kaufman heard them in Las Vegas on a pilgrimage in 1969, the same year he claims to have run into Tony Clifton, the obnoxious supper-club host who opened for Andy Kaufman throughout his engagement this winter in L.A. at the Comedy Store. *Daily Variety*'s Todd, reviewing Tony Clifton's portion of the show, called it "the kind of act that those who aren't totally revolted will want to return to with unsuspecting friends in tow."



Andy Kaufman does not claim to be a comedian. He does not tell jokes, performs no skits, resists a punch line. He has no recognizable persona. His is not the onstage role Steve Martin plays: He's not *one* crazy, crazy guy. In fact, the *principal insight* of Andy Kaufman's humor seems to be the silliness and hypocrisy of performing at all.

Which man is this Andy Kaufman? And why does he deny that he is Tony Clifton?

Andy Kaufman lives in a luxury high-rise apartment building in West Hollywood, not far from the Beverly Hills border. There is room in the cir-

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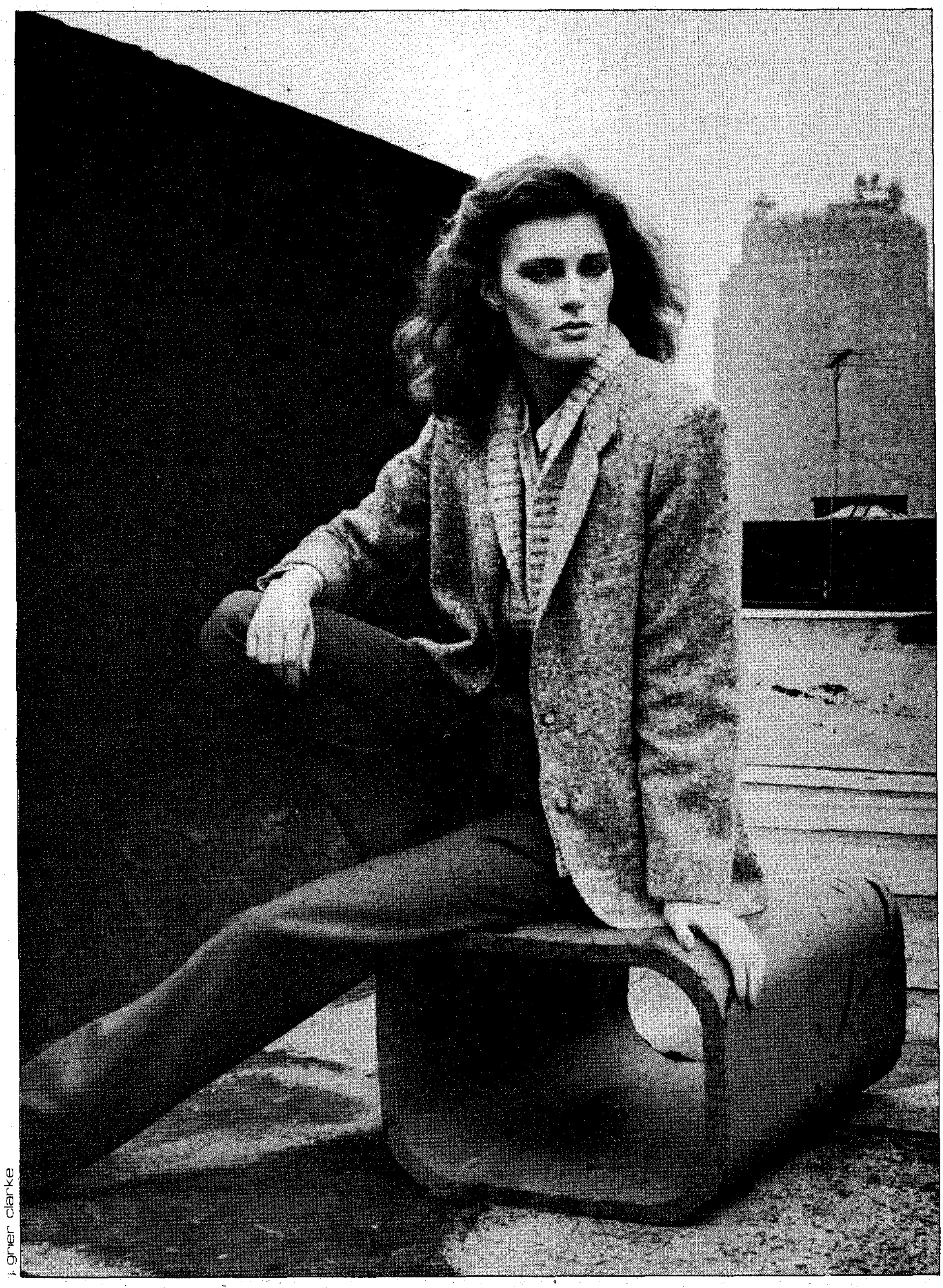
For the record, Chase had this to say: "He's brilliant. I think he should drop the T.M. crap, take care of his skin, and realize now that he's brilliant. I think he is the wave of the future, and hardly nine steps behind me."

Photographs by Edie Baskin



j. grier clarke

lord & taylor

the arthur richards woman

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"…'Devez govvy speghi diff?' I asked. 'Sebella gusshi sebenye metitemya nidee terma,' he replied…"

cular driveway for more than one Rolls-Royce. A rosy-cheeked girl dressed up like Heidi greeted me at Andy Kaufman's door. "Hi!" she spoke, adorably, a baby's voice. "I'm Kathy, Andy's platonic roommate!" She led me to the kitchenette, where Andy Kaufman was supervising the refreshments. We were having this menu: four pints (two chocolate) of Haagen-Dazs ice cream, a box of cookies (chocolate chip), a box of cookies (chocolate-covered mint), two double boxes of Mallomars, a bag of Lidos, a jar of Ovaltine, a can of Quik, and milk.

"I don't usually eat this much chocolate," Andy Kaufman remarked as we carried our treats into the living room. "I'm trying to cut down."

Andy Kaufman's living room is furnished very sparsely, in "Apartment: Furnished" Leatherette. The few personal touches in it are outstanding. The ceiling is festooned with happy-birthday streamers. Two nursery cartons of wheat grass—a tiny lawn—lie on the floor. A large framed certificate—the Maharishi Award—has Andy Kaufman's name on it and honors his endeavors in the field of recreation.

Because I was curious, Andy Kaufman leaped over to the cartons of wheat grass and yanked me out a portion. "Eat it straight," he recommended, "or put it in the juicer. It's the healthiest food made." Andy Kaufman didn't join me eating grass. He was spooning out the Ovaltine. "This is a health-food drink," he was saying when suddenly he did a double take. "Hey, this Ovaltine doesn't look like it used to. They've changed it. It's not Ovaltine anymore, I'm tellin' ya. It used to be dark. And it used to be crunchy. Now it's like powder. What a drag. No crunch," he groaned.

Although Andy Kaufman's evening meditation was imminent and was best practiced on an empty stomach, Andy Kaufman said that he had mastered the technique to do it even after a big dinner.

Andy Kaufman has practiced Transcendental Meditation—the silent repetition of a mantra—twenty minutes twice a day for nine and a half years, and has gone on advanced T.M. retreats.

One of the frequently mentioned side effects of Transcendental Meditation is the endurance to stand patiently in long supermarket lines. Andy Kaufman took it up while attending Boston's Grahm Junior College, where he was a television major. He sensed T.M. might help him to become successful in his future work.

Andy Kaufman comes from Great Neck—the Jewish part of "Gatsby country." He put on his first kiddie show when he was eight. At fourteen he had already auditioned (unsuccessfully) at Budd Friedman's Improvisation, where medium-rare, but not quite raw, performers are thrust upon the coals. His obsession with Elvis began in high school, and in college it was channeled (along with his conga drumming) into an act. He played the act in campus coffeehouses. He gave readings from his second novel, *God.* In Boston, *Uncle Andy* was also on the college radio.

Back in New York after a T.M.-teaching course in Spain, Andy Kaufman got a job warming up the house on Songwriters' Night at My Father's Place, a nightclub on Long Island, developed a following, and finally was considered ripe enough to work for nothing in Manhattan, at the Improvisation and Catch a Rising Star. He would soon be noticed for the big time. In 1975, NBC signed Andy Kaufman to appear on the first, third, and fifth *Saturday Night Live* shows. After almost twenty years of preparation, Andy Kaufman was making it in show business.

He has now lived in Los Angeles for two years and particularly likes its abundance of amusement parks. He has been to Disneyland only once and was now planning to cram in a few more visits before beginning work on *Taxi,* an ABC comedy series created by the writing team of Brooks, Daniels, Davis, and Weinberger, who were all connected with the classic series starring Mary Tyler Moore.

Andy Kaufman described *Taxi* as "sort of like *Barney Miller,* only it takes place in a taxi company." The regular exposure of a weekly series represents a breakthrough in his career. He will play the part of Latka, a mechanic. Although Andy Kaufman considers it "a fine line whether it's a character or not," Latka will combine the innocence of his Foreign Man with the speaking patterns of his Conga Drummer. He will play his part entirely in gibberish. But he can speak in that for hours. In fact, "I can do this interview now in that language. You would have to do it too."

And Andy Kaufman turned on his blue Svengali eyes.

"Devez govvy speghi diff?" I asked.

"Sebella gusshi sebenye metitemya yademi nidee terma," he replied.

It didn't surprise me. "Magoolem essy timba?" I said. "Azza, uh—pyok?"

"Myaglalendu milly ya bna boujinoggina," he admitted.

"Plich?"

"No. Nut ichmedibeikechee baccerda, hee hee," he laughed. "No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Issy da. Issy da."

Jim Brooks considers Andy Kaufman "a bona fide genius," and the part of Latka just "one aspect of what he does." Jim Brooks has perceived Andy Kaufman's humor as "more theater than stand-up" ever since he saw him and Tony Clifton perform last winter at the Comedy Store, when the seeds were planted for Andy Kaufman's eight appearances on *Taxi,* and Tony Clifton's possible two. No, he had never heard a rumor that Tony Clifton was Andy Kaufman. And Jim Brooks did not appear disturbed when I pointed out that Tony Clifton, a "Las Vegas supper-club performer who supposedly knows Sinatra," whom Brooks had never personally met, was not listed among the membership of AGVA (the American Guild of Variety Artists).

Andy Kaufman, on the other hand, would ask me several times to refrain from even mentioning someone so unsavory as Tony Clifton in this piece. After the "violent incidents" during their run together at the Comedy Store, he was sorry he had ever hired the guy. Incidents more violent than dumping water on the audience? (Tony Clifton had done that.) Andy Kaufman sighed yes. Incidents of fistfights, beatings. Not his kind of image. Not his Disneyland kind of guy. Why Steve Martin was promoting all this vicious rumor was more than he could fathom. And when I asked Tony Clifton's manager, George Shapiro, if Tony Clifton would consider a remark or two about his former employer, Andy Kaufman, George Shapiro indicated that Tony Clifton would be better and very soon advised to consider retiring from show business altogether.

During Andy Kaufman's first bowl of ice cream, Little Wendy called. Little Wendy plays Andy Kaufman's little sister on the TV special ABC gave Andy Kaufman $100,000 to create, and is now too nervous to put on the air. The known range of Andy Kaufman's characters appears on the special, but after executive analysis, NBC passed on it too. "You can't tell which one is the real Andy Kaufman," the network observed.

"My special gets people going." Andy

Photograph by Edie Baskin

". . .'My special gets people going. During one part everyone is going to think his set is broken'. . ."

Kaufman explained afterward. During one part, "everyone across the country is going to think their TV set is broken. You see, executives don't understand that." Andy Kaufman isn't bothered. "I'm glad I made a show they won't show that I'm proud of, rather than junk they *will* show." He will release it after his impact on *Taxi* begins to take effect.

Andy Kaufman has seen Fellini's *8½* "between 30 and 50 times," more than his other favorite movie, *The Graduate* (7 times). On television he has seen Abbott and Costello and *Superman* each between 50 and 100 times. "Their situation comedy, not their movies," he said of Abbott and Costello. "They have about 60 of them made. And they're the greatest!"

We investigated Andy Kaufman's room. "You know who my favorite author is?" he said. "Hubert Selby Jr. He only wrote three books. I read 'em over and over again." He was searching through a small commode. "He was a big influence on me. He and Fellini. And Kerouac." Among other models, Andy Kaufman had named Steve Allen; he did not know about Dada. "People keep mentioning that name to me. I don't want to know it." His head was buried in a drawer. "'Cause I've been told my work is Dada, and I don't want to know that it is." Rising, he presented me with a voluminous manuscript and flipped another one onto his bed. "There was only one close friend who was ever able to understand this," he began the introduction to the novel *God*, which he wrote when he was only twenty and has such mixed feelings over now. He had given it a new title, *Gosh*. "It's . . . it's infantile, some of it. Some of it's stupid. But then again, it's okay. Do you want to know the plot?" Andy Kaufman ran down the somewhat Byzantine plot of *Gosh* while I leafed through the manuscript.

The narrative, I thought, had lots of charm; Andy Kaufman's prose style has antecedents in James Thurber, and perhaps in *Naked Lunch*. "You happen to be hitting a lot of the good pages," he protested. "Actually this is a pretty good book. Actually, it was my reading of it that I was getting sick of." But I sensed he was impatient now: The prospect of watching me read seemed to frustrate Andy Kaufman, and soon he was leafing through it for me, while keeping up a commentary. "Here's Larry, the truck driver who becomes Elvis Presley later on," he was saying. "And the king of Malagadonia . . . the people of China . . . Gina. And here's Tinctured speaking," he said, referring to Tinctured Puncture, *Gosh*'s protagonist. He turned to a page of single-spaced unpunctuated gibberish.

The Hollering Mangoo, written at sixteen, during Andy Kaufman's "obscene period," was even longer than *Gosh*, more visceral, in fact quite brutal, and, frankly, more to my liking. It featured a lot of dinner-table scenes of mothers forcing eggs and liver at whip point, a lot of beatings, a lot of defecation, a lot of sex, especially a lot of different boys. Andy Kaufman described them as "different aspects of myself." Correctly, he described the theme as "the ultimate fantasies of a sixteen-year-old." His high school teacher had hated it. Andy Kaufman seemed pleased I liked it. "I wrote this book so people would vomit," he said.

I first looked at my watch when Andy Kaufman started a synopsis of his newest book, a fictional biography of "the world's greatest entertainer," *The Hughie Williams Story*. The time span is two seconds in 1971 when a truck is crushed under a collapsing L.A. freeway. "Ambitious?" Yes. He was writing it first as a novel, but only to drum up excitement for the movie, "a four-hour epic, like *Ben Hur*."

We were strolling out of the bedroom as Andy Kaufman expressed these dreams. "Millions and millions of dollars" were needed, "years and years," "pages and pages," "hundreds of scenes." And Andy Kaufman had no intention of compromising a thing. "I don't care if I have to wait twenty years," he said. "I don't care if I have to make $10 million and use every last nickel from my pocket to make it. And every last nickel to show it. You know what I mean? Because no one will show it. And that's all I want. To have that movie shown."

In the dining room, he asked if I would like to hear some projected theme music for *The Hughie Williams Story*. I thought not; it was getting late. At my impending exit, Andy Kaufman seemed to shift into high gear. He beelined for the broom closet, in which he kept his congas. "Don't you want to see my drums?" he urged. He dragged the congas to the middle of the floor and batted them a bit. When I signaled my desire for the door, he raced to the dining-room table, which was laden with cassettes. He snapped one on. The tinny sound of "Back Home Again in Indiana" filled the room. Andy Kaufman began to lip-sync to it. I sat down, mesmerized, and watched those blue eyes whirl.

When the tune was over, I rose again. Actually, I had one last question. Were there any sources about him I should contact? Andy Kaufman recommended someone named Zmuda, his friend and sole collaborator, whom he regarded as a mental kin. I shook my head no. "Then Candice Bergen," he suggested. "On *Saturday Night Live* she introduced me as a genius." I wrote her name down. "John Travolta, he's a fan." Hard to reach. I wrote it down. "Cindy Williams, she's on my special." And a nice lull happened as we traded names. Marty Feldman, Dustin Hoffman, Lily Tomlin, Steve and Chevy, Alan King. Too bad about Elvis, he'd be perfect. Peter Frampton. How about Kiss?

Roddy Piper, the wrestler, took my fancy, almost as much as he took Andy Kaufman's. He could be reached any Wednesday and Friday at the Olympic Auditorium. Andy Kaufman had been so taken with the way that Roddy Piper turned the crowd against him, he had waited for him in the parking lot. Roddy Piper had returned the compliment and checked out Andy Kaufman's act. "Wrestling is one of my favorite forms of theater," Andy Kaufman mused. "Don't say that to a wrestler, though," he said. "They don't think of it that way."

I was on my feet now and moving toward the door. John Belushi. Why not? It was surely worth a try. Carly Simon and James Taylor were suggested at the elevator door.

Andy Kaufman was pushing elevator buttons as we finished up the list of Andy Kaufman's fans. It took me a long time to notice that it was such a lengthy ride. "Uh, oh," said Andy Kaufman with apprehension on the fourth or fifth ascent. "I should have realized." Realized what? "This is an elevator that doesn't stop. It just goes up and down." My claustrophobia was peaking when the elevator door opened and a group of people entered. Andy Kaufman tried to stop me, but I squeezed through them.

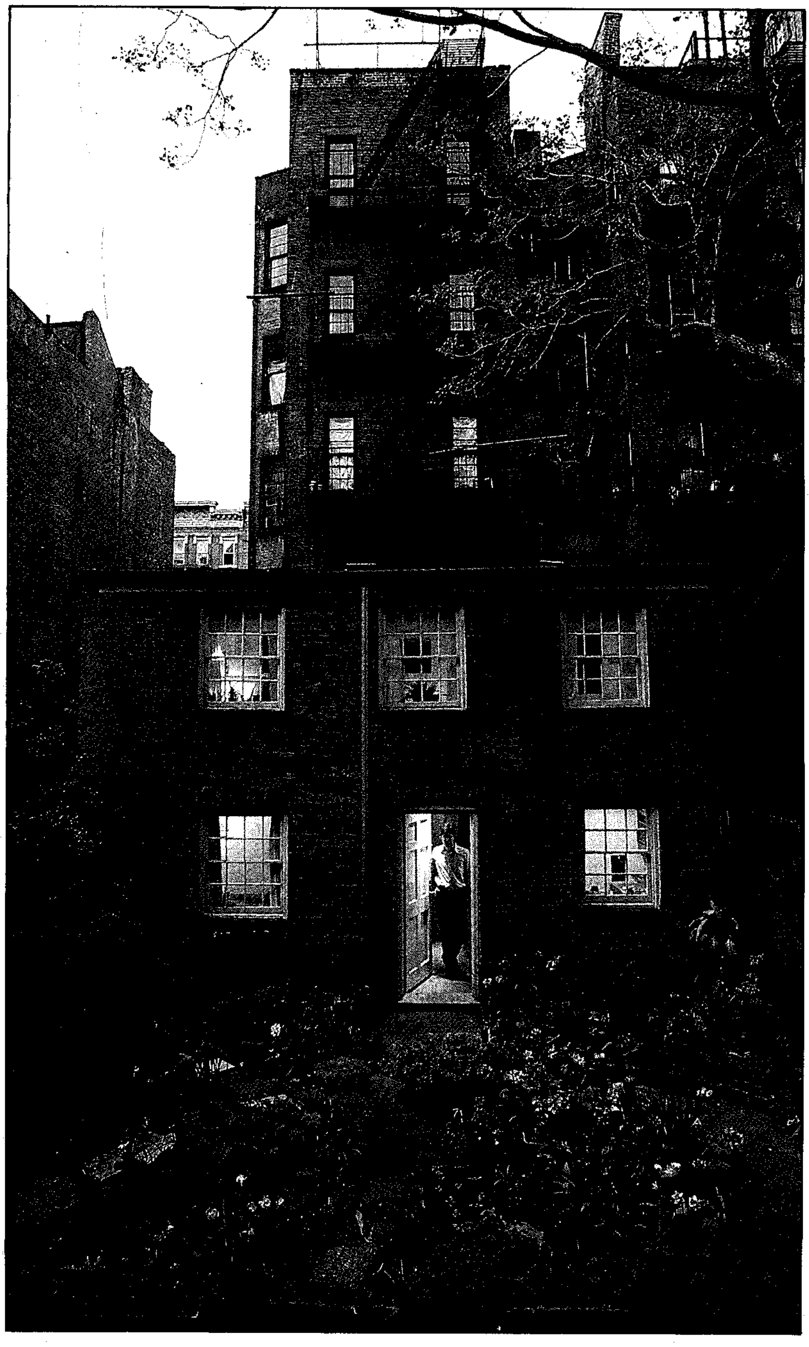
There was only one Rolls-Royce parked in the driveway as we said good-bye. Regrets? A few. We might have talked about the weather on a longer ride. ■

Photograph by Patricia Shamroy

Hidden Houses

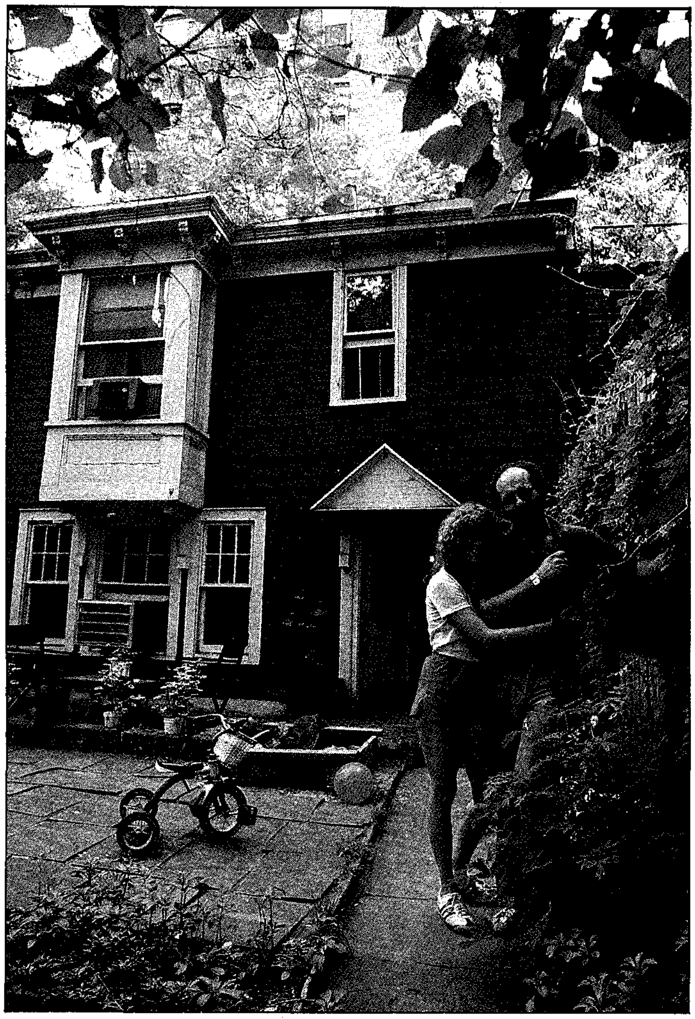
Photographed by Lynn Karlin

Behind the apartment buildings and townhouses where most Manhattanites live, others inhabit one- and two-story houses, little islands of quiet in the city's clamor. Known as yard houses, carriage houses, rear houses, pass-through houses, colony houses, or coach houses (but never backhouses), these buildings often make their presence known by a "½" in their addresses. Some house-holders make their way in through narrow "horse walks" to the side of the main house; others have to pass through the hallway, or even the basement, of the house in front to get to their own. The rent of these houses is often no higher than that of a one-room apartment, and the amenities may include grass, trees, and hardy perennials. Come with us through the gate, down the passage, and into some secret gardens.



Fixing the stable after the horse has gone.
In 1848 Clement Clarke Moore, who wrote "The Night Before Christmas," built this little brick stable on his Chelsea farm. It fell into disrepair and was a dirt-floored storage shed until last year, when George Stein saw its possibilities. Stein, then a 21-year-old architecture student at Cooper Union who was renting an eight-by-ten room in the front building, was offered the opportunity to renovate the house in exchange for two years' free rent. In four months he had completed the job at a cost of about $9,500, doing all the work himself except for the plumbing and the kitchen cabinets. The 10-by-25-foot house now has two rooms, with exposed bricks and beams, connected by a spiral staircase.

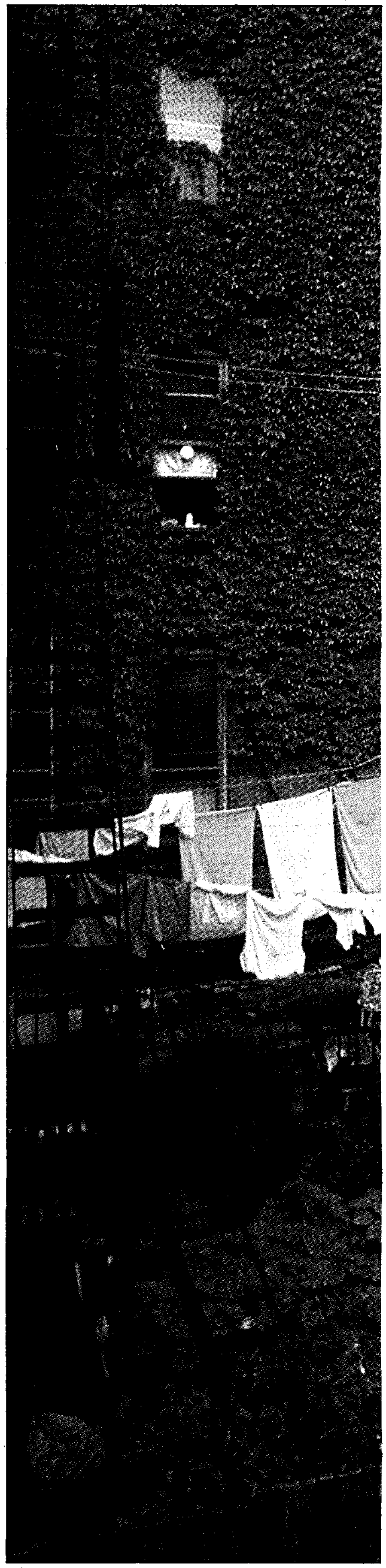
Logo design by Diana Bryan

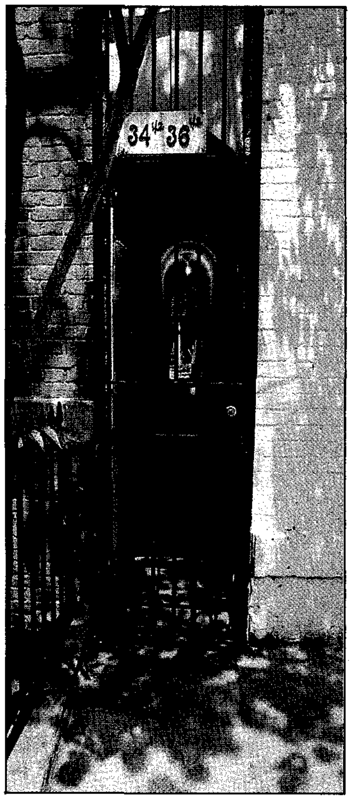


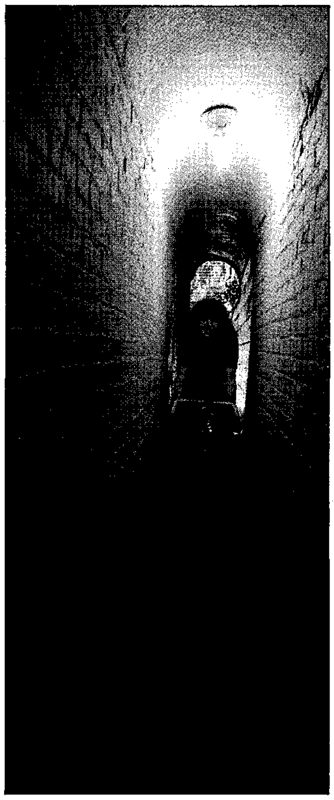
The light at the end of the passage.

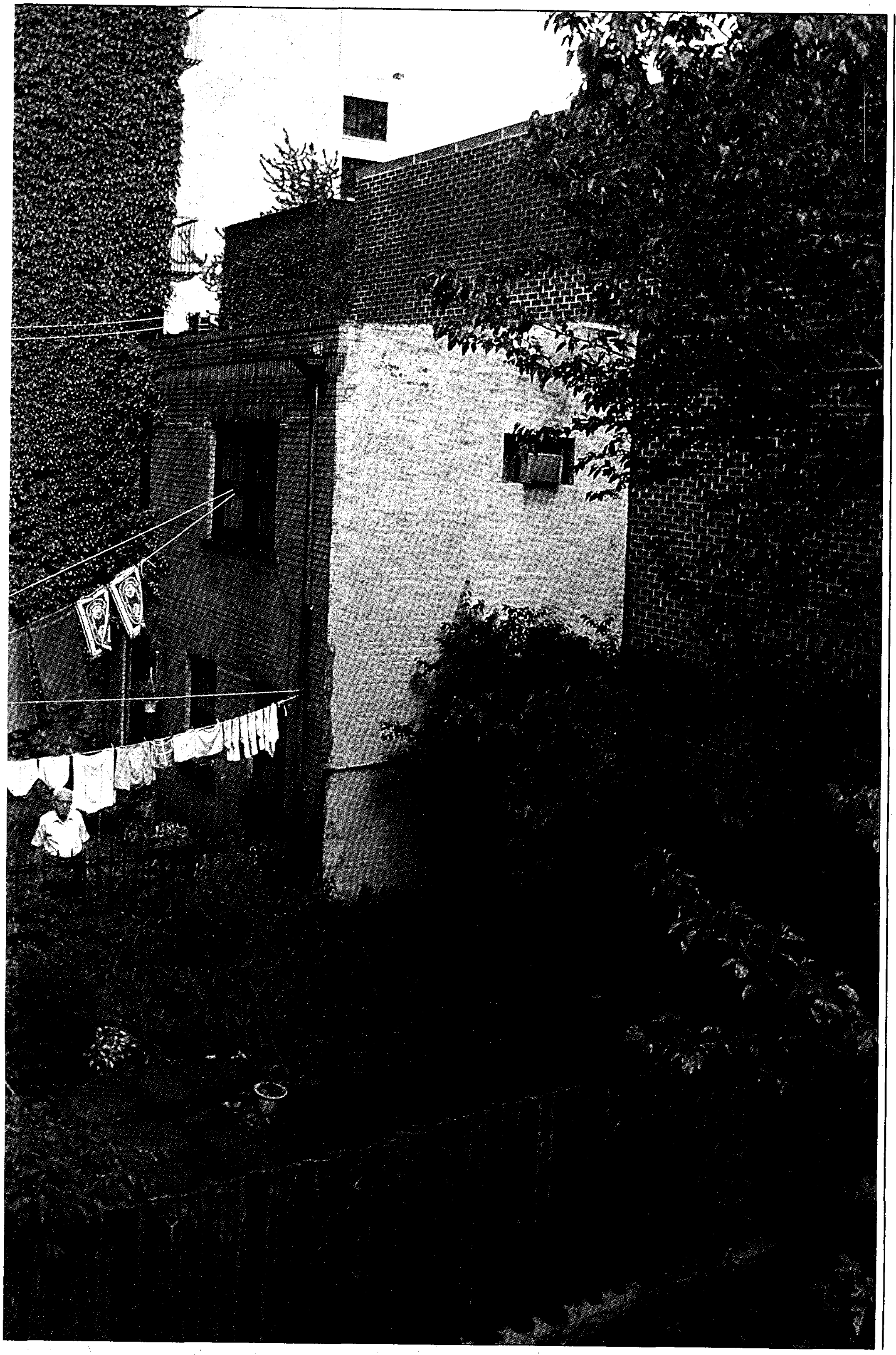
Bobbi and Mark Rowe (left) found their nineteenth-century clapboard house in the Village three years ago. They have since renovated the kitchen, added closets, and started a garden of day lilies, bridal wreath, pachysandra, and silver lace. Mrs. Rowe, an elementary-school teacher, and her husband, a dentist, enter the house through the gateway (below left) leading to the 21-inch-wide horse walk (below right).

Since it was easier to bring in boards than couches and chairs, the Rowes have built in much of their furniture.

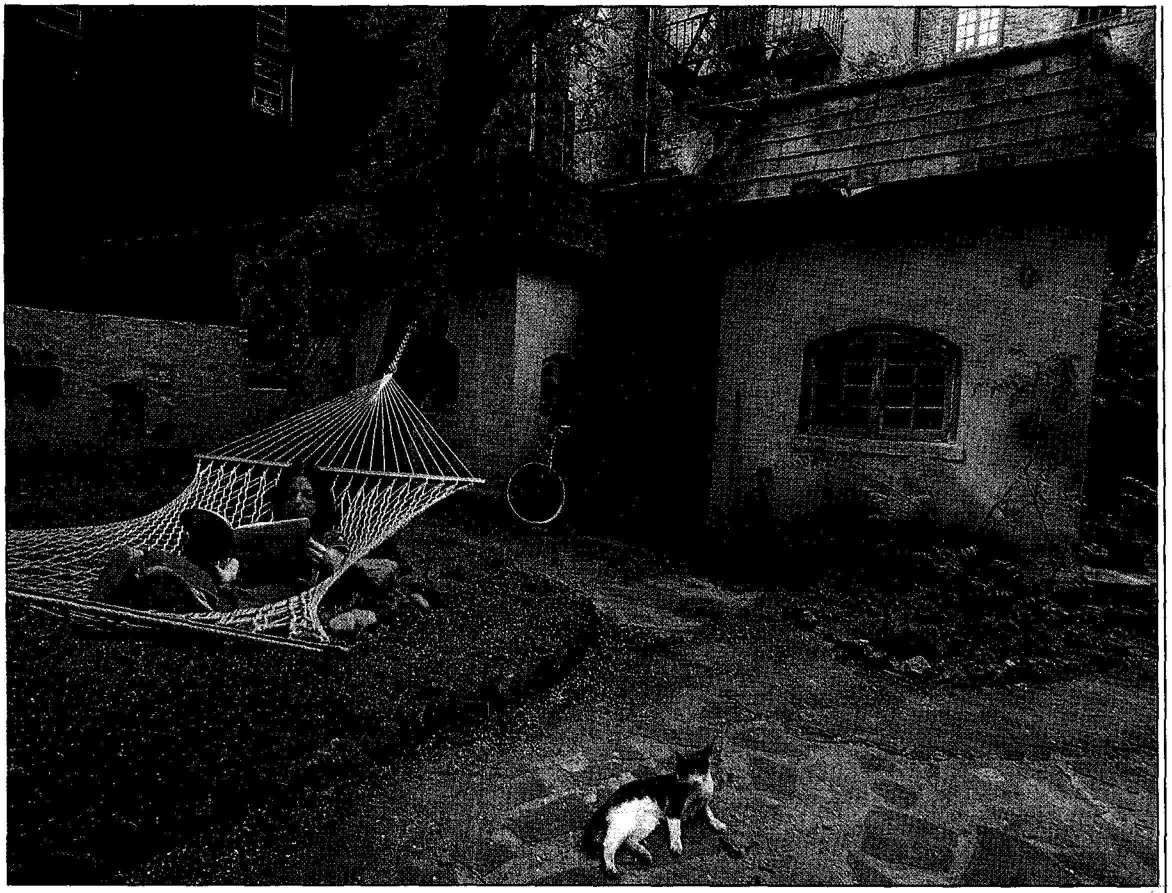








An ivy-bordered cottage. *Vincent D'Elia bought his 1840 King Street home and a little house behind it in 1940. Now 86 years old, he still lives in the front house, along with his daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren, and rents the house out back for $250 a month. His daughter believes that it was originally intended as servants' quarters for the married couple who worked for the owner of the main house. The ten-by-fifteen-foot building consists of a bedroom, living room, kitchenette, and bathroom, and is rented by a woman who is on very friendly terms with the D'Elia family. This is all to the good, as the only way into or out of her house is through theirs.*



In a little Spanish hideaway.

Three years ago Lee Maggi answered an ad for a studio apartment in the New York Times *and found this unusual house behind a house in the West Village. The tiny stucco house has a working fireplace, two resident mourning doves, and a romantic history: It is supposed to have been built in the nineteenth century by a Spanish sea captain as one of the many homes he maintained for his mistresses in ports around the world.*

Cozy as a shutterbug in a rug.

Photographer Lynn Karlin has lived for two years in this yard house behind a Village apartment building. She pays $410 a month for the two-and-a-half-room house, which she found through a Village real-estate agent she had asked for "something unusual." Karlin had to have the kitchen rebuilt but is happy in her own backyard: "I've rented little houses in the country for summer weekends, but I never thought I'd find something like this here. This is my own country house in the city." ■

The Making of the Pope, 1978

By Murray Kempton

"...Rome is where the gypsies steal your wallet and the church robs you of every faith in the laws of probability..."

The cardinals made their way into St. Peter's for the last Mass before their withdrawal into conclave through the entranceway beneath the tomb of Alexander VII, where the bare-boned black arm of Death holds up its swirling blanket of the rosiest, cheeriest jasper. They walked, savoring the presence of gossip, through an aisle of the gossipy—Cardinal Pignedoli of the Secretariat for Non-Christians in smiling communion with himself, Cardinal Benelli of Florence in the smiling community with all the world that defines the man who has arrayed his forces and knows that very shortly he will be, if not king of Rome, the mayor of its palace. Cardinal Gouyon of Rennes, as tall as but by no means so solemn as the husband in a Feydeau farce, kept stopping, plunging to the barriers to shake hands with believer and doubter with absolute impartiality, at once a bottomless fount and a universal object of merriment. Charm is a cardinal virtue.

They went sauntering without gravity across the largest indoor piazza under the eye of God, past the great altar where Bernini indulged his pranks high above with the little angels that seem almost to play toss with the papal tiara. No one, of course, paid the slightest attention to the patriarch of Venice.

The bronze statue of Saint Peter seems to have been appointed as a sort of caution light for solemnity. As the cardinals came to it, every now and then one of them would halt there and kneel for a moment's prayer. They were by all odds praying to Jupiter, whose fourth-century-B.C. statue in the Capitoline is this one's very likeness and a compelling argument against the Christian origin of either. You think of Saint Peter as looking altogether more like Cardinal Wyszyński of Warsaw, that least inauthentic of modern heroes, with the step of an old lion and the look of a by no means welcoming innkeeper. No matter: St. Peter's is a mountain over the graveyards of its enemies.

Michelangelo for terror, Bernini for caprice, Raphael for refined reason, Caravaggio for divinely coarse reality, the pagan statues chained to their altars for trophies of victory, the martyrs in their catacombs for memories of defeat—vanity, humility, awe, condescension, simplicity, guile, gaiety, and melancholy, all of it, the whole uncountable mix of incompatibles that makes up the single impenetrable mystery of this church. And below, at its feet, the Romans, who have faith in nothing, except, of course, this evening's miracle.

Rome is where the gypsies steal your wallet and the church robs you of every faith in the laws of probability. Only 11 of these 111 cardinals had ever been in a conclave until now. They ran a range whose distance may have extended even beyond the one side of Cardinal Silva of Santiago, who has gotten himself called "an ally of Communist subversion" by the lay votaries of the Pinochet government, and the other side of Cardinal-Deacon Felici of Rome, who is supposed to have pronounced on the reforms projected by the Second Vatican Council with the judgment that Pope John XXIII had simply gone mad.

Beyond their disparities, these cardinals were so tenuously acquainted with one another that the holy office thought to forestall any possible embarrassment at mistaking a face or a name by giving each one a booklet with a photograph and a biography of all his brothers in Christ. There was no evidence of the mutual spite so often unconcealed in the days following the death of Pope Pius XII, twenty years ago, but then everyone knew pretty much everyone else. Nothing advances amiability like unfamiliarity.

Even so, for all their social harmony, the cardinals seemed much too divided in principle to arrive at an easy agreement. Naturally, then, they needed only nine hours to elect as their pope Cardinal Luciani, the patriarch of Venice. It had taken six ballots to elect Cardinal Montini, who everyone knew would be pope. And now it has taken only three ballots to elect Cardinal Luciani, who had been imagined as pope by almost no one.

The result has so confounded the speculative and abashed the informed as to have produced the miracle of a Rome without gossip. The Italian press normally treats the Vatican's affairs with altogether less reverence than our own extends to the White House, and the pleasure it habitually takes in intimations of intrigue once stung Cardinal Felici into describing the journalists attendant upon the Second Vatican Council as "parasites and fungus growths . . . promoting confusion, insubordination, and error." But now all the journalists have been struck dumb and gone to their knees before this prodigy. Even

Spectator: *Henry James, in times past, watched the announcement of the new pope.*

Photo: Culver Pictures

"... The ascension of John Paul I is a triumph of that Italian subtlety of which he himself appears so remarkably innocent ..."

the *La Stampa* of Turin, for which only Fiat is holy, has in its stupefaction made the *L'Osservatore Romano* sound like the *Protestant Herald.*

Still there are explanations—governed, of course, by the device the church holds up to all who dare pretend to understand her: "You think, and therefore I am not what you think."

Whatever the workings of the Holy Spirit, the operations of the memory of Pope John XXIII are unmistakable: Angelo Roncalli, patriarch of Venice, brothers who were socialists; Albino Luciani, patriarch of Venice, father who was a socialist. Both easy smilers, both kept a pleasant acquaintanceship with other primates whose Romanism was so much less orthodox than their own as to smell like heresy to the traditionalists. The parallels are obvious, but so are the differences. For all his air of the country priest, Roncalli was an intricately sophisticated papal diplomat who had charmed Paris not just with his good humor but with his wit. Question: "Monsignor, do you *really* believe in the miracle at Lourdes?" Answer: "I am sorry, but I never discuss religion at cocktail parties."

There was just the trace of the serpent in Roncalli's smile. The scanty published conjectures that Cardinal Luciani might emerge as the elected were all too often accompanied by adjectives like "gray" and "colorless." When you have seen one humble origin, you have by no means seen them all. Roncalli was from a farm near Bergamo, and Luciani is from a town in the Veneto. The inhabitants of Italian towns tend to separate into the gullers and the gulled, and there are certain suspicions of the gulled in the radiant innocence of the smile of Pope Giovanni Paolo I. If he is Roncalli, it is not without point that Roncalli was twenty hectic years ago, and to be Roncalli now is almost to promise the restoration of the papacy as it was. He was the candidate of the right—for Cardinal Felici, one more chance with a Roncalli who this time might not go crazy—and acceptable to the left for its sentimental recollections of a Roncalli it had cherished. But then the church's rule of never being what it seems is so rigid that victories for the right quite often turn out to be disasters for the right, as the left's anointment of Pius XII turned out to be a disaster for the left.

If those cardinals with ecclesiastical duties outside of Rome had a single sentiment in common, it was their desire that the hand of the Vatican be light upon them. There begin to be signs, uncertain as always, of a certain rhythm of alternating pastoral popes with political popes: Pius XII, political; John XXIII, pastoral; Paul VI, political. Now John Paul I, presumably pastoral. Political popes tend to tighten the government of the church and pastoral ones to loosen it.

Pope John's memory is a particularly blessed one in the Sacred College because he left the cardinals alone and was no less pleased to see the archbishop of Naples holding aloft the liquefied blood of San Gennario in the unpromising expectation of saving the souls of Neapolitans than he was to hear that the bishop of Recife was fomenting unrest among the poor. He combined a French affection for the priest who was interestingly venturesome and an Italian affection for the priest who was properly superstitious.

Political papacies generally come to an end with the Vatican cadre more intrusive and interfering than the bishops enjoy having it be. Even though Pope Paul is tenderly remembered, for his sorrows and for his generosity with the hats, the curia that enforced his decrees when they were rigorous and occasionally overlooked them when they were too gentle for its taste is by no means the object of the church's otherwise universal love. It cannot be an accident that all the candidates thought most likely were curialists and that all were so swiftly discarded for a patriarch whose experience was entirely pastoral.

All the same, the ascension of John Paul I is a triumph of that Italian subtlety of which he himself appears so remarkably innocent. The Italians were enormously outnumbered in this conclave, and it had seemed reasonable to suppose that, if the bishop of Rome would probably be an Italian this time round, he could hardly be on the next. The longer the conclave, the more likely a foreign choice would be.

The Italians addressed this problem with the suppleness born in their natures and developed by their experience. Their motives were in few ways selfish and in none ignoble. They were simply acting on their belief that Rome is the teacher and the provinces are her pupils. To consider, or more precisely to guess at, their performance is to understand that Machiavelli was put on the index not only because *The Prince* is evil but also because its prescriptions are clumsy and crude.

Every day for two weeks before their conclave, the cardinals met in congregation to discuss the general state of the church. Cardinal Felici, who is at the same time a great classicist and a student of Freud, a genial spirit and an autocrat, suspended his vanity as a Latinist and made the welcoming address in Italian, thereby establishing it as the language of the congregations. All the cardinals had studied in Rome and earned themselves a working knowledge of Italian. But they had grown so used to employing it with docility and diffidence toward those older and wiser than they that, as it turned out, the Italians, with less than a quarter of the representation, delivered more than two thirds of the utterances. The conclave was, of course, a forbidden subject, but the very tone of the congregations had to be a most forceful reminder that Rome is the mother of churches and Italians first among her servants.

What Felici had commenced with style, Cardinal Benelli completed with cunning. At 57, he was too young to conquer the college's ingrained distrust of twenty-year papacies, and since he had been Pope Paul's chief executive assistant he was additionally burdened with the rancors that function inevitably attracts to its holder. His pre-conclave role was an infinite run on all the changes of the obscure and the ostentatious. He at once let it be known that he had an active strategy and managed to hide it in realms beyond comprehension. Now he seemed to be promoting Cardinal Felici, then Cardinal Baggio, and from time to time Cardinal Luciani. Luciani's views were old-fashioned enough to content many traditionalists; he was far enough from the curia to satisfy several moderates; and he was open enough to discussion to be more than attractive to a few progressives. That combination of agreeable qualities promised the collection of some votes in his name—perhaps as many as twenty—from all around the board. But no one outside the walls could conceive of his candidacy as having any use except as a bank for holding votes in reserve. He hardly seemed enough of a presence to fit whatever grand design Benelli might have.

In Rome the cardinals are conditioned to do as the Romans do, and the

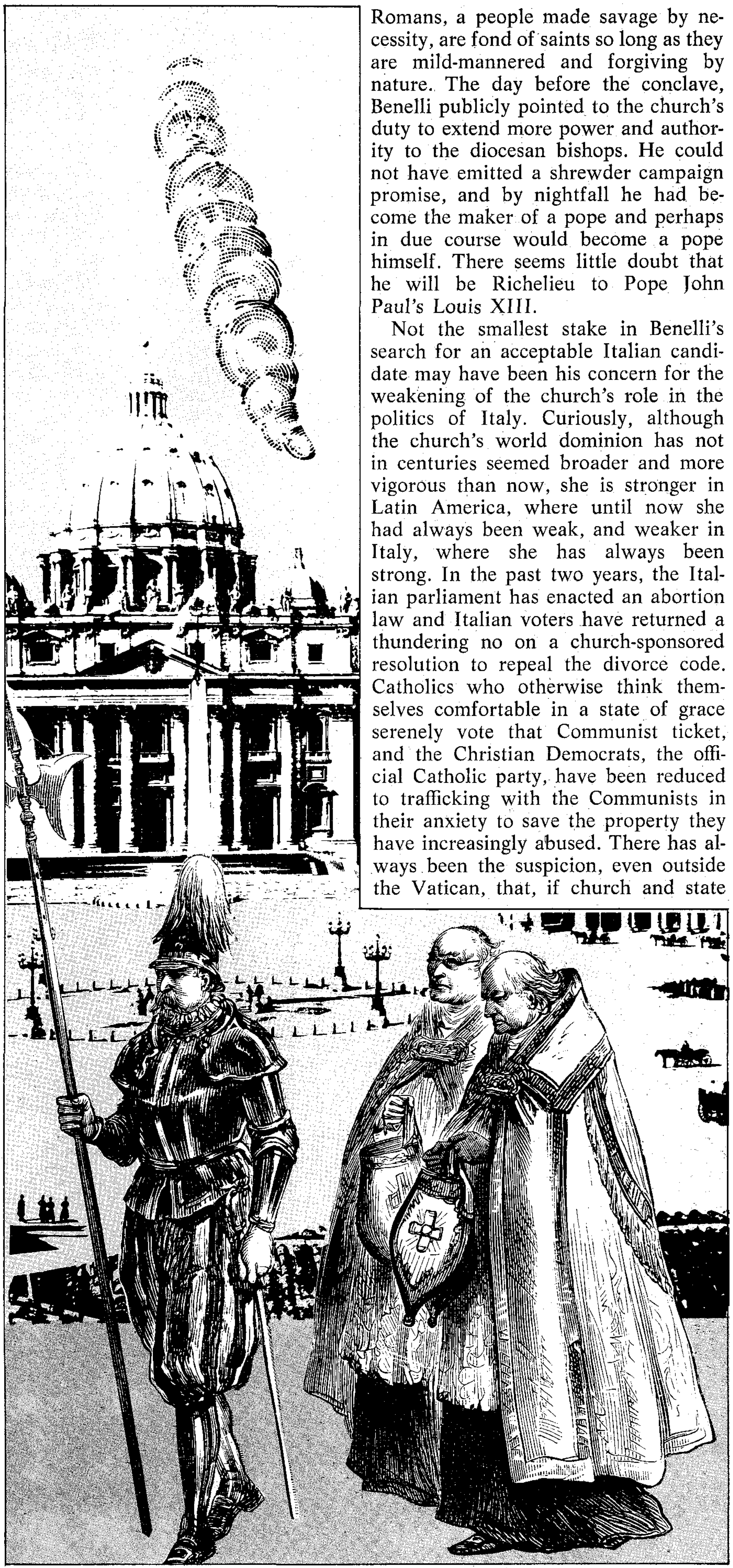


Photo: The Bettmann Archive

Romans, a people made savage by necessity, are fond of saints so long as they are mild-mannered and forgiving by nature. The day before the conclave, Benelli publicly pointed to the church's duty to extend more power and authority to the diocesan bishops. He could not have emitted a shrewder campaign promise, and by nightfall he had become the maker of a pope and perhaps in due course would become a pope himself. There seems little doubt that he will be Richelieu to Pope John Paul's Louis XIII.

Not the smallest stake in Benelli's search for an acceptable Italian candidate may have been his concern for the weakening of the church's role in the politics of Italy. Curiously, although the church's world dominion has not in centuries seemed broader and more vigorous than now, she is stronger in Latin America, where until now she had always been weak, and weaker in Italy, where she has always been strong. In the past two years, the Italian parliament has enacted an abortion law and Italian voters have returned a thundering no on a church-sponsored resolution to repeal the divorce code. Catholics who otherwise think themselves comfortable in a state of grace serenely vote that Communist ticket, and the Christian Democrats, the official Catholic party, have been reduced to trafficking with the Communists in their anxiety to save the property they have increasingly abused. There has always been the suspicion, even outside the Vatican, that, if church and state were ever separated, the state would collapse. But separating they seem to be by the will of a populace that more and more prefers its convenience to its salvation.

Benelli actively pushed the divorce referendum, which the new pope is said to have thought a risk the church would be wise not to take. Benelli is reputed to be the chief inspiration for the Italian Right to Life Movement, and he insists that Catholics have a duty to vote for a Catholic political party. These are all articles of faith that have been held equally, if less aggressively, by Cardinal Luciani, and Benelli may well have judged that, if Italians could no longer be usefully exhorted, they could well be beguiled for their own good by a pope as persevering in his affability as in his adherence to tradition.

Certainly Rome—even evil old Rome—has never seemed more depleted of faith, whether sacred or secular. Romans are not gloomy of course; as Stendhal said, to be gloomy one must have hope. The Communist party is ashamed of its past and weary of its present. When Ignazio Silone, its grandest apostate, died two weeks ago, the Communist press was plunged into mourning for this "socialist without a party and Christian without a church" who was expelled as a Trotskyist 50 years ago. So much for the religion of the twentieth century. It has no one to canonize except its heretics.

And, as to the faith of the seventeenth and every century before it, St. Peter's was hardly half full for the mass for the election of the pope, even though, just as sound and spectacle, it had to be altogether superior to the nudes at Piper's Theatre Restaurant. Very few of those present were young—and most of those were plainly tourists. There were far more nuns than priests in attendance, and far more women than men. A rebel priest in Florence wrote twenty years ago that, in Italy, religion was becoming the stuff of women, and that seems more and more the case now. They are, of course, women in the awful torment of being condemned to serve and never to command, women who seem desperate for a miracle. Where the faith keeps its amateur passion, it is almost hysterical. And where it is professional, at least at the journeyman level, it seems bored, which is, if anything, considerably worse.

During the cardinal's mass, a priest walked the aisles by the high altar handing out the platens and repeating in a tone mechanical and distinctly put-upon, "Body of Christ, body of Christ, body of Christ," while the women clutched at him in the extremity of

"... Soon the smoke darkened, despite chemicals guaranteed to produce unmistakably black or unmistakably white smoke..."

their prayer for some hope somewhere, until you almost wanted to grab and shake him with all the consequential perils of hellfire and fairly scream at him to remember that what he had in his charge was, after all, a flame.

The election of the new pope seemed to draw a marked lack of attention in Rome until it produced the delight of a surprise. But then, this was August, when you can ask of her no more than the somber pleasures of a melancholy heart. Rome is never crueler than in August, when its luckier citizens always flee, leaving only unfortunate savages behind them. The prices made it certain that it wasn't the Borgias who drove Martin Luther to heresy but the Roman hotelkeepers in a jubilee year. Thievery was a plague: My pocket was picked in St. Mary of the Angels and Martyrs. I reported it to the police, who laughed with that affinity between cops and bandits that can be found only in Balzac and the Roman *questura.* Then I trailed to the American Embassy to find my identity, feeling that no one could be so wanting in vigilance as I, and there I found the largest group of pilgrims the town had drawn to its sacred ceremonies, Americans seeking a replacement for passports stolen on the street. There are only two basic consumer rules for Rome in August: When you look upward at a cupola, always put your hand on your wallet, and, unless you are very rich indeed, never sit down at a trattoria that has a splendid view.

St. Peter's Square was all but empty for the conclave's first day, since everyone sensible knew that it could produce nothing. The black smoke came up at noon to be lustily cheered by the cabdrivers who thought it assured them another day's business. By then the sun had stopped in the sky, as though Joshua had chosen this high moment to make a fool of Galileo and ratify the judgment of the Inquisition. August is vicious to Bernini's Colonnade, bleaching and desiccating and blotching it. The most stupendous work of man I have ever known had been transformed into a waste habitable only by the camels of the desert.

As the day continued its torments, the little clusters of the curious began to collapse into what patches of shade the sun permitted the columns to provide. They seemed not so much curious any longer as drained of the will to move anywhere. By 5:30 P.M. someone kindlier among the gods relented. There was almost a breeze. The light that had been so brutal on the façade of the cathedral grew suddenly soft and darkening and lovely as ever, and an hour or so later a cloud of white smoke began floating from the chimney over the Sistine Chapel.

On the balconies outside the papal apartments, attendants could be seen running. The signal appeared plainly white. But then in a few moments it darkened, or at least began to muddy a little, and confusion rose to assert the rule that, with the church, you can never be less sure than when you find yourself most certain. For this conclave, the Vatican had bought chemicals guaranteed to produce unmistakably black or unmistakably white smoke, and yet the thing was unclear still. The church has never been on safer ground than in its distrust of everything modern.

The feeders of the fire went on and on in the search for clarity, and, over the next half hour, there were five emanations of acceptably white smoke. The square had begun to fill. After 50 minutes, the longest wait between the signal and the proclamation in this century, the glass doors of the central loggia opened, and, with great deliberation, the purple papel tapestry was spread over the balcony, and there appeared Cardinal-Deacon Felici to pronounce the old words with the Ciceronian perfection he must always have found wanting in every messenger before him:

"Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus papam . . ."

He paused. The church in her supreme moment could not forbear to tease.

He rolled on: "Eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum ecclesiae sanctae cardinalem . . ." He paused again. "Albinum."

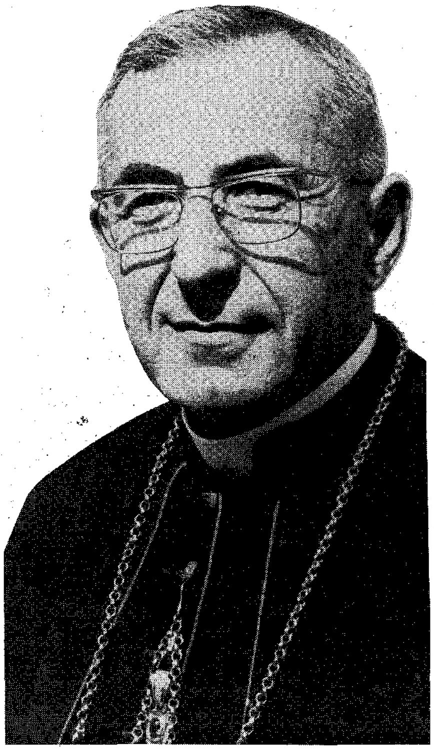
A thousand heads laboriously prepared for a Sergium, a Sebastium, or any one of four Johannim began scuffling vainly for an Albinum. And Cardinal Felici waited for the shout to die, and then finished: "Lucinem."

After that, every window on the loggia was thrown open, and the cardinals looked sociably out of them, now and then waving to the crowd. And then Pope John Paul appeared. At that distance he looked surprisingly the way Pope John had, small, smiling, and wonderfully uninhibited with his hands.

He read the blessing to the city and the world in a voice rather high and tremulous for an aria in an opera that had as much of the *jocoso* as the *serioso* in it. The Swiss Guards entered the plaza and performed their drill march in his honor.

"Look at that scene," I said pompously to my neighbor. "Michelangelo saw it. Stendhal saw it. Henry James saw it." That happened, of course, to be even less true than most assertions about the church: Michelangelo was dead long before St. Peter's had its façade. Stendhal, if he saw the scene at all—and he was a most adroit fabulist—would have seen it at the Quirinale. And as to James, I forget, but he would have needed to have been in Rome in 1878 or 1903, and he does not impress me as having often enough been that lucky. One of the somber joys of the melancholy heart is that one is sometimes more fortunate than one's betters.

And why do you suppose that 75 cardinals, in so many profound ways so different from one another in temperament and visions, could come so quickly to agreement in this case? Naturally, of course, in this church of contradictions, divine and profane, so that they would thereafter be free to disagree with one another about everything else. ▬



Habemus papam: *Cardinal Albino Luciani, now John Paul I, king of Rome.*

Photo: UPI

OZAWA
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CARNEGIE HALL

JOIN SEIJI OZAWA AND THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA FOR THEIR GREATEST SEASON OF NEW YORK CONCERTS: A RARE PERFORMANCE OF THE MAGNIFICENT 'GURRE-LIEDER' WITH SINGERS JESSYE NORMAN, TATIANA TROYANOS AND JAMES McCRACKEN ■ THE NEW YORK ORCHESTRAL DEBUT OF THE WORLD'S LEADING TRUMPET VIRTUOSO, MAURICE ANDRÉ ■ PINCHAS ZUKERMAN PLAYING THE BERLIOZ MASTERPIECE, 'HAROLD IN ITALY' ■ COLIN DAVIS CONDUCTING MAHLER'S 'DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN'.

WEDNESDAYS & THURSDAYS AT 8 PM

1. **OCTOBER 18/19**
   SEIJI OZAWA, conductor
   Maurice André, trumpet
   HUMMEL Trumpet Concerto in E
   ALBINONI Adagio in G for Strings and Organ
   TARTINI Trumpet Concerto in D
   TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in f

2. **DECEMBER 13/14**
   COLIN DAVIS, conductor
   Jessye Norman, soprano
   John Shirley-Quirk, baritone
   MOZART Symphony No. 34 in C, K. 338
   MAHLER Des Knaben Wunderhorn

3. **JANUARY 24/25**
   SEIJI OZAWA, conductor
   Joseph Silverstein, violin
   Pinchas Zukerman, viola
   WEBER 'Ruler of Spirits' Overture
   MOZART Sinfonia Concertante in E flat
   BERLIOZ Harold in Italy

4. **APRIL 4/5**
   SEIJI OZAWA, conductor
   Jessye Norman, soprano
   Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano;
   James McCracken, tenor; **Kim Scown**, tenor; **David Arnold**, baritone;
   Werner Klemperer, narrator;
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"One of the most unusual films of the year."

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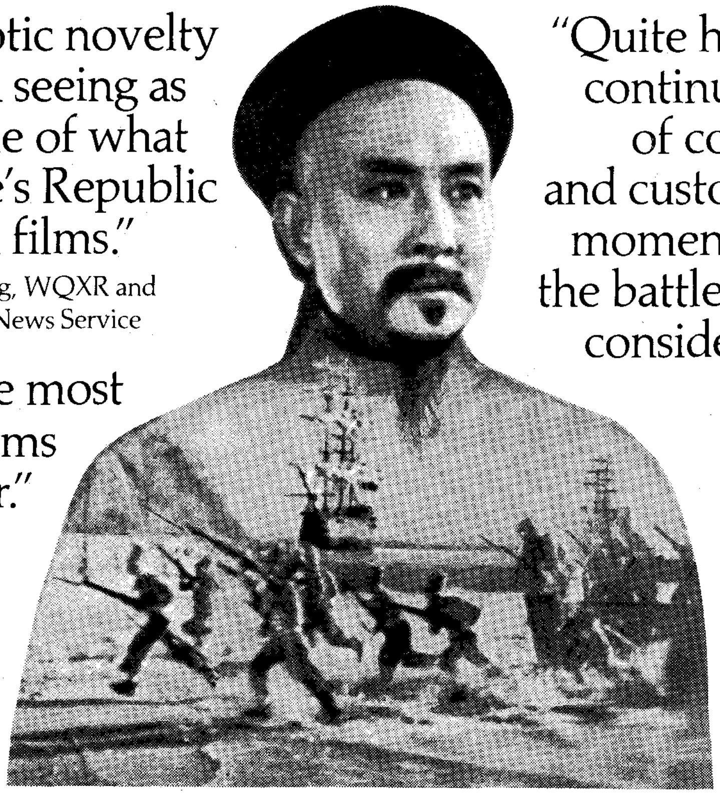

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—Martin Mitchell, After Dark

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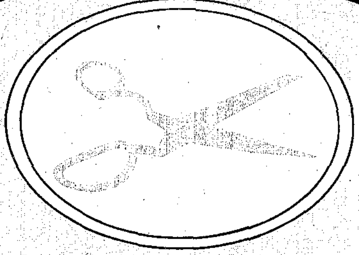
New York

VOL. 6 NO. 5 SEPTEMBER 1978

HOW TO DO IT



HANDBOOK

By Deborah Haber

You can fix up your car without getting a bill as big as the tab for open-heart surgery. You can repair a leaky faucet without having to tip the super. You can clip your Shih Tzu without getting clipped. You can learn to do it yourself.

All over town, you'll find classes in independence. Carpentry, bike mending, plumbing—*you* can do it; no matter how clumsy you think you are. Maybe you won't end up in business, but you should be able to master enough to make life easier and much less expensive.

Listed below are courses to transform you from klutz to craftsman. Most of them start in the fall. Whichever you choose, shop wisely. Make an in-person visit, ask questions, and be sure you understand the extent of your commitment before you sign anything.

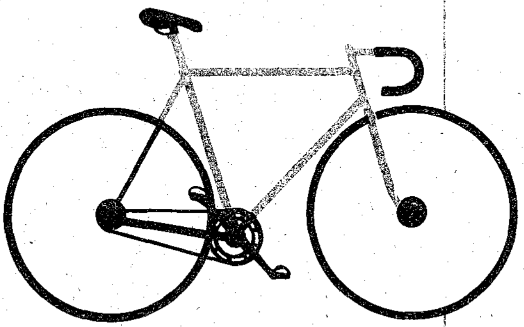
Whether it's bathing, barbering, or brushing, your pet deserves the best. Learn to give it at the New York School of Dog Grooming.

The Knowhow Workshop

17 West 17th Street; 741-1194

Architect Guy Alland is the mastermind here. He and his teachers take the mystery out of home repairs and other household horribilia by offering once-a-week courses in:

Home Mechanics: A twelve-session class in the basics, with lectures and workshops on tools, wood, house painting, plumbing, walls, and the mending of small electrical appliances. All this costs $120; classes meet Monday or Tuesday evenings from 6 to 8 or 8 to 10, Wednesday mornings from 10:30 to 12:20.



Basic Carpentry and Cabinetmaking: Students are introduced to the use of power hand tools. They plan, cut, and finally build a bookcase. Twelve two-hour classes are $130 plus a $20 materials fee; they are held Thursday evenings from 6 to 8 or 8 to 10 and Saturdays from 10:30 A.M. to 12:20 P.M.

Knowhowites who finish Basic Carpentry and want to do more complicated woodwork may take **Carpentry and Cabinetmaking Continued**—which covers the basics of design, the use of the table saw, building and finishing techniques, and the preliminaries to fine cabinetmaking—on Saturday afternoons from 1:30 to 4:20; $140 plus a $35 materials fee.

Creative Woodworking and Furniture Making: Develop aptitude in hardwood while building a table for $175 plus a $30 materials fee; Tuesdays from 6:30 to 9:15 P.M. and Saturdays from 10:30 A.M. to 1:20 P.M.

The Use of Hand Tools in Furniture Making: For $110, blossoming woodworkers can learn how to make furniture; Wednesday nights from 7:55 to 9:45.

Furniture Refinishing: Make old wood furniture look like new after attending six three-hour workshops held Tuesday evenings from 6:30 to 9:15; price, $100.

Conservation freaks are welcome to learn **How to Build a Solar Hot Water Heater,** in six classes for $95 plus a $140 materials fee, or to join **The Alternate Energy Course,** which details alternative systems for houses, in twelve Tuesday-evening meetings from 7:45 to 9:15 for $110.

Knowhow teaches those whose living space is already built how to make the best of it in **Designing Your Living Space,** twelve architect-taught workshops for $110 on Wednesday evenings from 5:55 to 7:45.

The Art of Picture Framing: Hang out here for six sessions, Thursday nights from 6:55 to 9:45; $100.

Auto Mechanics: Twelve weekly lectures and workshops on how to maintain the family car cost $125; the course is given Monday through Thursday and on Saturdays; hours vary. It may not get you a job as a professional mechanic, but at least you'll know what he's talking about when he tries to take you for a ride.

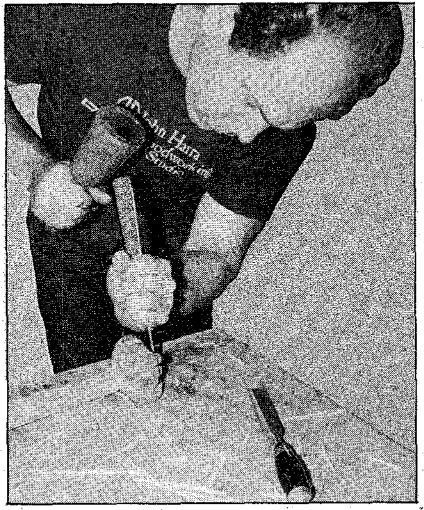
Art and Science of Effortless Bicycling: Dos and don'ts for keeping your bike in shape are offered in a workshop course that meets six Saturday afternoons from 12:30 to 3:20; $75; limited to the first twelve bikeaholics who register.

All courses are open to men and women and must be reserved in advance through the New School (741-5610); there is a $15 registration fee. Guy Alland promises a prorated tuition refund to any dissatisfied customer.

For those who prefer not to do it themselves, Knowhow moonlights days, designing and building all sorts of fine cabinetwork.

John Harra Studio

39 West 19th Street; 741-0290



Bookshelves or a loft bed? At John Harra's studio you can learn cabinetmaking, woodworking, or carpentry.

Harra has a reputation for being one of the town's finest wood-craftsmen. He runs a bustling exotic-wood lumberyard and retail custom-cabinet business during the day and promises to teach his students to match his skills in his night classes. To those timid souls afraid to handle a buzz saw or a router, Harra insists that woodworking and cabinetmaking

Illustration by Heather Taylor; photograph by Jill Freedman

are skills learnable by Everyman. And Woman. "If you're clever enough to carry on a human existence in New York City, don't tell me you can't learn to make a chest of drawers," he says.

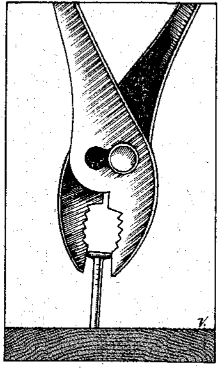
You may learn: **Cabinetmaking, Woodworking, and Carpentry** (aka **How to Steal Ideas From a Magazine**)—take along a picture of what you'd like to make, and he'll teach you how. Ten classes, each four hours long (held Monday through Thursday evenings 6 to 10, Saturdays from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.), cost $190. Materials and hardware are extra but purchasable at a discount through Harra. Sessions are limited to the first ten students of either sex who sign up, and whatever you build, you keep.

The All-Craft Foundation

19–23 St. Marks Place; 260-3650

Basic Carpentry and Cabinetmaking: Rank beginners learn to master power tools in six weeks. Sessions meet weekly for three hours; $150, materials included. Alumni leave with the project they've built, with extensive work notebooks that enable them to repeat their projects, and with, carpenter Hartwell claims, "complete autonomy with all tools."

Intermediate Cabinetmaking is designed for the already tool-knowledgeable person who wants to go on to further wood essentials. The student provides materials and $150 for tuition. The school provides training, tools, and six weekly sessions.

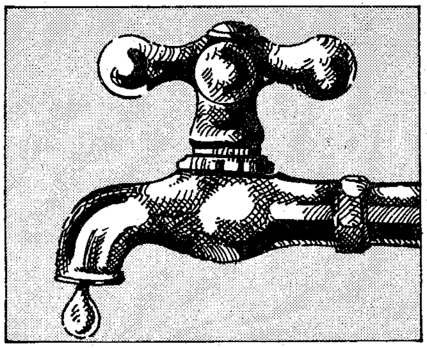


Basic House Framing unveils the secrets of creating doors and window frames, installing windows and doors, and putting in walls where none existed before. It costs $175, including materials, takes six weeks, and each session is three hours long.

Basic Electrical Knowhow reveals how a house is wired, how to wire a lamp or install a switch, and other electrical turn-ons in six weekly lessons; $175, including materials.

Basic Plumbing teaches how to add a shower or unclog a drain. It's $175, including materials, for six three-hour classes.

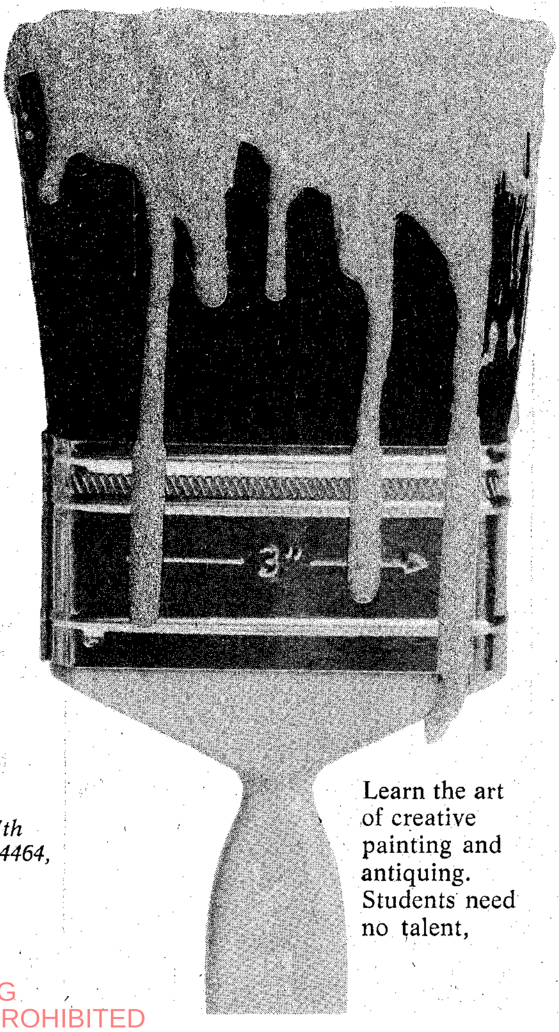
You may further superproof your apartment by signing up for All-Craft workshops in furniture refinishing, wallpapering, or house painting. Sessions are three hours each, cost $25, and are available on demand.



Classes are given Monday through Friday from 6:30 to 9:30 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays from 1 to 4 P.M. Days and hours vary according to registration. Prospective carpenters are encouraged to make a try-before-you-buy class visit. Once you register, a nonrefundable $25 registration fee is applicable to tuition.

For those worried about what to do with their kids while they're getting "home-improved," All-Craft baby-sits on the premises for $3 an hour.

During the day, All-Craft operates a nonprofit training and job-placement program for welfare mothers. Any nighttime student who finds a job for one of them in the skilled crafts, like plumbing or electrical work, gets a free course.



The Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish

177 East 87th Street; 348-4464, 249-7747

Learn the art of creative painting and antiquing. Students need no talent,

Illustrations: left, Gary Viskupic; top, Bernard Bonhomme; photograph by Bruce Nemath

only furniture to beautify and $200 for a seven-week basic course, which covers stripping, painting, shellacking, and antiquing.

This completed, you can take fourteen-week courses in gold and silver leafing, or in casein, stressing, glazing, lacquering, marbleizing, the "fantasy finishes" (tortoise, faux bois, bamboo, malachite, and lapis) at $450 each.

Once-a-week classes are held Monday through Friday from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. or 2 to 5 P.M. There are eight students in the beginners' classes and ten in the advanced.

Upholstery Trades School

721 Broadway,
between
Washington and
Waverly places;
OR 7-1680

Those looking for a la-di-da atmosphere and other silky extras had best go elsewhere, but if it's no-nonsense upholstery skills you want, you can get them here. It's expensive: a 50-week (30 hours per week) course costs $3,375 and is held Monday through Friday from 8 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. For that fee you'll learn to take furniture apart, tie springs, put in stuffing, and re-cover it in new fabric. You'll also learn to make slipcovers for any size sofa or chair and how to make and hang draperies.

Quick learners may take advantage of a 33-week course that speeds up the same upholstery essentials; 1,000 hours for $2,250.

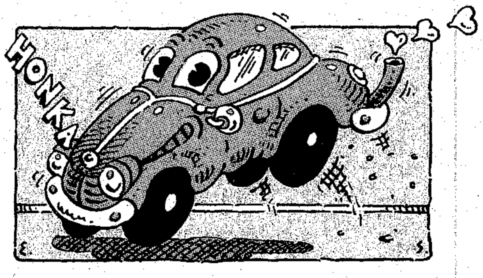
There is a slipcover course for $1,000, in which you learn to cut and sew any material to cover any chair or sofa; an eight-week, $675 drapery course, in which you learn to make and hang draperies; and a floor-covering-installation class, 26 weeks for $2,160. (Rates may be halved for students who learn fast.)

Daytime classes are for full- or part-time students, evening classes for part-timers only. The school, sympathetic to those with financial problems, will accept weekly or monthly payments.

White Plains Continuing Education at the Rochambeau School

228 Fisher
Avenue, White
Plains, New
York;
914 948-3440

Here is a less costly route to learning upholstery. Do-it-yourselfers bring to class the furniture they wish to re-upholster, and learn to web, tie springs, pad, re-cover, and repair it. This money-saving course, **Upholstery,** is taught by neighborhood upholsterers and is much in demand. There is a twelve-student limit per class, so candidates are urged to sign up as soon as possible. Sessions are two and a half hours each and meet fourteen times on Monday through Thursday evenings. White Plains residents pay $40; out-of-towners pay $60.



Chair Caning: Learn all there is to know about making flawless cane seats. Ten night sessions cost residents $18, others $29; Thursday evenings.

Auto Mechanics: The ABC's of tune-ups, valve adjustments, and brake repair will help you keep the family flivver in Indy 500 condition. Signers-on (men or women) are encouraged to bring their cars to class—and tinker with them as they learn. Tinkering goes on Monday through Thursday evenings. Fourteen sessions cost those who live in White Plains $25, those who don't $39. Limited to sixteen students.

Auto Mechanics for Women Only teaches the same ABC's as Auto Mechanics but there are no male kibitzers. Ten two-hour Tuesday-night classes cost White Plains women $18, other women $29.

Home Fixit Workshop: Learn to get the glitches out of household appliances when they break down. Ten two-hour Tuesday-night offerings; $18 for White Plains fixers, $29 for non-resident fixers.

Furniture Refinishing is taught at the East View School (350 Main Street) in White Plains. Fourteen

Illustrations: left, Georganne Dean; right, Elwood H. Smith

Monday-night classes cost residents $32, others $48.

Registration in advance by mail or in person is a must. All classes begin between 7:30 and 9 P.M. Call Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. for information.

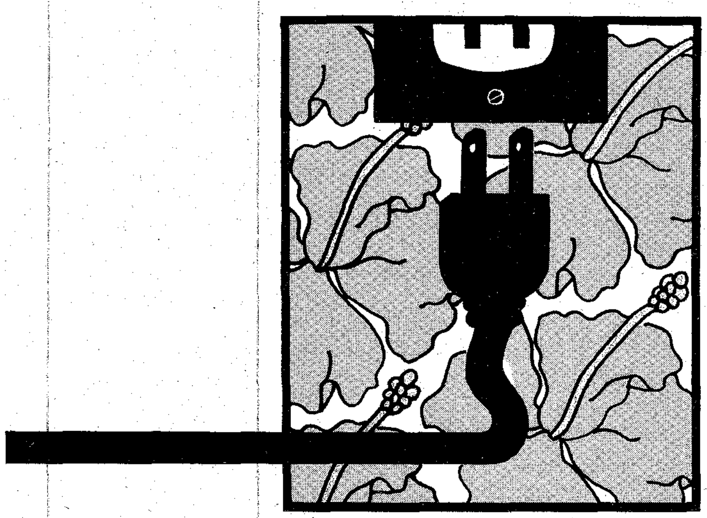
Pratt Institute

DeKalb Avenue and Hall Street, Brooklyn; 636-3669

Pratt offers courses for "special students," those who want class instruction but not college credits. After paying a $42.50 registration fee, non-matriculating learners may choose from the following programs:

Mechanics of Appliances: Pupils learn the principles of operating ordinary household appliances—how to set up and use equipment, how to fix plugs, wiring, and other electrical circuitry—and simple car repairs. Classes begin January 29, are held Thursdays from 1 to 5 P.M., and cost $318.

Welding and Forging: Neophytes learn how to use a gas welder to cut metal, and master the techniques of brazing, soldering, arc welding, and forge tempering. This course is helpful for fixing fenders after auto mishaps, for metal sculpturing, and of course for safecracking. The class meets Wednesdays or Thursdays from 5 to 8 P.M. and costs $212.

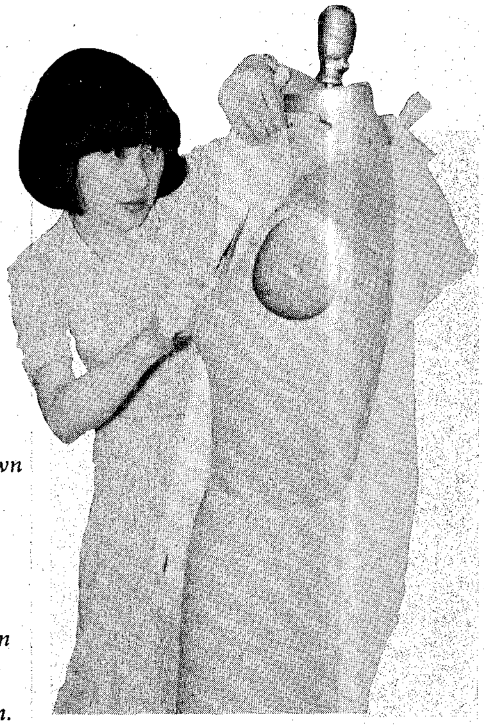


Traphagen School of Fashion

257 Park Avenue South, near 21st Street; 673-0300

Designers Mary McFadden and Geoffrey Beene are among the nine Coty Award winners who trained at Traphagen. You can too. Traphagen's designing-and-dressmaking course isn't short and it isn't cheap, but it is one of the top skill makers to be found anywhere.

Regular semesters start in September, October, and February and are held days, evenings, and Saturdays. No previous art training or sewing experience is required; all you need is a sense of style, an ability to work hard, and a $15 registration fee for day classes, $5 for night. Also available:



Create your own look: The experts at the Traphagen School of Fashion can teach you everything from designing a pattern to finishing a hem.

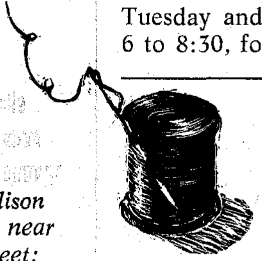
A first-year course, **Clothing Construction and Design,** features eight months of study in draping, designing, dressmaking, tailoring, pattern making, basic fashion drawing, and fabric analysis for $2,365. More advanced work follows, with eight months of techniques, pattern making, creative designing, fashion-show production, and designer critiques of student work, at the same price.

Traphagen offers a six-month **Patternmaking** class at $1,774, which includes basic fashion drawing and a four-month pattern-making class for $1,188. A two-month course in **Dressmaking, Fitting, Finishing, and Tailoring,** in which students learn to make clothes from commercial patterns, costs $592.

The part-time learner may take **Dressmaking I & II** and learn to sew from commercial patterns in fifteen weeks, on Saturdays, 12:30 to 4:30 P.M., for $110, or Tuesday and Thursday nights, 6 to 8:30, for $125.

French Fashion Academy

600 Madison Avenue, near 57th Street; 421-7770



This academy teaches *haute couture* at not-so-*haute* prices. Men and women may sign up for FFA classes in dressmaking, pattern drafting, sewing, and almost anything else they ever wanted to learn about keeping themselves in stitches.

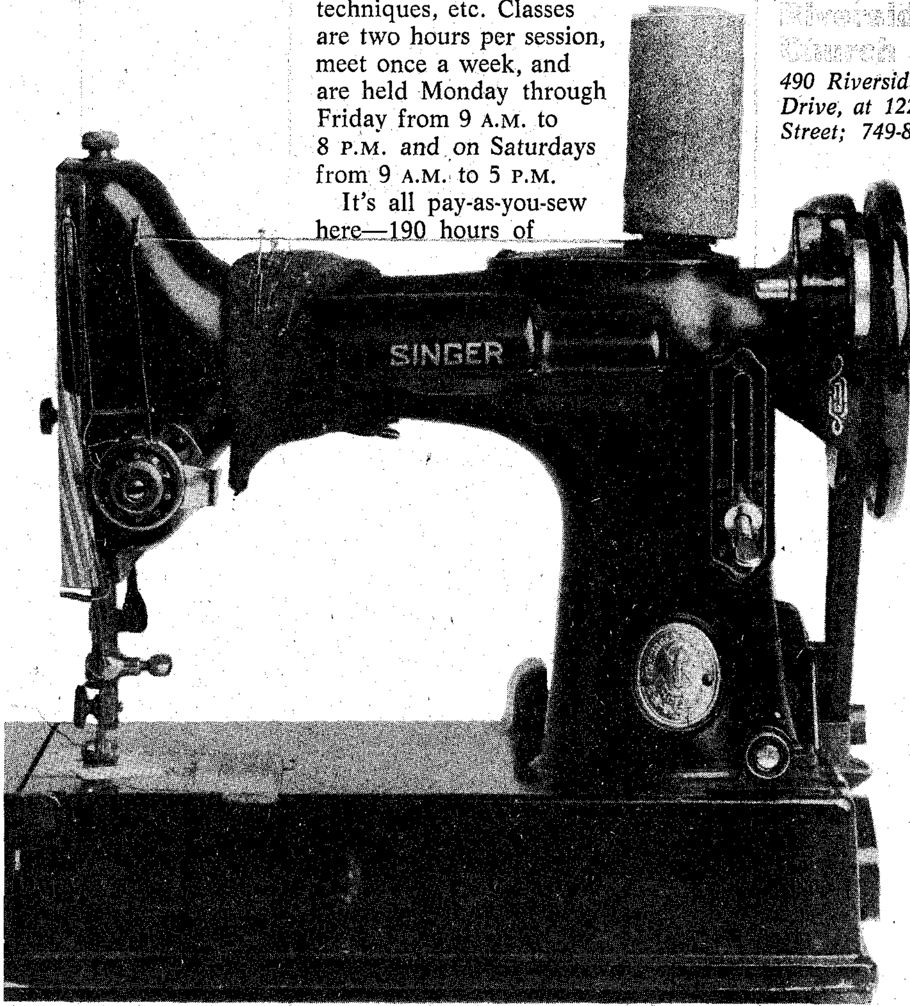
First, there's **The Basic Creative Dressmaking Course.** Here a student has a custom-made pattern designed exclusively for her; she chooses the material and then proceeds to sew it. This eight-week course meets once weekly for two hours. Students can choose any two consecutive hours Monday through Friday from 9 A.M.

Illustrations: left, Heather Taylor; right, Nina Duran; photograph by Jill Freedman

to 8 P.M., or Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., for $120.

The basics learned, it's on to more intricate work—pattern making, garment assembling, fine-finishing techniques, etc. Classes are two hours per session, meet once a week, and are held Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. and on Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

It's all pay-as-you-sew here—190 hours of classwork at a $40 monthly fee. A non-refundable payment of $120 for the basic course is required on enrollment (this covers your first two months' tuition and the price of a student manual), and after the first two months, students may continue their studies for $40 monthly.



The Singer Store Sewing Courses

226 East 86th
Street; 737-7321

Classes in sewing are offered in the many tri-state-area Singer Centers; call a local Singer store to find out which courses are closest. Hours vary from center to center. Students supply materials and notions.

Start Sewing: This course provides an introduction to basic sewing. Student makes and keeps three simple projects; six two-and-a-half-hour lessons for $29.95.

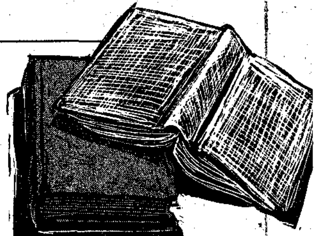
Keep Sewing: Students make a tote bag, then move on to more advanced projects; six two-and-a-half-hour lessons for $34.95.

Sew the Latest: Six lecture-demonstrations for the advanced sewer explain how to make some of the latest fashions; $5 per lecture.

The Arts and Crafts Program at the Riverside Church

490 Riverside
Drive, at 122nd
Street; 749-8140

Budding seamstresses may take a special **Teenagers' Sewing Class,** and each makes an A-line dress in eight two-and-a-half-hour lessons for $19.95.



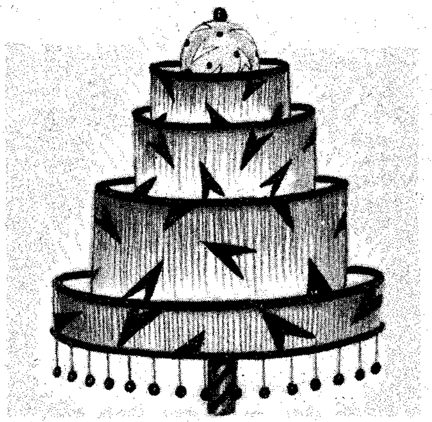
More savvy coaching is offered here in:

Picture Framing: Learn how to mount and cut pictures, how to cut and fit moldings and glass, and how to miter corners. The twelve-session course, available to the first nine people who sign up, is $55 and is held Monday or Friday nights from 7 to 9:30.

Sewing: Needle wielders learn basic sewing techniques. You select the fabric and style of a dress, learn to sew it, and take it home with you. This done, it's on to more advanced sewing. Twelve three-hour classes cost $55 plus a $5 lab fee and are given Tuesday or Wednesday mornings from 9:30 to 12:30 or Monday nights from 6 to 9.

Chair Caning: Initiates learn how to restore cane chairs at a fraction of the cost of repairing them elsewhere. Twelve meetings are $55 and are held Mondays or Wednesdays from 7 to 10 P.M.

Fix It Yourself: Everyday odd jobs, like plumbing, refinishing and repairing furniture, and house painting, get a thorough going-over in eight two-hour classes offered Tuesday evenings at 7; $40.



All Riverside Church classes are open to men and women, but call first to sign up. Registration ($10) begins September 11 for classes that begin September 25.

New School for Social Research

66 West 12th
Street; 741-5690

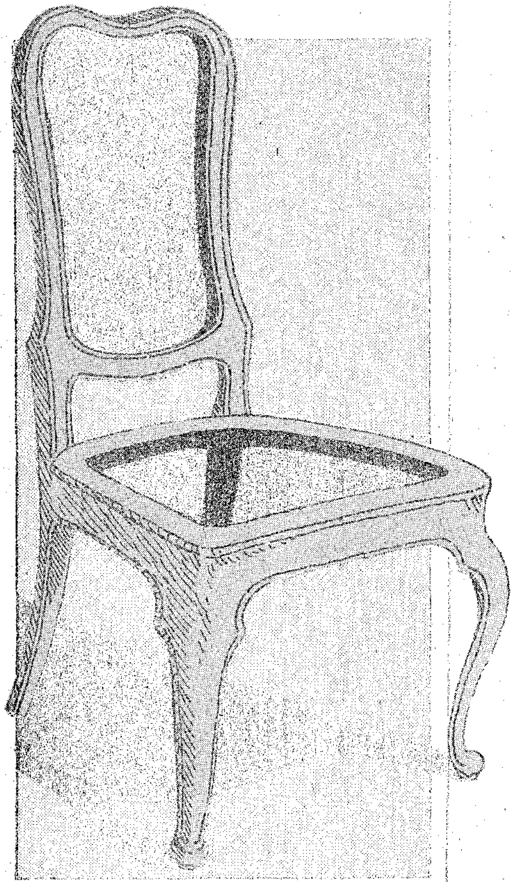
In addition to booking all of the Knowhow Workshop classes, the New School has extended its "social research" into such down-to-earth topics as "Building Your Own Hi-Fi." Terms for payment are as up-to-date

Photograph by Bruce Nemath; illustrations: top, Nina Duran; bottom, Georganne Dean as the courses. Prospective scholars may pay by cash, check, Master Charge, or Visa. There's a $15 registration fee for any class that costs $70 or more.

Growing Herbs for Flavor and Fragrance: The complete odyssey from seedling to soufflé covers eight Mondays from 7:45 to 9:15 P.M. for $65 plus a $10 materials fee.

Organic Gardening: Grow your own fresh fruits and vegetables without pesticides. Courses are given on fourteen Saturday mornings from 9 to 10:30 for $125.

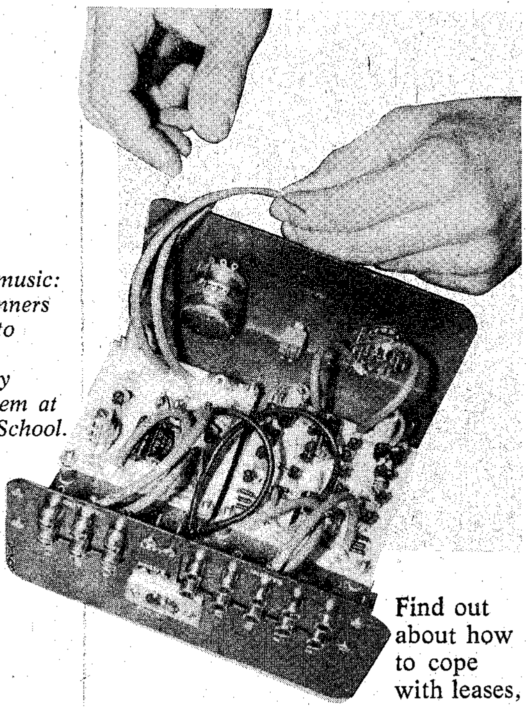
Natural Chair Caning: Twelve Wednesday-afternoon working sessions from 2 to 5 have students sitting pretty for $125.



Building Your Own Hi-Fi: A beginners' workshop will teach you how to assemble your set, what parts to buy for it, and other essentials to enable you and your set to make beautiful music together. Eight Monday nights from 7:45 to 9:15 are priced at $60.

Personal Computing: This is a hands-on experience in how computers work. Six 105-minute experiences are $52. There are Tuesday or Wednesday classes from 6:30 to 8:15 P.M.

Law for Laymen: A consumer's guide to everyday legal needs, this course emphasizes preventive law. Find out about how to cope with leases, credit problems, insurance; how to sue in small-claims court; and more. Fourteen hour-and-a-half classes taught by law professor Adriane Berg are held Wednesday evenings at 5:55 and cost $130.



Face the music: Even beginners can learn to build a high-quality stereo system at the New School.

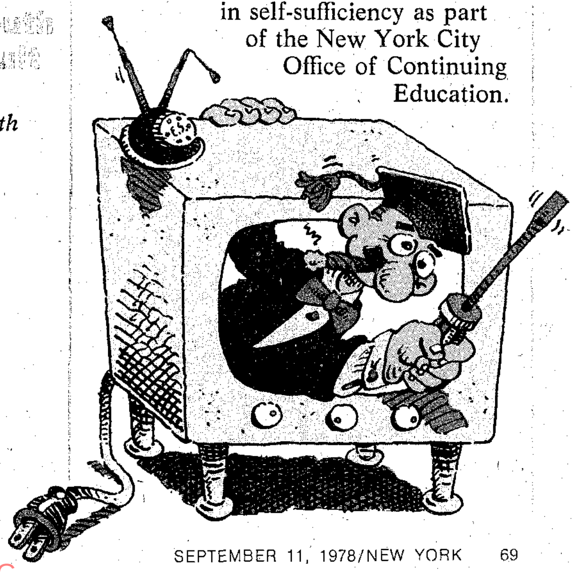
Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation: Learn the technique of maintaining life in persons who've suffered heart attack, stroke, or other cardiopulmonary shock. Once the course is successfully completed, students have an invaluable skill and get a certificate from the American Heart Association. Four sessions, 6:45 to 9:45 P.M. Thursdays, cost $60.

Through the Medical Looking Glass: Two physicians teach how to understand diseases and their treatments. Heart disease, cancer, hypertension, lab tests, and medical costs are covered in fourteen Wednesday-night meetings from 7:45 to 9:15; $125.

Stuyvesant Youth and Adult Center

345 East 15th Street;
AL 4-2890

This Center offers practical courses in self-sufficiency as part of the New York City Office of Continuing Education.



Illustrations: left, Bernard Bonhomme; right, Elwood H. Smith; photograph by Jill Freedman

Classes are held in the hardly glamorous Stuyvesant High School, but despite the grungy surroundings and large classes, courses are wide-ranging and attractively priced. Adults of both sexes may pick any of these Stuyvesant skill brighteners:

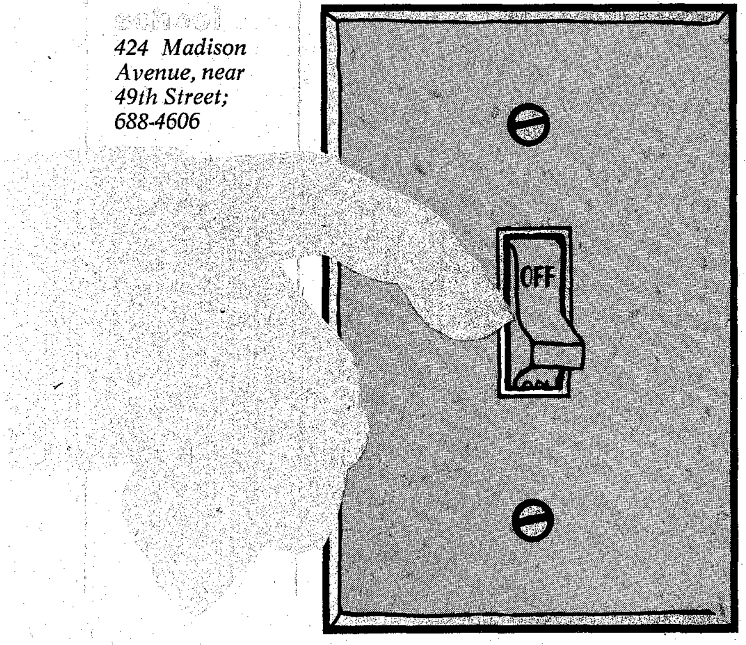
Know Your Automobile: Students are familiarized with the theory and operation of the family car. They learn corrective and preventive maintenance, and after twelve two-hour sessions they should be able to get out of most car jams and unwarranted repair bills. The course is $25 and is held Mondays or Wednesdays from 6:15 to 8:15 P.M.

Furniture Refinishing: Aficionados are given the opportunity to finish or refinish furniture they bring to class. Classes progress from beginner to advanced. They are held Tuesday evenings from 6 to 8; twelve lessons are $25.

TV Repairs: Tuesday nights from 6:30 to 8 or 8 to 9:30, students get shop practice in TV maintenance. The teacher is a repairman with commercial experience. Students learn to troubleshoot their sets and can ultimately fix most minor set problems on their own; $25 for twelve lessons.

Woodworking: Pupils pick a wood project and build it under the teacher's supervision. For $25 you get twelve two-hour classes, the instructor's know-how, use of the school's tools, and possession of what you build. Classes meet Monday afternoons from 4 to 6 or Monday or Wednesday evenings from 6 to 8.

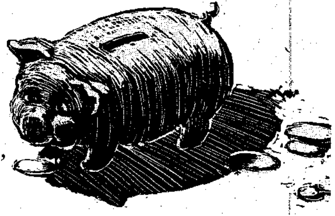
Call Dr. Harry Fromm, Stuyvesant's genial principal, for information and registration dates.



Womanschool

424 Madison Avenue, near 49th Street; 688-4606

This is a series of classes designed to give women skills, career training, and financial savvy. While the emphasis is on training women, men are welcome to join ten-week courses that include:



The Self-Confident Home Mechanic: This is a workshop that vows to teach any woman (or man) to do simple electrical repairs to appliances, light switches, lamps, and doorbells; to handle minor plumbing headaches, such as replacing washers, changing toilet-tank parts, caulking pipes, and unclogging drains; to do light carpentry; to repair furniture, as well as to do painting, wallpapering, and tile installation. Self-confident mechanics meet ten Wednesday evenings from 7:50 to 9:35; $105.

Mastering Your Financial Affairs: The information dispersed here includes the fundamentals of finance along with a professional personal financial review for each student. The class meets on Tuesday evenings from 5:55 to 7:40; $105.

Math Made Manageable: The Basics is for those of us whose experience with math has not been altogether successful. From 5:55 to 7:40 on eleven Wednesday evenings, math phobics will learn how to deal with everyday business and home situations, including taxes, metrics, discounts, and interest; $115.

All Womanschool registrants pay a $10 sign-up fee. The Madison Avenue headquarters is the site of all daytime business queries; call Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; evening classes are held at 11 West 54th Street.

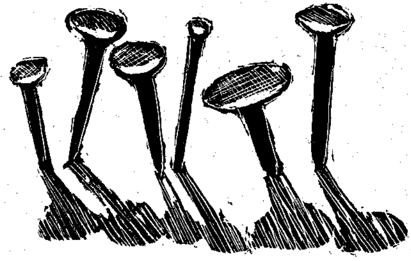
Self-help whys and wherefores are available at town Y's (Christian and Hebrew, Men's and Women's). Schedules must be checked out at the Y of your choice, but almost all offer constructive classes at modest prices.

YM-YWHA

1395 Lexington Avenue, at 92nd Street; 427-6000, ext. 722

Home Repair and Improvement: This sparks men and women to basic electricity and electrical repair: common household repairs; garden-variety plumbing; mending; curtain, shelf, and bracket hanging; use of basic hand and power tools; household carpentry; wall restoration; paperhanging; and a smattering of painting and interior decorating. It costs $70 for eight classes on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9.

Illustrations: left, Heather Taylor; right, Nina Duran



Kids can learn to be comfortable with tools and have fun doing it in **Shopwork:** Children five to ten make wood and metal objects and learn the proper use of hammers, nails, saws, and wood. Boys and girls meet in after-school scheduled classes Monday through Thursday; it's $65 for fourteen 45-minute classes, $70 for fourteen one-hour classes.

Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation: Lifesaving techniques are taught to Y members on October 30 and November 6 from 6 to 8 P.M. for $20.

Money Matters for Women: This lecture series zeros in on how to handle money, credit, taxes, wills, estates, and insurance. The Wednesday-night offerings cost $5.50 each, $25 for five, and are held from 7 to 8:30; for women only.

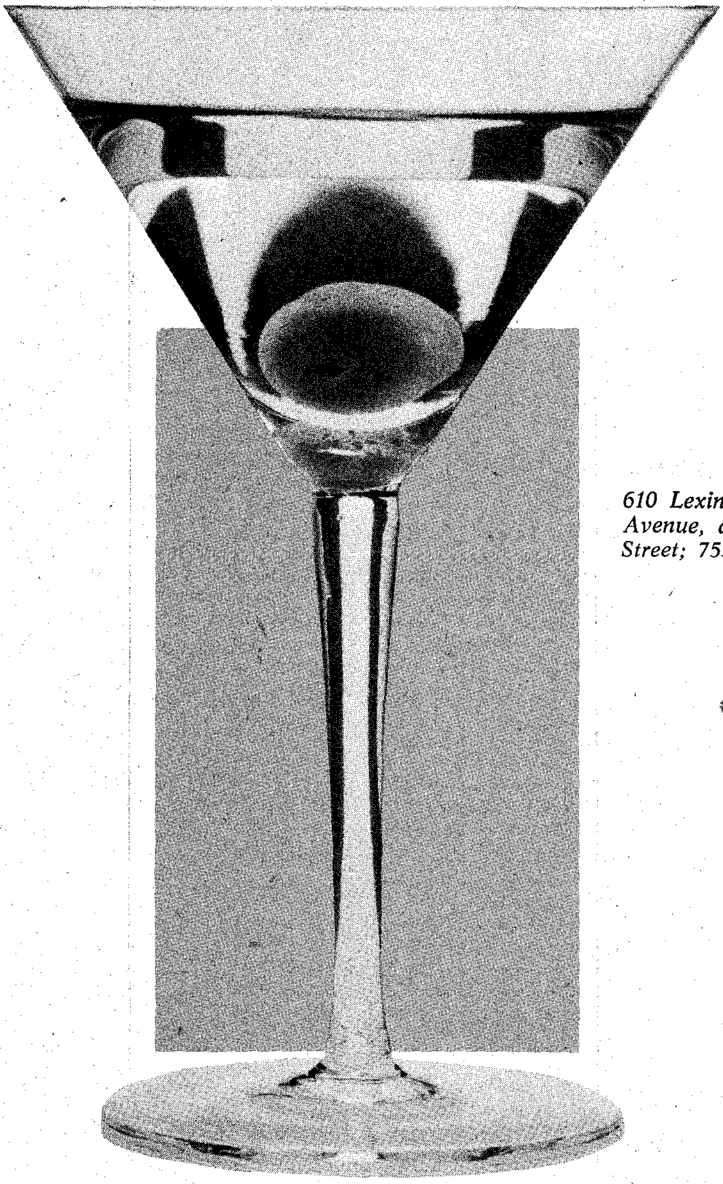
See and Sew: Creating Patterns for Contemporary Fashions: Beginners or advanced sewers are invited to copy patterns from current French fashion magazines and create finished garments from them. Six Tuesday-night meetings from 7:30 to 9:30 cost $60.

Pre-Retirement Center. An eight-month series of 90-minute lectures and workshops for future retirees advises them on legal, financial, housing, and other pertinent issues. The course runs through May and costs $100.

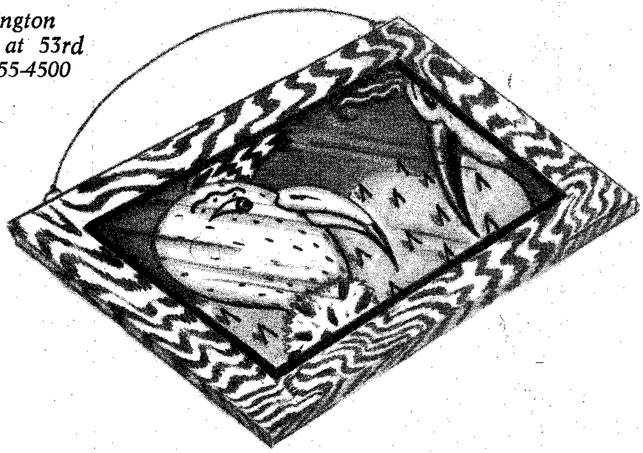
Sewing: Senior citizens sew items for bazaar sales and learn to make minor clothing repairs. The class meets Wednesday mornings from 10 to noon and is free for members of the Y's Senior Adult Club.

Senior Citizens' Dressmaking: Women 65 and over make dresses for themselves on Fridays from 10 A.M. to noon. Free to members of the Senior Adult Club.

Bartending: A professional bartender teaches Y singles to mix their own drinks. The class votes on the drink of the night, piña colada to martini, and gets to sample the results at evening's end. Tipplers pay $30 for six two-hour biweekly sessions Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30 and about $10 for the ingredients. Unmarried imbibers only.



610 Lexington Avenue, at 53rd Street; 755-4500

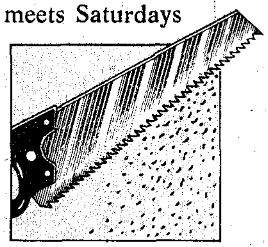


Men and women who pay the $15 YWCA annual membership fee are eligible for:

Bookbinding: Twelve demonstrations are devoted to teaching the restoration and rebinding of valuable books in leather and cloth. Mending, gold and

Photograph by Bruce Nemath; illustrations: top right, Nina Duran; bottom, Georganne Dean

blind tooling, and titling are taught in two-hour classes that meet once weekly on various days for $75. A two-and-a-half-hour series that meets Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. is $93.



Picture Framing and Matting: All aspects of mounting, framing, glass cutting, and matting are scrutinized in twelve Wednesday meetings from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M.

The Apartment Carpenter: Instruction in hand and machine woodworking techniques is given in a fully equipped woodworking shop. For $57, students make apartment necessaria like wall fasteners and bookshelves. Classes are held six Tuesdays from 6 to 9 P.M.

Sewing Workshop: Bring some clothing and mend or alter it by hand by the end of this 90-minute session. Monday, September 11, is the introductory workshop, and it's free. After that, sewers pay $10 if they are Y members, $15 if they are not, for the classes taught September 12, September 19, and September 26, from 12:15 to 1:45 P.M.

Decorate Your Apartment: Students bring photos of rooms they want to revamp and get professional advice on how best to do it on Thursday, October 15, 12:15 to 2:15 P.M. Advice costs members $10, nonmembers $15.

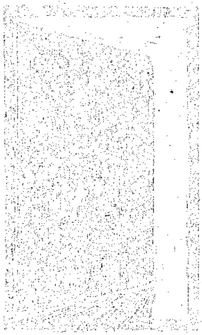
Stripping and Refinishing Furniture: Learn to remove old finish and paint down to the base wood, and apply varnish, oil lacquer, and shellac. Six Mondays, 6 to 8 P.M.; $15 for members, $21 for others.

Caning: Seat caning, rush weaving, splint weaving, seat padding, and finishing are taught on six Monday afternoons, 1 to 3:30 P.M., for $55.

Wood Finishing: Polish up your furniture-polishing skills in six weeks of lessons for $57. Classes are held Wednesdays from 2 to 5 P.M., Fridays 6 to 9 P.M.

West Side YMCA

5 West 63rd Street; 787-4400, ext. 1549



For a $10 three-month membership, men and women have access to:

Carpentry for Apartment Dwellers: Would-be artisans learn to use small hand tools and to make simple wood items such as shelves and doors. Learn-by-doing classes for adults meet for eight weeks on Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 10; $60.

It's difficult to find a course in hairdressing just for those who want to be more skillful at doing their own hair. Styling and barbering basics are regulated by the state and require all kinds of licenses. Still, if you've got the money and the time, you can get at the magical mysteries of haircutting, coloring, combing, and the like at:

The Wilfred Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture

1657 Broadway, at 51st Street; CO 5-1122

Beauty-field heavyweights like Kenneth, Mark Traynor, and Glenn Roberts got their barbering baccalaureates here. You can too.

Master the art of the perfect facial, for profit or pleasure, at the Wilfred Academy.

For $1,990 you go the complete route—color, styling, cutting, makeup, manicure, and facials—right up to application for a professional hairstylist license.

Not all of your classmates at Wilfred want to go into business, however. One oil-rich ambassador's wife took the intensive seven-and-a-half-month course solely to be able to make her hair look great anytime, anywhere, and on her own.

The work load is heavy. Day students come in from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. five days a week; evening students are at it twenty hours a week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings from 6 to 9 and Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.—for fourteen months.

To register, first call for an appointment. There is a $10 registration fee applicable to your tuition. Though the latter is steep, you can pay by the week. For those who elect to learn to do it themselves

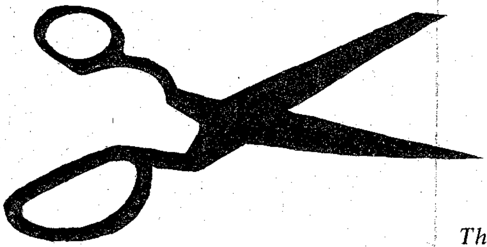
Illustrations: top, Gary Viskupic; bottom, Nina Duran; photograph by Jill Freedman

at Wilfred, the tuition allows them to take home for "keeps" scissors, comb, curling iron, blower, rollers, manicure equipment, and a mannequin to practice on.

Less thorough but still helpful are:

On selected Wednesday nights hairstylist George Michael gives hair-care lectures to interested ladies and gentlemen. He bristles with information on how to comb, brush, and shampoo your hair to make it healthy and alluring. Call to find out which Wednesday night George Michael holds forth. When he does, admission's free.

420 Madison
Avenue, near
49th Street;
PL 2-1177



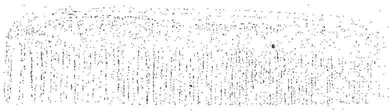
Nardi Salon

143 East 57th
Street; 421-4810

If you can wait till spring, stylists Fred and Vincent Nardi will give an in-depth series of seminars in haircutting, hair coloring, and hair maintenance through the New School. Ten heady half hours are $65; call the New School, 741-5620.

The Roopers

847 Lexington
Avenue, near
64th Street;
288-7100



This is a trendy hairstyling haven that gives you tips on the correct way to blow-dry your tresses as a stylist does your hair. A 45-minute hairstyle-cum-demo is $12. An advance booking is a must. It's unisex.

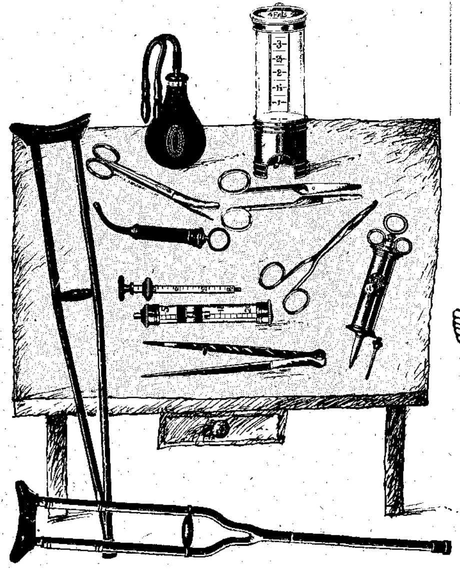
There's glamour at your fingertips —if you have the know-how. Discover the fine points of giving a manicure at the Wilfred Academy.

Photographs: top, Bruce Nemath; bottom, Jill Freedman; illustrations by Nina Duran

HOW TO DO IT

The New York School of Dog Grooming

248 East 34th Street; 685-3777



THIGH PIECE
KNEE CAP
LEGGING
SOCK
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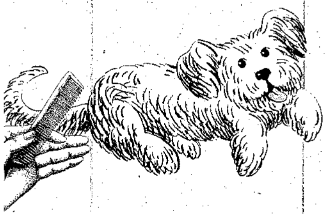
One of Manhattan's oldest and largest dog-grooming centers, this school has a **Basic Course** that shows you how to care for the smaller-size canines. It's $950 for six weeks, and meets Monday through Friday from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. There are never more than six students per instructor.



Once you've learned the basics, it's on to the school's advanced course, where you learn the three B's (bathing, brushing, and barbering) for all the large breeds from sheep dog to Afghan hound and also for the newly popular breeds like the Lhasa Apso; for three months—five days, 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.—it's $1,775.

If you can't go days, there are night sessions too. Evening classes are given Monday through Thursday from 6 to 10:30 at the same rates as day courses. Saturday daytime sessions are also available at the same price.

Management claims that graduates are capable of earning excellent wages at veterinarians' offices, kennels, or in private business. One certainty is that commencement brings with it the ability to take immaculate care of any pooch.

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This series is free, except for the textbook at $2.15. The standard Red Cross course is available weekdays, weeknights, and Saturday mornings. Sign up in advance.

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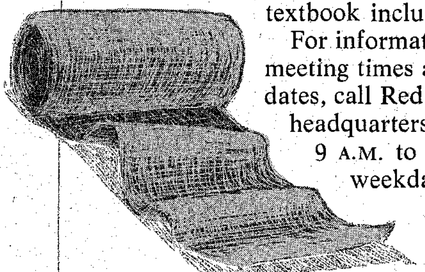
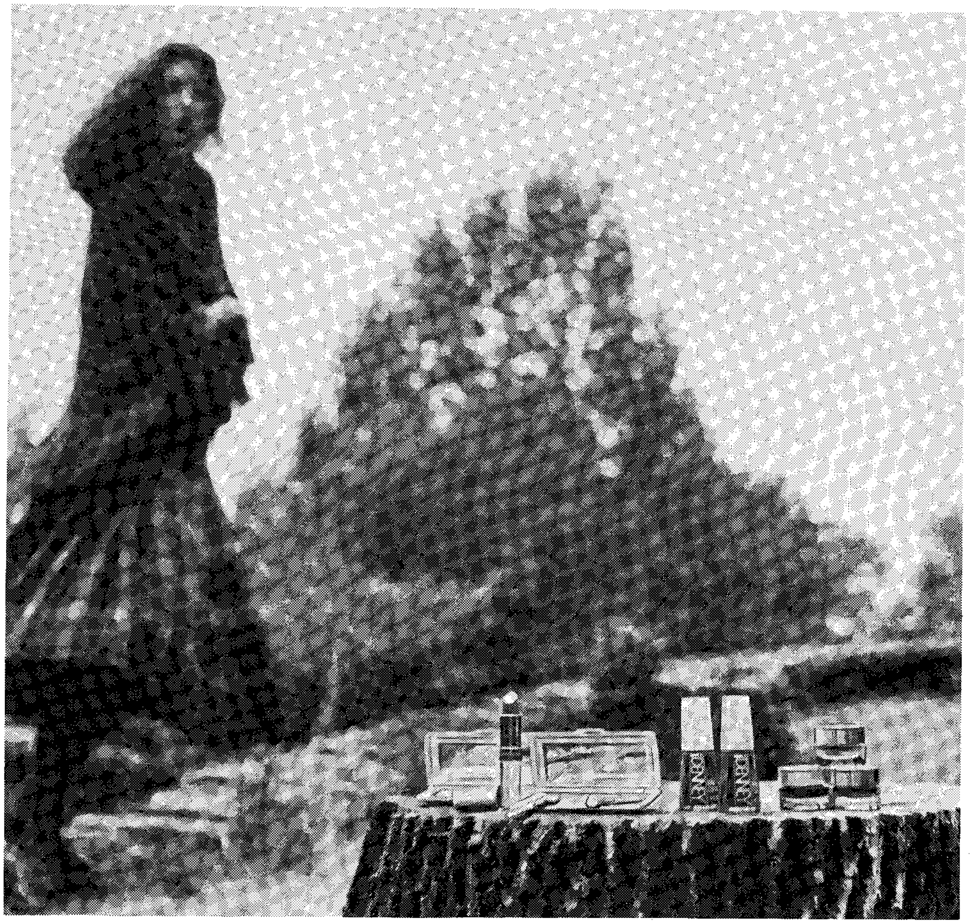


For information on meeting times and dates, call Red Cross headquarters from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays. ■

Additional copies of this handbook can be obtained for $1 from New York *Magazine, Department H, 755 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017.*

Illustrations: top, Jo Teodorescu; left, Bernard Bonhomme; bottom, Nina Duran



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New York's New FBI Chief: Neil Welch, Boat Rocker

By Anthony Marro

"... He is expected to yank agents off routine bank robberies and concentrate their efforts on organized criminal schemes ..."

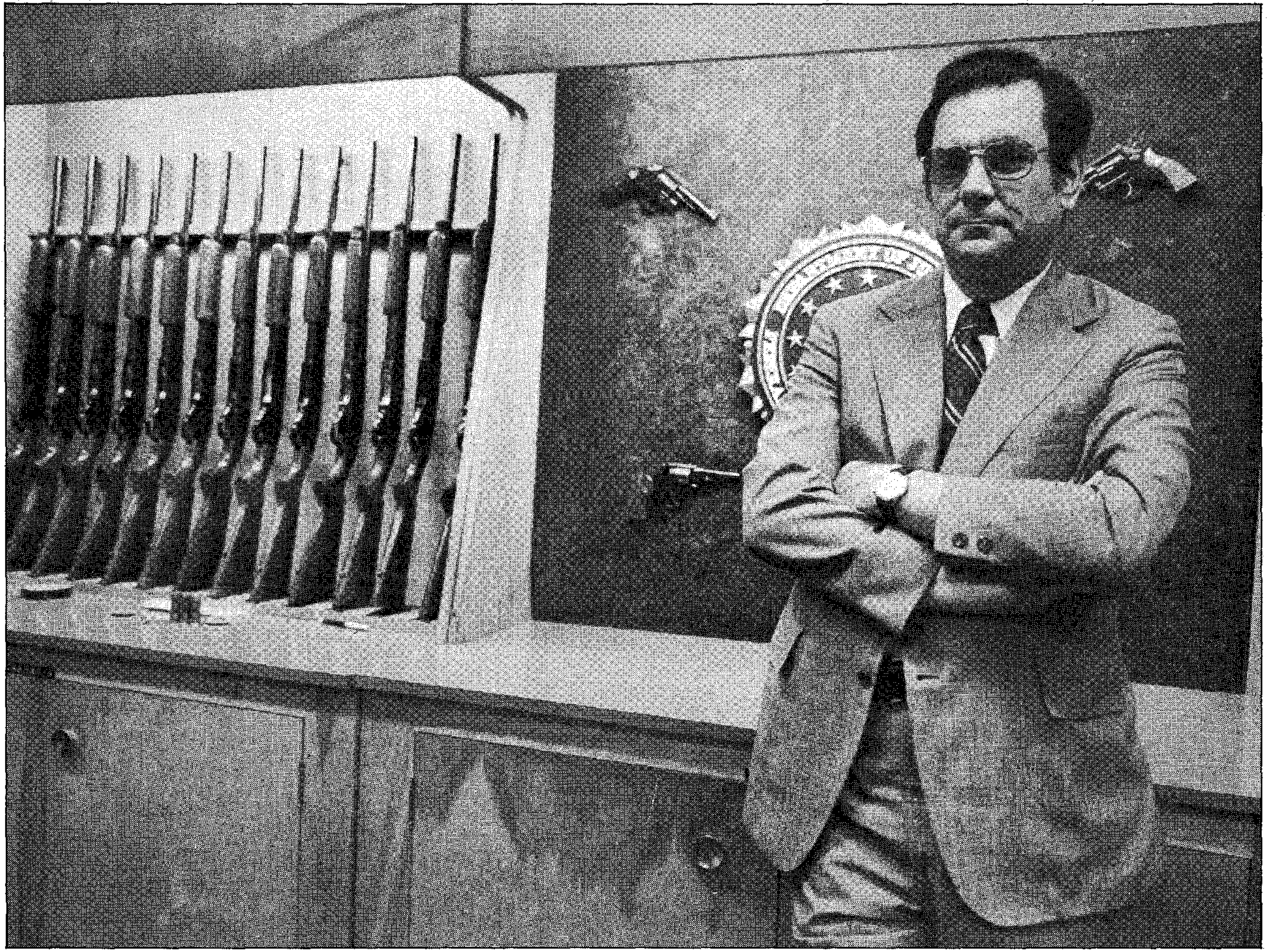
It is 2 P.M. in the Philadelphia office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and Neil J. Welch, the SAC (for special agent in charge), is returning from lunch. He is a tall, serious man who seldom smiles in official photographs, who has a reputation as a loner and a brooder, and who is sometimes, but never to his face, called "Jaws," a nickname given him by agents in Philadelphia because, as one of them put it, "he can really chew your ass."

He walks slowly through the office, his head bowed slightly, his brow furrowed; the look and manner are those of Alabama's "Bear" Bryant walking off toward a locker room, his team trailing by seven points at the half. He stops at a desk, checks his messages, then turns to his secretary, arches an eyebrow, and grins.

"Did Mr. Hoover call?" he asks.

J. Edgar Hoover has been dead for six years, the power of his surviving lieutenants has begun to fade, and there have been major, even radical, changes in the organization that he built in his likeness and then ruled dictatorially for almost half a century.

The signs of change are everywhere, from the more liberal dress and haircut codes approved by L. Patrick Gray (who is still highly regarded by agents because he ended many of the petty harassments of the Hoover years) to the more rational priorities (a greater



Man of controversy: *Neil J. Welch is not exactly the favorite of the old guard that J. Edgar Hoover left behind.*

Photograph by Catherine Ursillo

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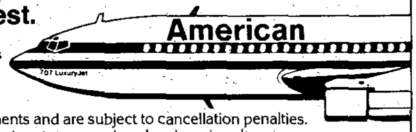

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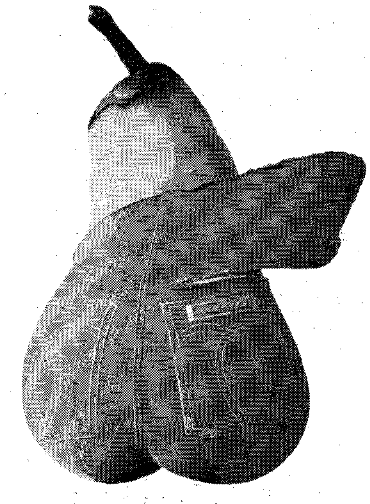

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emphasis on organized and white-collar crime, a lesser emphasis on stolen cars and military deserters) established by Clarence Kelley.

Moreover, there are indications that this move out of the shadow of Hoover will continue under William Webster, the current director, and one sign of this, in the view of many agents, is Webster's decision—to the consternation of many of his senior officials—to send Neil Welch back to New York to take charge of the office and its 830 agents.

Even before Welch's arrival, agents who worked with him in the past predicted that he will make major changes both in the structure of the office and in the kinds of cases the agents will work on. They expect him to yank agents off the routine bank robberies, truck hijackings, and bad-check cases that now make up much of the work of the office and to concentrate their efforts more on the sort of sophisticated organized and white-collar criminal schemes that some local prosecutors have complained they shied away from in the past. They expect that far more agents will be thrown into investigations of ongoing criminal conspiracies—such as the massive probe of waterfront corruption now in progress in New York and other East Coast ports—and pulled out of the routine investigations of stolen cars, military deserters, and thefts of government property.

"There are a lot of old-timers at headquarters who aren't happy" about Welch's assignment, one FBI official said recently. "Back when Hoover was alive, people in the field couldn't blow their noses without an okay from headquarters, and the people at headquarters liked it that way. That's why they never felt comfortable with Neil. They think he went off the reservation too often."

It is no secret that Welch has gone "off the reservation" many times during the 27 years he has been in the bureau, particularly while serving as SAC in Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Detroit. Part of the reason was that he never shared the enthusiasm of his superiors for surveillance of political dissidents and refused to commit large numbers of agents to the job of monitoring harmless Trotskyist groups.

"The SWP [Socialist Workers Party] was never of any interest to me," he says. "It was never worth spending *time or money on, so far as I was concerned.*"

Part of the reason also was that he considered many of the bureau's top-priority cases—particularly hunts for deserters, small-time bank robbers, and stolen cars—to be a foolish waste of resources, designed more to produce impressive-looking statistics than to deal with urban crime. "It wasn't so much that he was anti-Establishment as that he was anti-waste," says Joseph MacFarlane, a former assistant to Welch in Philadelphia, who is now a top official in New York.

Moreover, Welch argued that the whole headquarters structure, as it operated under Hoover, and to a lesser extent under Kelley, was built on a false premise—the mistaken notion that it was possible to exert supervision over day-to-day activities of agents from 300, or 3,000, miles away.

The structure, he wrote in a letter to the committee President Carter created to find a new director (and which subsequently picked Welch as one of its five candidates, the only FBI official on the list), was a "ponderous, ineffectual, costly bureaucracy, which does not contribute substantially to the essential work of the FBI."

For their part, the headquarters officials over the years made only grudging acknowledgments of Welch's successes, barraged him with an unusually high number of surprise inspections, and waited, in vain, to catch him in the sort of mistake or embarrassment that could result in his banishment to some backwater or in his outright dismissal.

In 1970, the attitude of these officials was summed up by John Mohr, then the number-three man in the bureau, who, when Welch was promoted to the larger field office in Detroit, after considerable success against organized-crime families in Buffalo, told him: "Detroit is yours because no one else wants it."

Mohr is retired now, as are many of the others, and Welch insists he is more interested in doing a good job in New York than he is in continuing old feuds. "I'd just as soon you stopped writing about sandbags," he said in a recent interview, a reference to a statement he once made to the effect that the bureau would be better off if someone put sandbags around the J. Edgar Hoover Building and disconnected the telephones.

Whatever Welch's current relationship with the new leadership of the bureau, the decision of Webster to give him the New York job (which carries a title of assistant director and which makes him one of the half dozen most important officials in the agency) is viewed by many agents as being of great significance.

For one thing, it puts the bureau's largest field office in the hands of a man who has a track record of devoting his resources to serious crimes, rather than to the petty, easily solved violations that many FBI offices pur-

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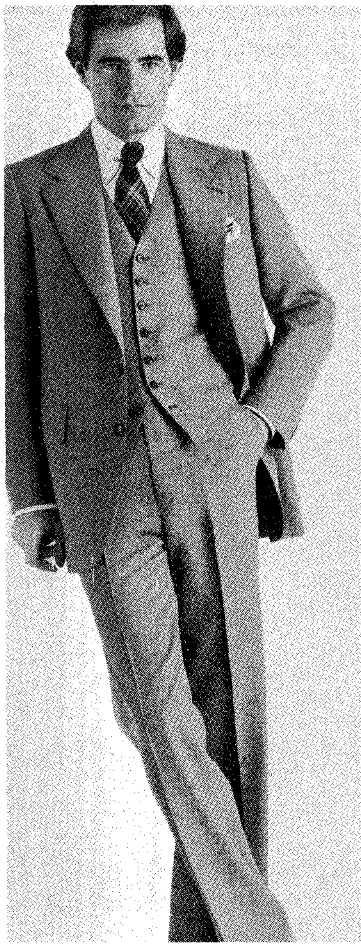

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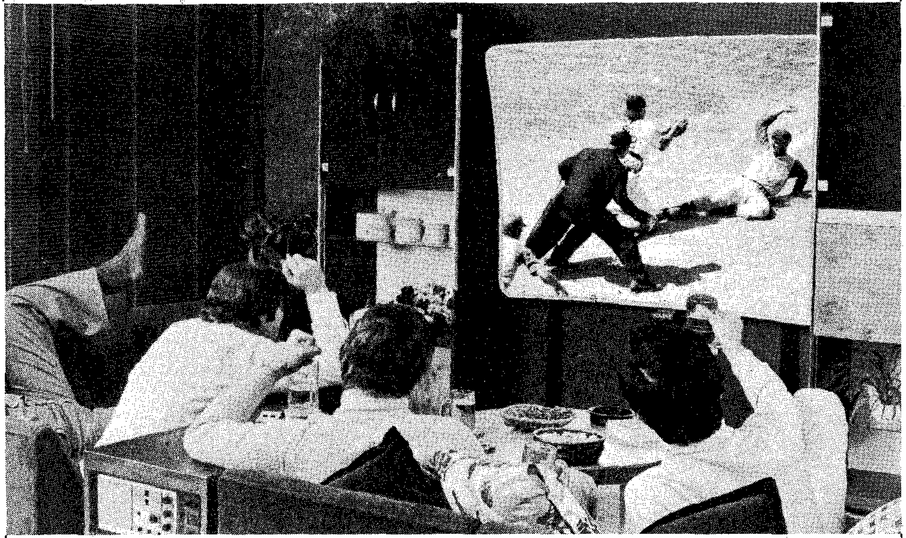

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sued in order to generate the blizzard of statistics that Hoover used to snow congressional committees.

For another, it suggests that while Hoover surrounded himself with a coterie that included a truly stunning number of sycophants, Webster is willing to promote officials who are known to speak their own minds, and who aren't reluctant to debate with their bosses.

Moreover, the general assumption within the bureau, at least among agents, is that Welch is likely to change the New York office in dramatic ways, and likely to have a major impact on federal law enforcement in the city.

"This isn't some guy who's on his way to the elephants' graveyard," says one agent who has worked with him and who knows him well. "That office needs someone to motivate it, and Neil's done that every place that he's been."

The New York field office, the bureau's largest, currently has about 830 agents, 70 of whom are based in New Rochelle, and 100 of whom are assigned to a satellite office in Queens. Most of the remainder work out of a cramped, dingy building at 201 East 69th Street that will continue to house the office until a long-planned and much delayed move downtown to Federal Plaza finally takes place, possibly in December.

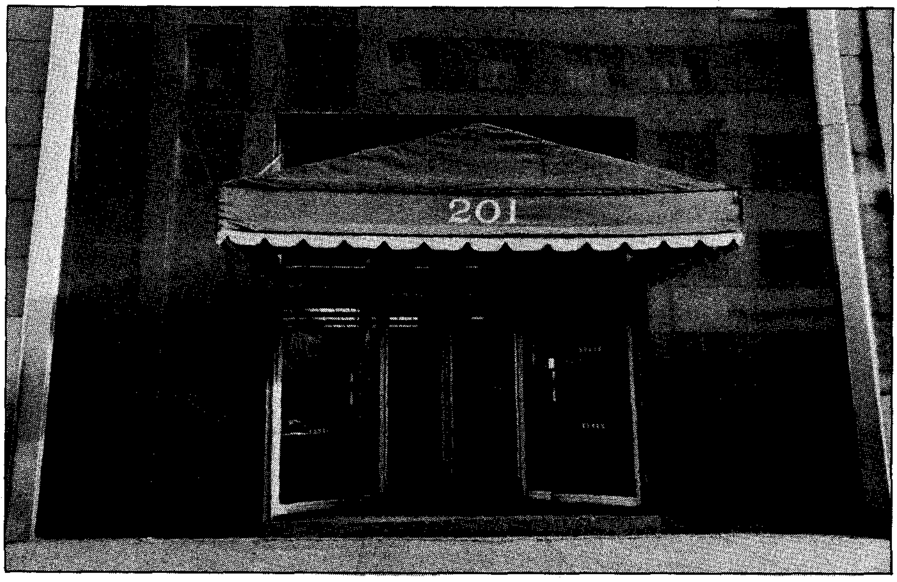
There are a number of things that set the New York office apart from most others, and one is the large number of agents who are anxious to leave it. Last year, a check of FBI records showed that nearly two thirds of the agents in the city had listed other offices as their "office of preference" and that of the 7,000 or so agents working elsewhere in the country, only 4 had expressed any desire to move to New York.

The chief reasons, most agents agree, are that agents are paid the same money no matter where they are based, and working in New York, particularly in Manhattan, involves higher taxes, higher living costs, and a brutal commute.

This desire to flee the city was illustrated several years ago when an agent there lost his FBI credentials and was punished with a "disciplinary transfer" to the Midwest. "People there began throwing away their credentials. They were throwing them down the storm sewers," one agent recalls. "The bureau couldn't transfer them all out—that's what they wanted—so they had to give them letters of reprimand instead."

At the same time, there are many agents who like the city, who find the work exciting, and who stay on, in part, because the quality of the cases is so good. "We've got the best or-

"…'This isn't some guy who's on his way to the elephants' graveyard of the FBI'…"



Scene of the crime busters: *FBI headquarters on East 69th Street.*

ganized-crime and white-collar-crime cases right here," one agent said recently. "This is where the best counterintelligence work is too. The Trojan horse, the United Nations, is right down the street."

This mixture of the resentment that many agents have about being assigned to New York and the conceit that many others have that they're working the hottest cases around has given rise to what is known at headquarters as "the New York attitude." The phrase is used in many ways, but in general it is used to sum up the hostility and scorn that agents in New York tend to display toward their nominal superiors in Washington, particularly those who have spent little time out on the street.

The office itself is large, sprawling, and complex, with nearly 50 individual squads (bank squads, hijacking squads, check squads, and the like) and with operating divisions (criminal, administration, internal security, and intelligence) larger than many whole field offices. It is so big, in fact, that while many agents complain about attempts by headquarters to run it from Washington, others question whether it can be controlled effectively from anywhere, including New York.

During the last fifteen years, the New York office has been headed by two men, John Malone and J. Wallace LaPrade. Malone, who was assistant director from 1962 through 1974, is a distinguished-looking former firearms instructor who delegated much authority to his subordinates, acted largely as a symbolic head of the office, and was known to many of his agents as "cement head."

Some of Malone's critics insist that the nickname was fitting. "You'd say, 'Hello, John,' and he'd be stuck for an answer," says one. But others disagree, arguing that he was a competent administrator, a man of great bravery, and that the nickname grew mainly from a hearing problem that he had developed while a firearms instructor, and which he never tried to have corrected.

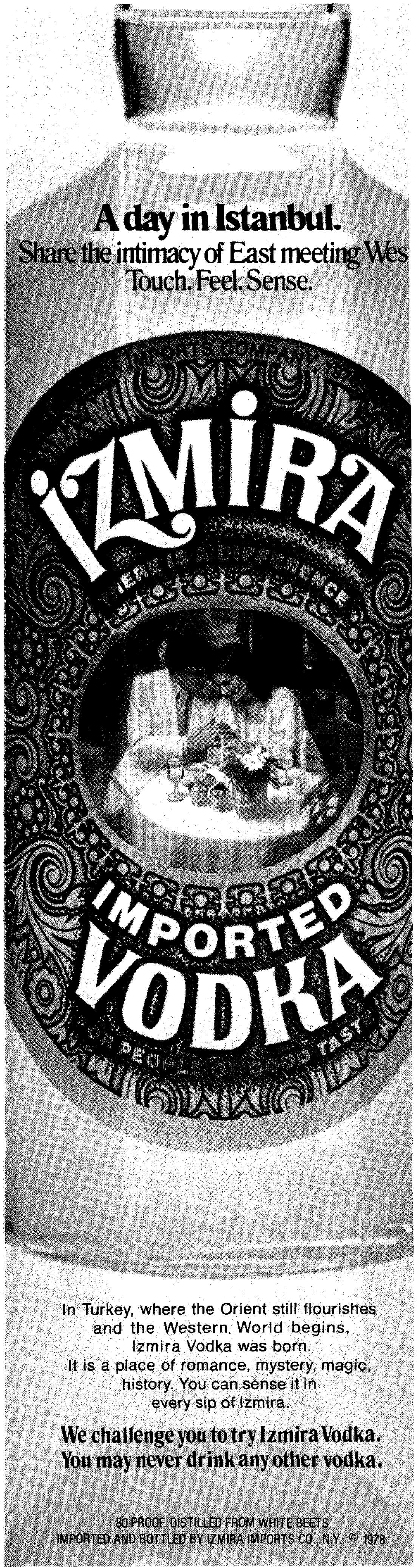
"He used to try to bluff his way through conversations when he couldn't hear what was being said," says one former colleague. "That resulted in some situations that were almost ludicrous."

He was followed in February 1975 by LaPrade, who was well respected by agents and federal prosecutors while SAC in Newark but who is still remembered in St. Louis for the time when, as SAC there, he took the stand during a trial and mistakenly identified as the guilty party a United States marshal who was sitting inside the rail.

LaPrade lasted just three years and was ousted four months ago by Attorney General Griffin B. Bell, who charged that he hadn't fully cooperated with an investigation of illegal break-ins by FBI agents in the early 1970s during a hunt for Weathermen fugitives.

Whatever their record for running the office—and the reviews are mixed—there are many agents who insist

Photo: Richard Pan



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"...Welch is not without critics—there are officials who insist he's too headstrong..."

The directors: *The late J. Edgar Hoover, at left, ran the bureau dictatorially; L. Patrick Gray ran a looser ship, but many agents in offices around the country still revere him.*

that Welch has better credentials than either Malone or LaPrade had when they took charge.

MacFarlane, the former Welch aide who now heads the administrative division in New York, argues that Welch's background makes him uniquely suited to steer the office toward the priorities set by Webster and Bell: organized crime, white-collar crime, and foreign counterintelligence.

"He's shown he can direct agents on long, complicated cases," MacFarlane says. "They may be the director's priorities, but they're Neil's forte."

Welch has been developing his "forte" for 27 years, through work as a street agent in Bangor, Maine; Boston; and New York ("That was back before headquarters acknowledged the existence of the Mafia," he says); and administrative jobs in Tampa, Florida; Jackson, Mississippi; Buffalo; Philadelphia; and Detroit.

In general, he is well liked by agents, respected by prosecutors, and disliked and distrusted by many of the survivors of Hoover's old guard. He has a reputation as a competent manager in an agency that has been plagued by notoriously inept management in the past, and as a maverick in an organization so given to caution that, under Hoover, a routine response to a letter from a congressman had to be approved by more than a dozen officials before it could be sent.

Welch is not without his critics. There are former prosecutors who complain privately that, at least in the past, he tried to undercut them both personally and professionally when he didn't share their enthusiasm for certain cases. There are officials at headquarters who insist he is too headstrong and too stubborn for a key job in an agency that requires a high degree of central control.

Moreover, some older agents and officials smolder at his criticisms of Hoover, saying that he wasn't as openly critical while Hoover was still alive. "It's easy to talk in 1978 about what a turkey Hoover was," one of them said recently. "But Neil wasn't so outspoken back in 1968. He may have thwarted some of the things Hoover tried to do in the area of domestic intelligence, but he took his money from this outfit; he didn't resign."

A former eagle scout who was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and raised in Nebraska, Welch has a wife, Geri, two college-age sons, and almost no outside interests, save golf, a game for which he reportedly has no talent at all.

According to FBI agents who have worked with him and for him, he seldom gets upset about honest mistakes but is harsh with agents who don't produce because of laziness or inertia. He has a reputation in the field for personal bravery (he once rescued a woman and her child from an escaped convict and then talked the man into giving up his gun and returning to prison). He's also known for making quick decisions and then sticking by them. A favorite saying, according to several colleagues, is: "I may be wrong, but I'm never in doubt."

Photos: UPI

Welch's ability to rebuild an office and change its priorities can be seen in Philadelphia, which had only two agents working political-, labor-, and business-corruption cases when he arrived in 1975, but had, according to one newspaper account, "vast flotillas of agents investigating the deadly threat of feminism and women's liberation." Within two years, he had turned that around, shifting 50 agents onto political-corruption cases ("I felt like a woodsman in a virgin forest," he says) and, in general, insisting that agents work significant cases—investigating bank-robbery gangs, for example—rather than just specific bank robberies.

People who have worked with Welch expect him to begin immediately to restructure the New York office and to direct it toward broader ongoing criminal conspiracies.

"The first thing he'll do is have his supervisors rate all the agents on a scale of one to five," says a former co-worker. "That way he'll know who his .340 hitters are and who his .240 hitters are. The heavy hitters, especially if they're young and not burned out, will be the shock troops; the others he'll try to recycle."

Welch himself is known to question the wisdom of a high priority on bank robberies, which for the most part are uncomplicated and easily solved, and which agents like to work because they're exciting and fun and because, if gunfire is involved, they can get a story on page 3 of the *Daily News.*

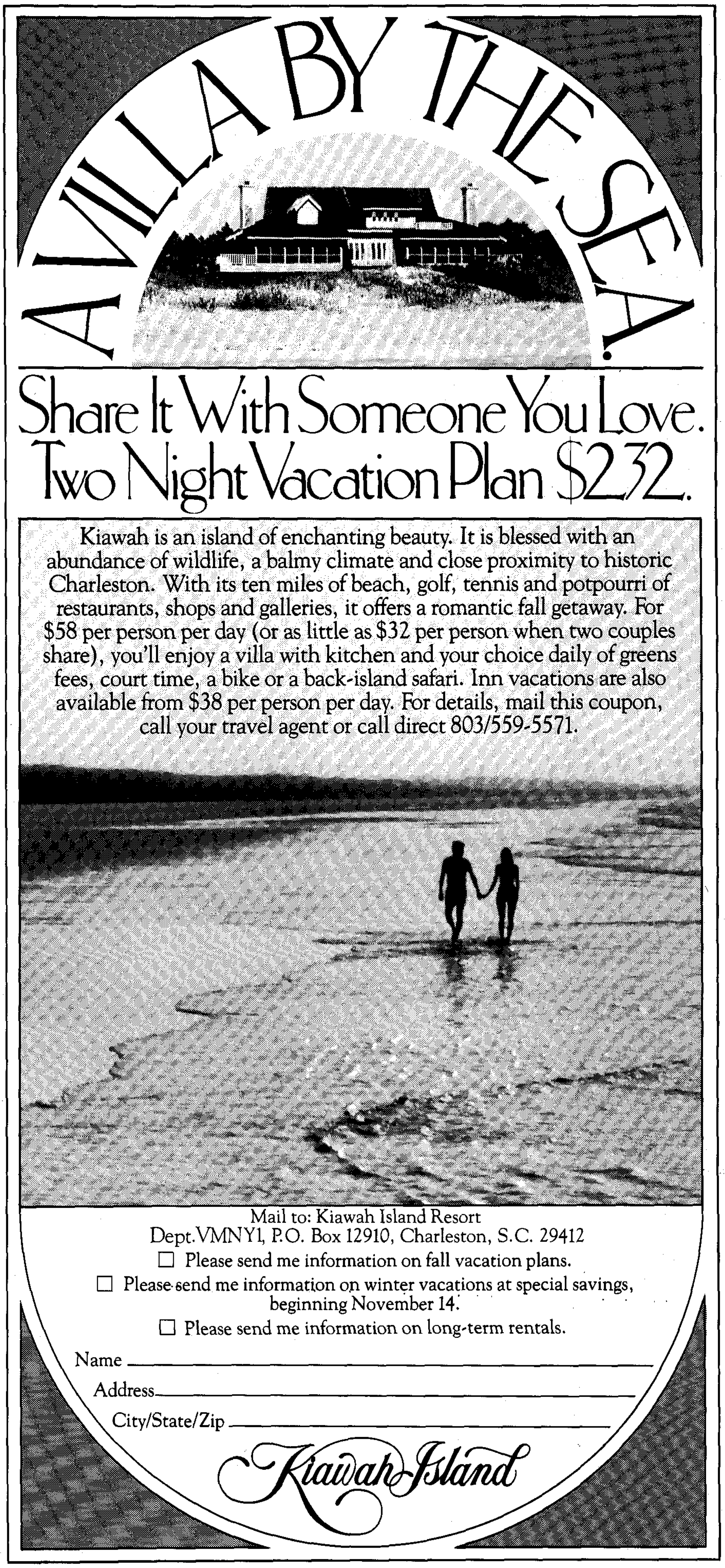
"The New York office leads the country in the number of bank robberies it handles," he said, "and there's good reason to think that the local police, or the Nassau County police, could handle them if we stepped out of the picture."

And as for a restructuring of the office itself, Welch says he's confident that the system in Philadelphia was good for Philadelphia, but isn't committed to imposing it on New York.

"I'm not going to go up there and change everything just to change things; I'm not going to be George Allen [the football coach] and lay a system on them that's totally strange.

"There are a lot of hardworking kids up there, and they're not a part of the bureau's past—they're its future. If there's a new system in New York, it will be one that we'll develop together.

"The cases are there, and good cases can be pretty big compensation for the taxes and the high cost of living and the other things. If the work is drudgery, you've got a morale problem. But I've found that if agents are working hard and are given good cases, the morale will take care of itself." ▬



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"... There is always one young girl in every sixth-grade class whose glands have worked their magic earlier than others' ..."

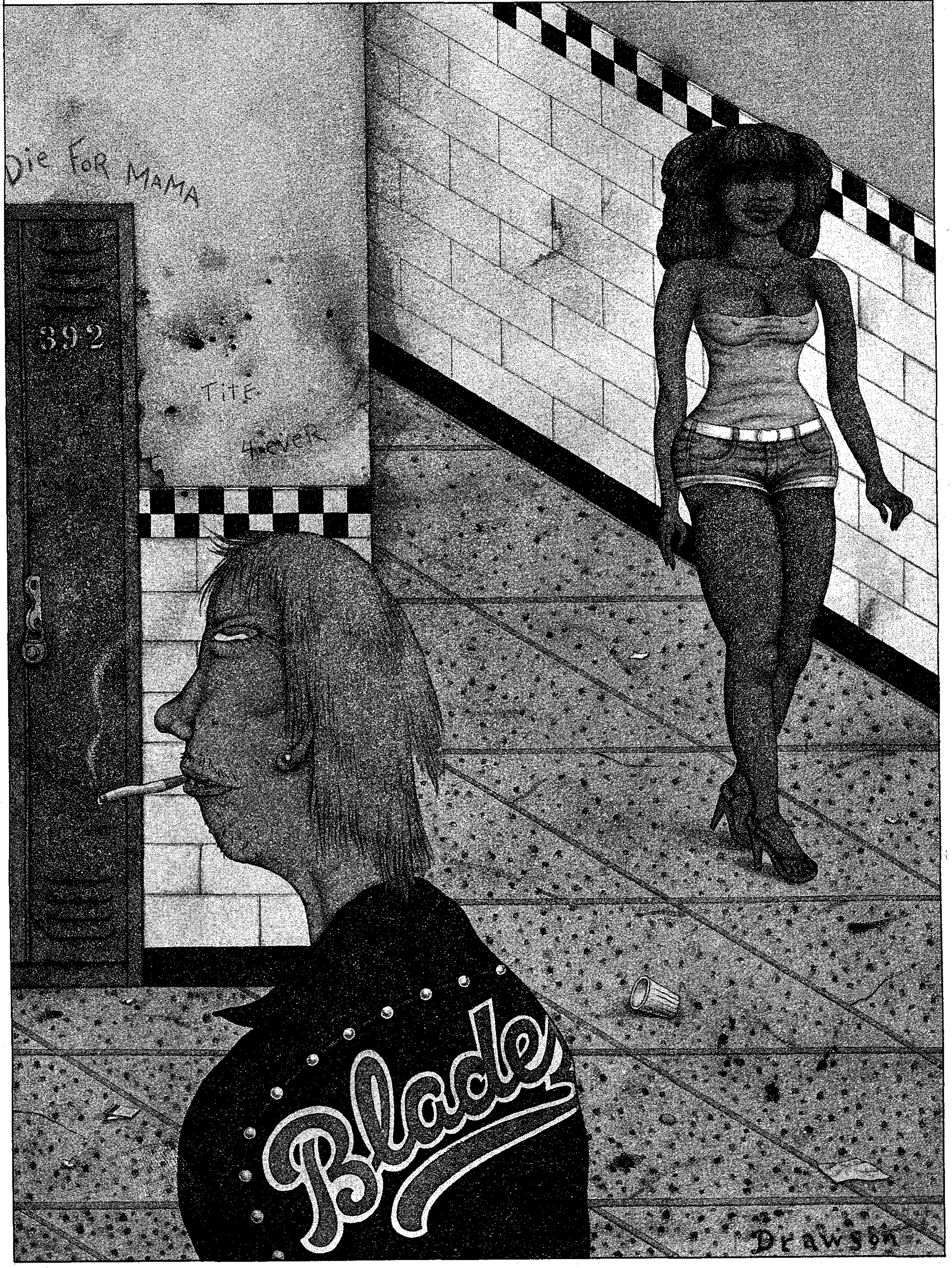
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Illustration by Blair Drawson

Reading and Writing And Puberty

By Roland W. Betts

New York schools have been typecast as such utter failures that they are full of both suspicion and guilt. Teachers are skeptical of parents, students, administrators, and fellow teachers. Parents distrust anyone connected with the schools. Paraprofessionals, as teacher-parents caught in a squeeze between two different worlds, view even themselves with suspicion. Reactions like these are characteristic of any failing institution.

Suspicion, anxiety, and frustration run highest in the secondary schools, which bear the brunt of the most taxing pressures in the system. The hell-raisers who slipped unnoticed through elementary school and who in all likelihood will drop out of high school are in secondary school every day—raising hell. The teachers blame one another for their own lack of success. Administrators absorb mountains of abuse from the public, the parents, and the press. Parents are roundly criticized for the clothes and attitudes their children bring to school, the homes they provide, their morality or lack of it, and the lives they lead.

The one villain that usually escapes unnoticed is puberty. Almost every child enters the intermediate school in a pre-pubic state and leaves, at least physically, as a young man or woman. Although schools cannot reasonably take much credit for these bodily changes, they can certainly blame the children's shortcomings on the stresses that puberty brings to bear. Puberty to twelve-year-olds is synonymous with sex and sexual awareness and begins with the discovery of what one little girl described as "my first public hairs."

Puberty unnerves junior high school students. It excites passions in them that they never anticipated and have no conception of how to deal with. It quadruples the number of fights young boys and young girls find themselves embroiled in. There is always one young girl in every sixth-grade class (you remember the one in *your* class) whose glands have worked their magic earlier than those of the rest, and who sits unnaturally among a class of small children with a chest fantastic enough to stop traffic on Fifth Avenue. Some such well-endowed twelve-year-olds struggle vainly to hide themselves, wearing bulky wool sweaters throughout the summer and refusing to remove their overcoats in winter. Others flaunt their progress before their teachers and peers: "How come you ain't got none if you're supposed to be so bad?" In either case they are a constant source of distraction to every child in the class.

Boys are generally confronted with an evaluation of their sexuality in only two locations in the secondary school: the locker room and the boys' bathroom. Many of the more immature twelve- and thirteen-year-olds cut gym class weekly to avoid the embarrassment of the inevitable "short arm" inspection and the banter that goes on in the showers ("Hey, Willie *still* ain't got no dick!"). Mothers come to school and complain hysterically to the gym teachers that they have bought their sons four sets of gym clothes during the year and on each occasion their child has reported them stolen. Her son probably placed his uniforms in the Lost and Found himself.

In the other private haven for little boys, the bathroom, the play turns more serious. The bathroom becomes the arena for those fortunate enough to mature young. In such cases, masturbation is the order of the day, often spiced with competition between as many as ten contestants ("round pounds") and as many spectators as can possibly squeeze into the available space. Time is of the essence as passage between classes is brief. Most of these events are scheduled hours, sometimes days, in advance and begin promptly at the end of sixth or seventh period. As many as 50 boys race to the bathroom and scramble for ringside seats. The winners of such competitions are quickly circulated about the school on the grapevine as the masses pour out of the bathroom and scurry to their next class. The winner's identity is anything but a secret to the girls, who congratulate the newly crowned king.

"Did you hear that Ernie beat everybody this afternoon. Again!"

"O-O-O-O-O s--t!"

Puberty creates considerable problems in classroom management. The pairings of who is "going with" whom are constantly being shuffled and reshuffled even within the space of a single class period. A little girl who said on a Tuesday, "I can't stand that ugly little toad—he makes me sick," found herself "going with him" on Thursday. Honor and its defense become critical issues in every seventh-grade class. Arguments that erupt into full-scale battles are sparked by ardent lovers' quarrels. In the custody of the assistant principal, who adjudicates these conflicts, one combatant, Melvin, pleads his own case:

"See, here's how it all started. I go with this girl named Natalie, you know her. [Who could help but know her? She was the one whom puberty had struck first.] Anyway, everybody says she's too big for me. But I like 'em big. Anyway, Jeffrey [the other pugilist] started talkin' some mess about how I would suffocate if I was slow-draggin' with Natalie and I got my head stuck between her titties [Natalie is at least a foot taller than Melvin and probably

---

This article is excerpted from the book Acting Out: Coping With Big City Schools, *to be published this month.*

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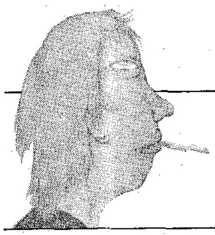

"...Virginity is a controversial topic in junior high school..."

50 pounds heavier], so I told him to take it back. He didn't say nothin', so we went to war."

Most assistant principals in the intermediate schools have to listen to variations on the same theme several times a day.

Teachers frustrated with the failure of their students ever to do homework or take a word of notes on whatever is being discussed in class usually pick up dozens of love notes from the floor in the course of a week. Although the spelling usually reflects the inadequacy of the job the school has performed, the messages convey deep affection and the confusion of puberty. One archetypal example skimmed from the floor of a sixth-grade class will serve:

> Dear Cheryl,
>
> I love yo. I really love yo. I want to go with yo. I love yo very much. Will yo go with me. I love yo all the time. I love yo. I love yo.
>
> Give me some pussy after class.
>
> Love,
> Robert

Virginity becomes a highly controversial topic during the junior high school years and the occasion of more than a handful of girl-versus-girl fisticuffs. What is at stake is a young lady's honor, although the connotations of that word vary from school to school. In the quieter, more traditional, "better" schools in the city, a fourteen-year-old girl is ostracized if she loses her virginity ("She ain't nothin' but an old hoe"), whereas in schools at the opposite end of the spectrum ostracism is reserved for those who still cling to their virginity. One confused young lady, caught in a semantic trap, cursed at her adversary in the midst of a knockdown, drag-out, hair-pulling, clothes-tearing, shin-kicking fight, "I ain't no fuckin' virgin!"

Pregnancy becomes a matter of concern for intermediate-school girls. Again the connotation the condition carries differs from school to school and from neighborhood to neighborhood. A bulging belly can mean anything from sheer disgrace to immense pride depending upon what street corner you happen to find yourself on. (No wonder New York children don't understand *The Scarlet Letter* anymore.) One eighth-grade girl, newly elected to the presidency of her school, proclaimed during her inaugural address that she was already formulating plans for a second election, to be held in January, as she would be leaving at that time to have her "first child."

Another pregnant girl, who spent the first seven years of her school life instigating fights, began instigating pregnancies. Using her two older brothers as studs, she threatened "friends" with bodily harm if they, too, didn't become pregnant. The threat was unnecessary, however, as most of the girls regarded a baby as a symbol of womanhood and were more than willing to listen to her encouragement. Before the guidance counselors grew wise to this young lady's ploy and removed her from the school, four girls were on their way to becoming young mothers. In junior high schools the most difficult aspect of sex for the uninitiated is the openness with which most supposedly private phenomena are approached. Acts of affection usually reserved for the living-room couch, a bedroom, or at least the backseat of a Rambler are now performed routinely in crowded school corridors. An assistant principal of one New York junior high school came upon a huge third-floor crowd he assumed to be viewing a fight. He plunged headlong into its midst, hurling protesting bodies left and right, to reach its epicenter, raising cries of foul as he went. Once in the eye of the storm he found no fight at all, but instead two fully clothed couples feverishly "dry-humping" on the hallway floor. He tapped each, opening the eyes locked shut in passion, and indicated that the party was over. All four participants arose sweating and disheveled, mumbling, "Aw, come on, man" and "You ain't right" to the assistant principal, and acknowledging the raucous approval of the crowd.

Humping, bumping, grinding, and slow-dragging are the fare at junior high school dances. Administrators dread these occasions and use every imaginable excuse to avoid sponsoring them, knowing that they will be forced to concede at least one dance to salvage some peace and tranquillity in the building. Once it is established that a Christmas dance is to be held, every teacher and administrator utilizes the threat of cancellation or individual exclusion to maintain order. A lively dance is an occasion replete with all the pomp and excitement of a Broadway opening or the seventh game of the World Series. The anticipation that builds as the weeks count down to days and the days to hours ultimately destroys the loftier

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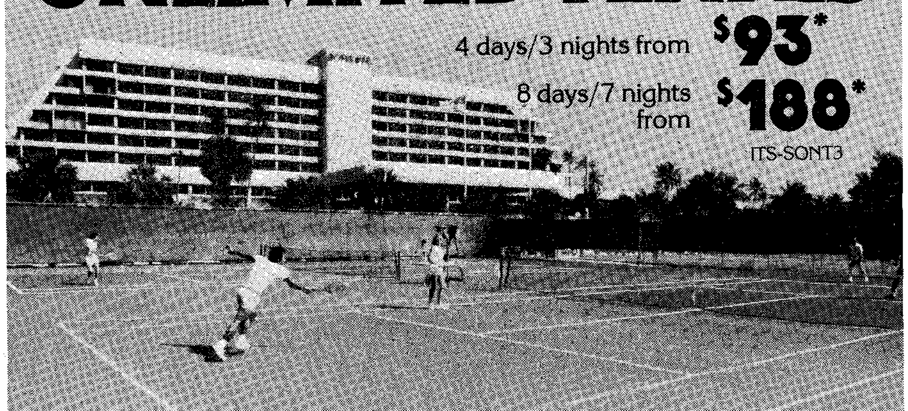

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purposes of the city's schools. Good dances become good theater. The school momentarily legitimizes sex. This is to be puberty's finest hour.

Principals beg teachers, parents, any adults, to attend. They assemble forces of volunteer police to man the exits in an effort to keep strangers, usually older boys, from infiltrating. Dances are never without firecrackers, wine bottles bootlegged into the boys' and girls' bathrooms, and a slight scent of marijuana, whose origin can never seem to be located (probably just breath). Teachers on assignment as chaperones, often compensated for their generosity, arrive straight-faced, ready to wage war. Other teachers, the younger, first-year contingent, arrive sky-high and come to dance and carry on, to "party!" with the sixth- and seventh-graders they teach. Shy, unassuming little girls paired with equally shy little boys appear to be trying to move their bodies *through* each other. The flamboyance of the Bump, the Loose Booty, the Robot, and the Hustle gives way to a euphoric pulsation that exhausts twelve-year-olds of both sexes. It is no longer only the promiscuous who engage in it, but all children. They clench their teeth in ecstasy, agony, bear-hugging their partners, veins raised on the backs of their hands, arching their backs grotesquely, and grinding their hips with every ounce of energy they can generate. On one occasion a mother and her new boyfriend, both of whom had come to the dance to chaperone her young daughter, had to be forcibly separated in the dark corner of the gym ("Throw cold water on them," suggested the principal) by two strong teachers who reminded them that the dance was given for the students. Principals stand by the record player (or band, depending upon the budget) throughout the evening, pleading their case for fast records because they know that their telephones will be jumping off the hook in the morning if the music slows.

All this burgeoning sexuality can become a problem for the adult population of the school world as well as the children. Many prospective teachers avoid high schools as an endangering temptation; others select high schools for the same reason. Morality and the degree of allowed promiscuity exercised on both sides of the fence have undergone drastic transformation in the current laws of "what goes" in public schools. In 1974, an article in a suburban–New Jersey newspaper alleged that there were twenty student-teacher couples in one high school and that the practice of dating one's teacher was widespread. (The reaction of a secretary in that school to the article was "Oh yeah? I can only think of eighteen.") The prac-

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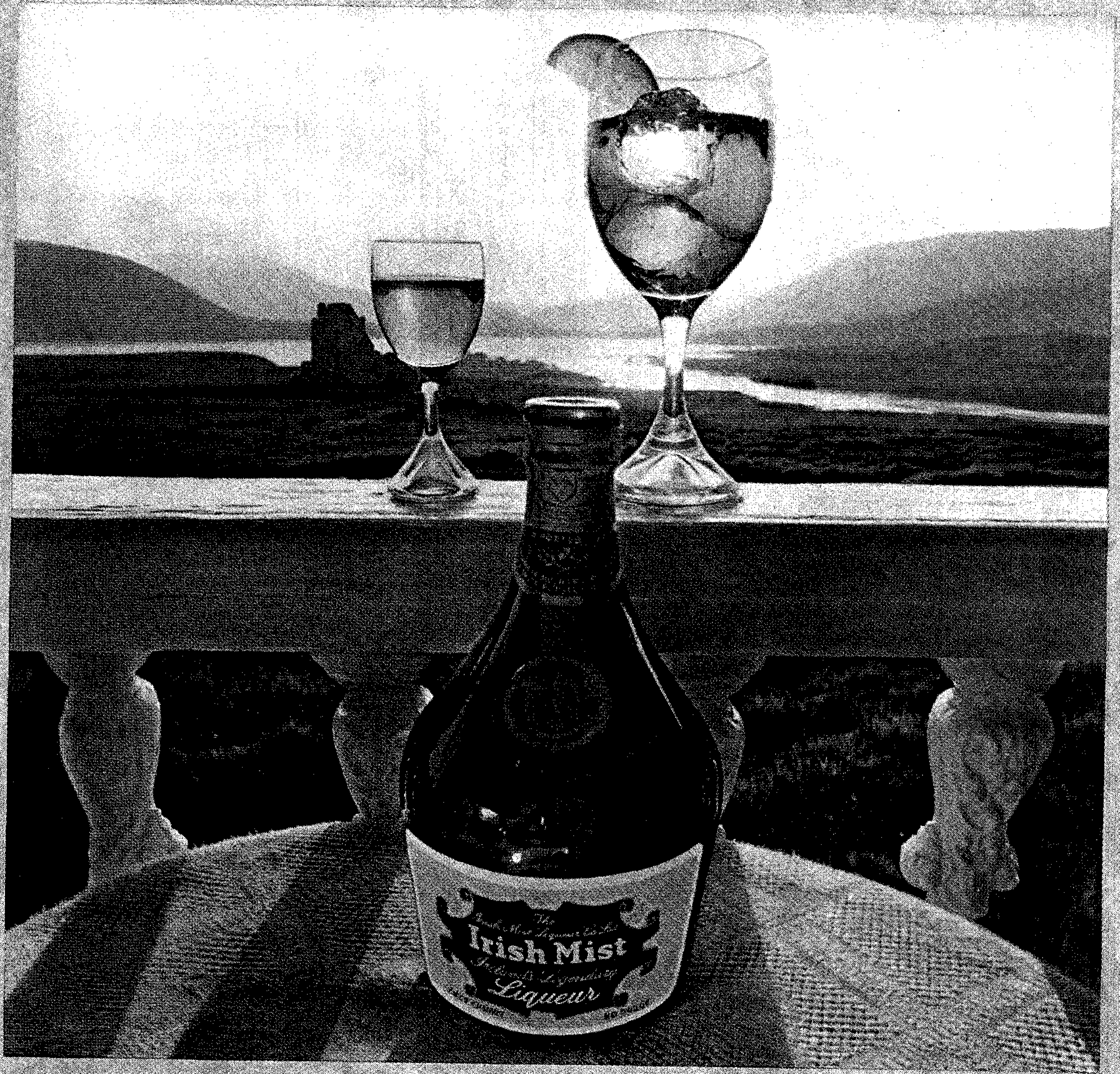

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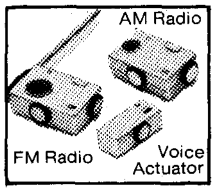

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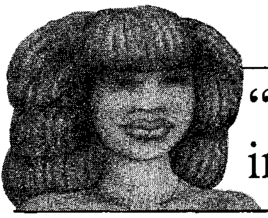


> "...PTA parents are caught up in the Peyton Place web..."

tice is hardly unique to New Jersey.

A teacher who had taught for fourteen years on the Lower East Side and later became a teacher trainer warned his protégés of the temptations that would beset them as teachers of ninth-grade students. He offered a lengthy personal saga of a sixteen-year-old Chinese girl who had tantalized him for the better part of a year, writing him suggestive notes, mailing him declarative letters, even calling at his apartment late in the evening. He told of the many defenses he had employed in warding her off and suggested several that his tutees might follow in the event they were plagued by a similar situation.

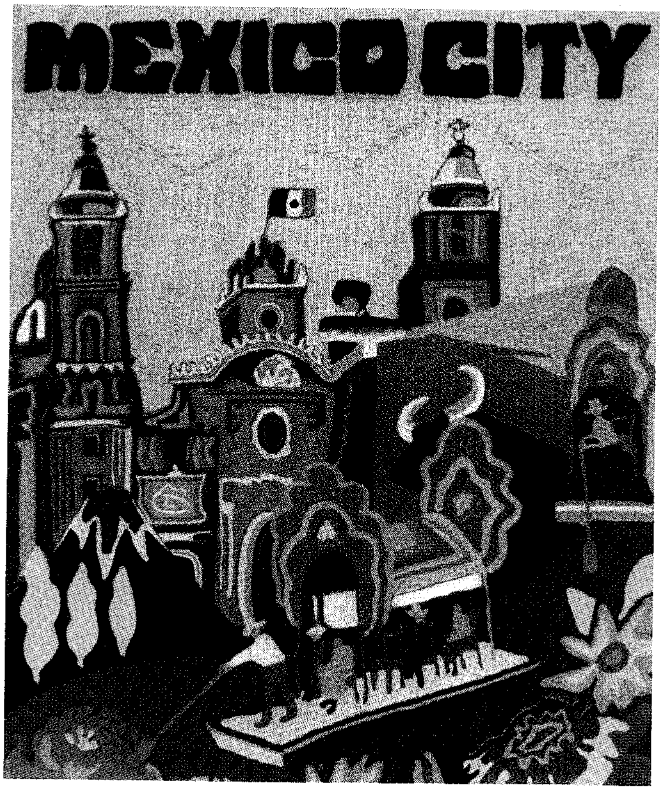
He paused reflectively as he completed his tale and launched into a different area of discussion. One inquisitive trainee interrupted him to ask if there had been a denouement—had he eventually stopped speaking to her or informed her parents of her fixation? "Yes," he confessed, "there was a denouement. In June, when I thought I could stand it no more, I took her back to my apartment right after school and gave in."

Lust and licentiousness don't end in the administrative circles; there they reach their greatest heights. In one junior high school, a newly crowned assistant principal was warned by his teaching colleagues to be careful "down there," a reference to the administrative team of guidance counselors, assistant principals, and the principal himself, who held the collective responsibility for running the school. He assumed that the warning referred to cutthroat political maneuverings in the inner circle that were best avoided. How wrong he was! There were cutthroat maneuverings all right, but they were hardly political. In a system where there is little loose money up for grabs, the spoils proved to be more pleasurable. Although most of the fifteen "educators" were then married (and all had been married at one time or another), the number of sexual unions that were created and liquidated was mind-boggling. Every morning the participants seemed to enter the building in new and different pairings, arriving from different directions. Telephone numbers changed weekly. As the principal told his young accomplice, "You'll get more pussy in this job than you can shake a stick at."

He was no idle jester. He had slept with virtually every eligible female on his staff and made no attempt to hide it from anyone but his wife and kids. His favorite ploy was to appoint the best-looking rookie to be in charge of the Book Room each September. This meant that only he and she had the keys to this windowless but spacious nook that was graced by a well-worn couch. He would then offer a series of playful amorous advances before cornering his prey in the confines of the Book Room. A curious paraprofessional, wise to his capers, nonchalantly borrowed the Book Room key from one such designee one year and had duplicates made, which she distributed to her gossip-hungry friends. Noting when the principal disappeared into the Book Room one morning during third period, she marked off ten minutes by the clock and then followed him in. Both he and the rookie were stripped to the waist on the couch, lights on, breathing asthmatically, and glistening with sweat. "Oh my! Excuse me!" the parapro interrupted, feigning great embarrassment. "I was looking for the *Bank Street Readers.*"

PTA parents who have the time and the willingness to be involved often find themselves caught up in the Peyton Place web that prevails in many city schools. One outstanding teacher, exploited by her principal for her accomplishments with difficult children, found herself unceremoniously transferred to another school after a protracted in-school affair with the president of the PTA.

The most bizarre episode that I have been able to unearth involved a gentleman whose rise and fall proved to be as meteoric as that of Spiro Agnew. In 1973 he was a substitute teacher who worked in a single Brooklyn elementary school, where he soon found himself sleeping with the PTA president. In early 1974 she was elected to the community school board. Three months later he became the interim superintendent of the district at an annual salary of $37,500. Within the next four months, he made amorous overtures to his deputy superintendent, which she willingly accepted. When his double-dealing was discovered by his first lover, she called an emergency meeting of the board and had his contract terminated overnight. The New York *Post* ran a brief account of the transfer of power the following afternoon, citing his insubordination in refusing to fire his deputy superintendent as the board's reason for his sudden dismissal. ■



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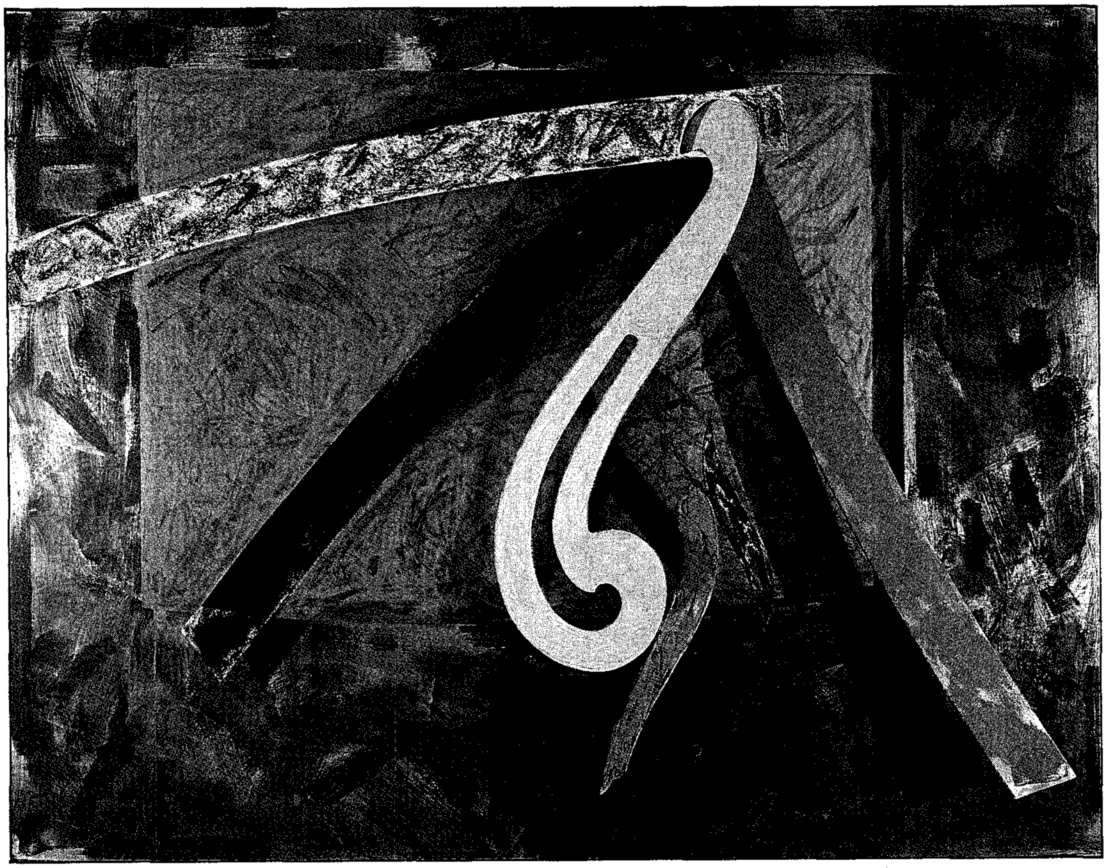
BIRDS ON THE WING AGAIN

". . . Frank Stella's latest show is another major exhibition by a major New York artist which New Yorkers won't get to see . . ."



Rara avis: *Frank Stella's* New Caledonian Lorikeet, 1976 *from his recent "Exotic Birds" series.*

Some artists manage to stay great without changing. The late Mark Rothko would be one of these. Once his art had reached maturity, he was content merely to elaborate it. His last works are perfectly deducible from those of a decade and more before.

Then there are the others, for whom "changing styles is nothing other than staying alive," as Philip Leider remarks in his catalog essay for the traveling show of **Frank Stella**'s latest work, which I caught recently before its closing at the Newport Harbor Museum in Newport Beach, California. It originated this spring at the Fort Worth Art Museum, under the curatorship of Anne Livet; it reopens in November in Montreal. Further stops are Vancouver; Washington, D.C.; Jackson, Mississippi; Denver; Minneapolis; and Des Moines.

Here again is a major exhibition by a major New York artist which New Yorkers won't get to see. And why? Because, as a museum spokesperson at Fort Worth put it succinctly, "No New York museum cared to pick up the option." And the reason none did undoubtedly has less to do with Stella's reputation than with the fact that the show originated elsewhere. New York's museums don't much fancy playing second fiddle to someplace like Fort Worth.

If Stella is, as Robert Rosenblum has suggested in his monograph on him, "the finest painter of his generation anywhere in the world," and even if he isn't, this strange and beautiful show deserves to be seen here, if only because of the startling developments in Stella's painting of the last few years. Some work from this period has been shown here, of course, but hardly on this scale. Twenty-six pieces, many of them enormous, are taken from the three major series that have occupied him since 1970: the "Polish" series, the "Brazilian" series, and the "Exotic Birds" series. (These categories refer to the titles of individual works within the series.)

Stella, as I was starting to say, is one of those artists for whom change is an essential ingredient, with the need for it built into the core of the work, and the changes each time are, in the context of the restrictions he has imposed on himself, almost shocking, alienating old fans and disconcerting those who have recently come to terms with him.

In view of the fact that changing his style does mean staying alive, he has perhaps been overpraised for his "heroic" rocking of his own boat every few years. It should be remembered, however, that as one of the

Photo: M. Knoedler & Co.

world's most successful and expensive painters, he has undoubtedly often been under pressure, overt or implicit, to keep turning out the same line of goods. Dealers and collectors get very edgy when artists behave in unexpected ways. In the sixties, artists' contracts often carried a clause requiring them to continue producing work in the same style, a stricture akin to killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, and one which did have disastrous results in some cases. Stella's heroism may have been just a way of growing, but such growth isn't encouraged by the art world once an artist has become successful.

Stella's first appearance on the scene was rather that of a specter at a feast, though the guests at this particular party had already begun consulting their watches. It was 1959, and the Abstract Expressionist movement was losing momentum. Alternatives were being explored, and, the year before, Jasper Johns's first show at the Castelli Gallery had been a spectacular success whose effects would be far-reaching. (Stella had seen it while still a student at Princeton, and the symmetrical emblems—targets and flags—proposed by Johns undoubtedly confirmed him in a path he had already chosen.)

Stella's black paintings, striated by parallel white lines of the unpainted canvas background, were included in the Museum of Modern Art's "Sixteen Americans" show in December 1959 and immediately became controversial. Critic William Rubin was "almost mesmerized by their eerie, magical presence"; others reacted negatively. It is difficult now to understand why a public which had accepted such extreme statements as Pollock's drip paintings and Newman's vertical lines would gag on Stella's "pinstripes," as they were immediately dubbed, but the consensus among the older generation was that they were cold, negative, anti-painterly—a threat, in short.

Actually, as Rosenblum points out, these works were almost sensuous compared to the austerity that was to come—the metal paint and monochrome color canvases of the early sixties. Since then, however, Stella has been steadily turning up the heat. Chromaticism was gradually introduced, until by the mid-sixties it had become lush and riotous, and Stella, who has said that you can't do anything wrong with color, became one of the most remarkable colorists of this or any age. Next, straight lines began co-existing with curves in the "Protractor" series of 1967, and the interlacing semicircles seemed to hint at illusionistic space, which had been rigorously banned from them up until then.

The Polish series of 1970–73, examples of which are in the traveling show, take their names from eighteenth-century wooden synagogues which were destroyed in Poland and Russia in World War II; Stella had seen photographs of them in a book. As usual, the relationship between the titles and the works is tenuous but not entirely negligible. Leider notes that Stella sees in the carpentry of the buildings "something of the 'interlockingness' that is so prominent a feature of these works." They are complex dovetailings of wooden planes painted cool, "reserved" colors which react together with incredible subtlety. They have something of the look of Dutch "Die Stijl" furniture and of Russian constructivism, though of an anti-functional kind.

The Brazilian series, whose titles come from neighborhoods in Rio de Janeiro, are in a similar spirit though the elements are steel and aluminum plates rather than wood. They were assembled in a factory from Stella's maquettes, and the metal treated so it could take the enamel paint. The concatenations of color are as astonishing as ever, and now Stella uses scribbling or "scumbling" techniques which could be a kind of impudent homage to Abstract Expressionism, and which lead into the inspired cacophony of the "Exotic Birds."

Here all is shrill color and surging or collapsing shapes, with curves from a draftsman's repertory stuck wildly here and there like ostrich plumes in a hat. Indeed, one admiring but invidious young painter has compared these works to Yves Saint Laurent's "peasant chic," and it's true that Stella's piled-on excesses produce something of the euphoria of a Paris fashion opening.

Again, these are metal constructions, whose planes are tipped, tilted, advancing, and receding in ways that baffle and elude the eye. The enamel colors are streaked and sloppy, and ground glass has been glued to the surfaces in places to add a further note of rock-star glitter.

The pictures look messy, but they aren't: They are about messiness, but they treat of it in the same wry, lucid manner that has always been Stella's. For me, they are among the great works of art of our time, and the most amazing yet from the hand of this artist whose urge has always been, in the words of the song, to "take it to the limit one more time." ■

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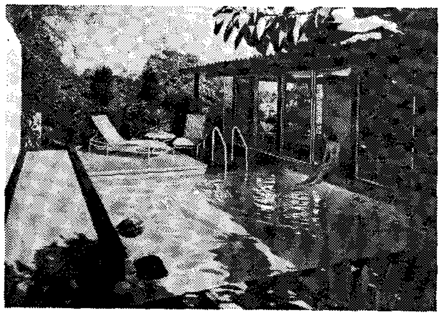

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Movies/David Denby

FLIMFLAM FEMME

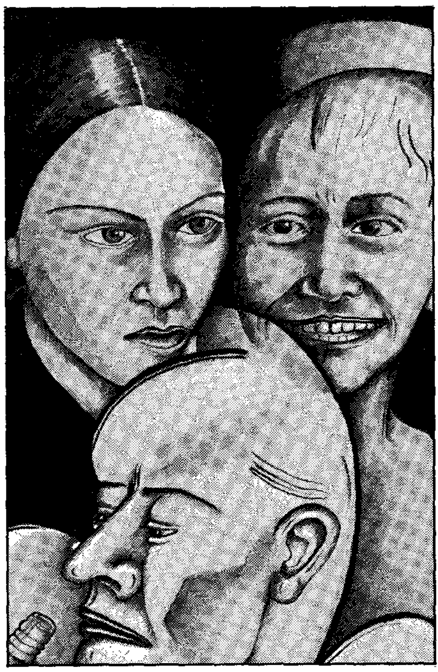
"... Although *Women* is formed out of feminist consciousness, it's one of the least doctrinaire films about women in years ..."

Five or six years ago there was something called "the black cinema." Do you remember it? Dozens of movies, lots of box office, new actors, actresses, and directors, black "themes," black "experience," and so on. In retrospect it doesn't seem to have amounted to much except a temporary mood of black chauvinism and get-whitey bitterness and a very clever Hollywood exploitation of an audience hungry for movies. I don't think that more than two or three major actors, or a single major director or writer, came out of that whole scene—for the simple reasons that few people of talent got into it, and most of those who did get in weren't allowed to do their best.

The only reason I make myself unpleasant by bringing this up is that I'm beginning to fear that women's cinema and women directors could suffer the same quick disappearance. The insistent publicity, the long interviews with any woman who does anything in movies (even when she does it badly), the women's film festivals, the false claims and disappointed hopes—all of this is ominously familiar.

The publicity has come too hard and fast. The good movies simply aren't there yet—as anyone knows who has seen such recent films as Elaine May's *Mikey and Nicky,* Jeanne Moreau's *Lumière,* Agnes Varda's *One Sings, the Other Doesn't,* Lina Wertmüller's *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain,* Joan Micklin Silver's *Between the Lines,* Joan Darling's *First Love,* Nelly Kaplan's *Nea,* and Claudia Weill's *Girl Friends.* I could easily name eight films by men even worse than these, so it would be stupid to make any generalizations about women's abilities. Nor would I write off any of these directors. Some have made good movies in the past; some could come up with promising ideas for future movies. The others —who knows?

I lump the movies together only because propagandists for "women's movies" and entertainment editors eager for trends and breakthroughs have created a climate of extravagant expectation that is very dangerous. Hype often sets up resistance in its wake. When women's films turn out badly, critics get harsh, even vindictive, and audiences feel let down or ripped off. If the movies also lose money, then the studio bosses, independent producers, and agents who supported the movies feel that they've discharged their obligation to women and that they can go back to hiring hack male directors and writers. And so the women's cinema could quickly go up in a puff of smoke. Similar things have happened before.



When a culturally and politically insurgent group, riding a wave of publicity, comes bursting into filmmaking, the moneymen may be guilty or opportunistic enough to shake loose some cash, but they usually give it to the wrong people. They give it to the hustlers and glib opportunists, the people who can't hear the riding-the-moment shallowness in their own ideas. Meanwhile, the artists, who are often diffident or proud or simply frightened, hang back from the action and rarely get their hands on the money. Of course it's difficult for artists to get their hands on feature-film money at any time, and sooner or later they learn to hustle a bit, too. Not all hustlers are artists, but most artists—if they want to work in movies—must develop a little hustle. This is the eternal law of immodesty that breaks the hearts of so many quietly self-effacing people with dreams of directing or writing movies.

So who can tell the talented people apart from the merely self-assured? A few producers and production people can tell, and, of course, once the movies are made critics and audiences see the truth clearly enough. Admittedly we moviegoers are in a luxurious position: We can wait. For whatever it's worth, my advice to publicists and editors is that they also wait—wait for the movies to be good, really good, and stop making a fuss over every woman who writes a screenplay or directs a movie. In the long run you may be doing those women a favor. So many of the euphoric articles now published turn out to be look-she-can-do-it pats on the head—condescension disguised as praise.

These dour remarks are all by way of introduction to a new movie directed by a woman, Márta Mészáros's **Women,** which is opening September 10 at the Cinema Studio without any hype at all. As it turns out, *Women,* which was shown at last year's New York Film Festival, is a damn good film.

The 47-year-old Mészáros has completed seven movies since she took up feature-filmmaking in 1968 (before that she made documentaries). In Hungary, as in other Eastern European countries, film projects are approved or vetoed by government bureaucrats. The state pays for all filmmaking, a terrible system whose only advantage is that serious and possibly non-commercial directors like Mészáros are sometimes allowed to work steadily (provided they stay away from politically sensitive subjects). The extent of Mészáros's experience shows in the absolutely decisive way she uses actors, going directly to the emotional heart of the scene and holding us there. This is plain, straightforward, yet completely absorbing filmmaking.

Like *Girl Friends, Women* is about

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a friendship between two people with little in common, but the movie is as tough-mnded and psychologically complex as *Girl Friends* is soft and schematically simple. The older of the two is the fortyish Mari, played with regal grace and power by the French film actress Marina Vlady. (She is of Russian ancestry, and her beautiful Slavic features pass for Hungarian easily enough.) Mari, married to a successful engineer and the mother of two grown children, is the manager of a state-sponsored hostel for women workers—a home for divorced, unemployed, or abandoned women. Competent and self-assured, Mari has seemingly arrived at a stable point in her life. Without much fuss she runs the hostel, repels attacks on her authority by a jealous woman subordinate, and hands out advice and aid to her charges.

Among the women in the hostel is Juli (Lili Monori), about 30, who has taken refuge from her alcoholic husband. Not always reliable or honest, Juli is a scrappy peasant woman with a pinched, hardened face, who has been pushed around too much and uses her recalcitrant intelligence to defeat anyone who tries to tell her what to do. She's a pain in the neck, but something fierce and uncontrollably alive in her personality appeals to the bourgeois Mari, and the two settle into a quarrelsome but loving friendship.

Mészáros has me completely convinced and moved by the way these women need each other's love more than anything else, yet she doesn't make the mistake (as Claudia Weill did in *Girl Friends)* of turning men into passive nonentities. Indeed, Juli's relationship with János (Jan Nowicki), her charming, frustrated, boozing husband—one of those engaging losers who always baffle your attempts to help—is so alive, emotionally and sexually, that it provokes Mari into examining her own marriage, which has been running in low gear for years. When she realizes the marriage is truly dead, she lunges here and there, finally heading toward János, her motives divided between simple benevolence and sexual curiosity, and as an inevitable result she gets badly burned.

Mészáros doesn't have much feeling for film imagery and texture; like a number of recent Eastern European films that have played here, *Women* is rather drab looking. Yet there's nothing drab in the movie's emotional integrity or its understanding of the characters' yearnings and needs. Although this is clearly a movie formed out of feminist consciousness, it's one of the least doctrinaire and complacent films about women in years. ■

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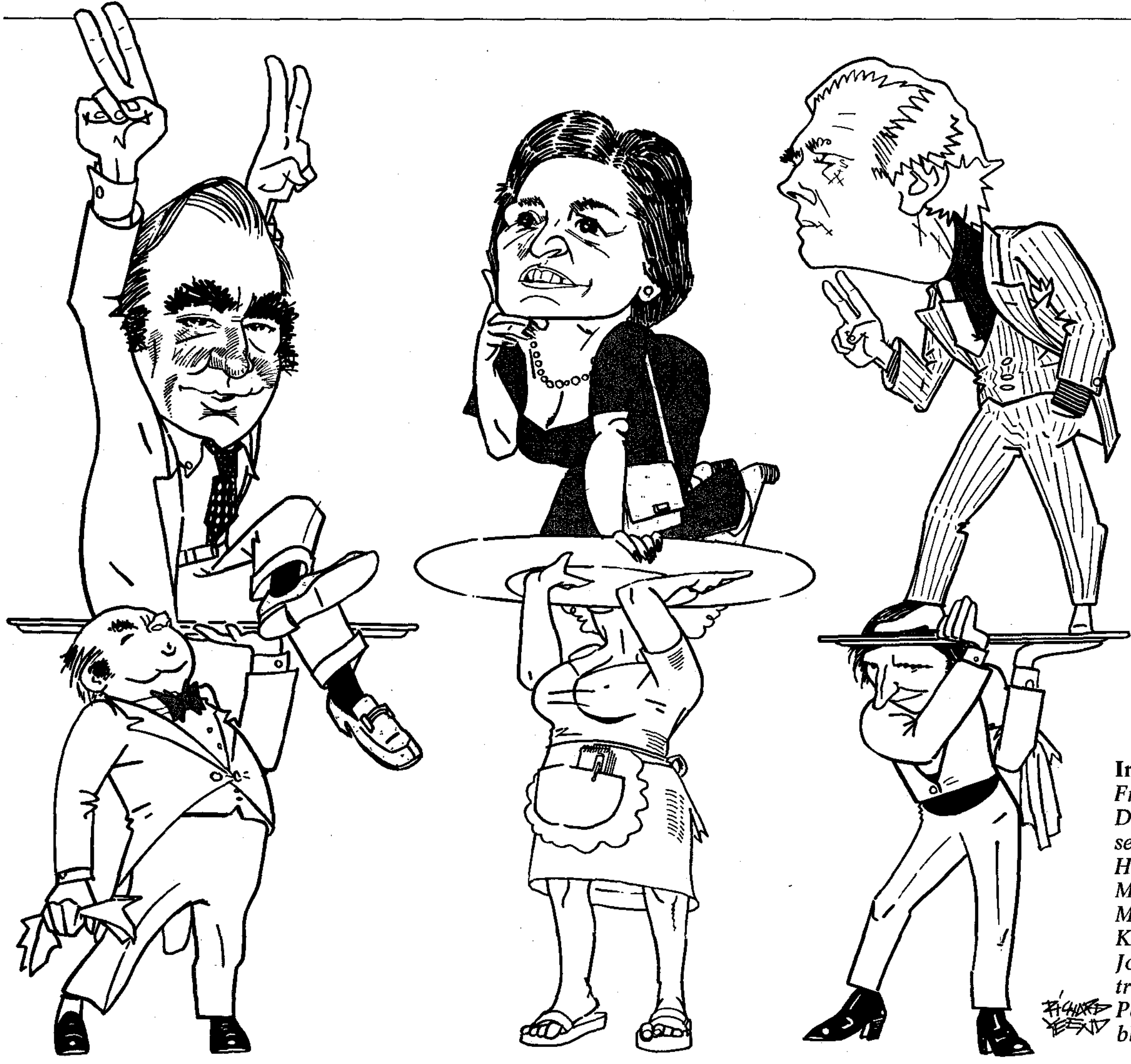
THE GOVERNOR'S RACE: GARTH (CAREY) VS. DEARDOURFF (DURYEA)

"...The battle for governor is now a choice between someone who needed a change of image and someone who needed one..."



Images à la carte: *From left to right, David Garth serves up Hugh Carey, Mary Bee delivers Mary Anne Krupsak, while John Deardourff tries to make Perry Duryea a blue-plate special.*

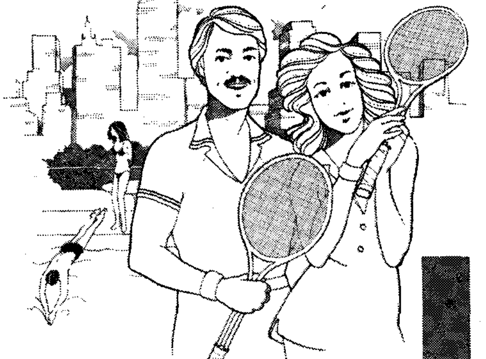
The choices for governor, it had seemed, were definable. Carey versus Duryea. Urban Democrat versus suburban Republican. City Irish versus country Wasp. The worn-thin grass of Prospect Park versus the sands of Montauk. Hughie with his PT-109 tiepin at P.J.'s with the pretty people versus Perry alone with his lobster traps, his boat, and his private plane. Take your pick.

But perceptions blur, and so through a dim prism what the race for governor of New York came to be is a choice between someone who needed a change of image and somebody who needed an image, period.

Enter the myth makers, both fresh from minor media miracles: Hugh Carey's handler, David Garth, who had succeeded less than a year ago in making Ed Koch palatable to enough New Yorkers so that now he is their mayor, and Perry Duryea's John Deardourff, who nearly won the presidency for Jerry Ford when he managed to portray him as a man on the street communicating with the least of us without a trace of discomfort. Both are among the most successful of the media-oriented consultants who dominate today's elective politics, and the battle for the Albany executive mansion has in some ways come down to a contest between them, rather than between the candidates they represent.

Garth we all know about: the aggressive, tough-mouthed, cigar-smoking, New York bantam whose successes with the likes of Koch, John Lindsay, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, former Ohio Governor John Gilligan, Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois, former Senator John Tunney of California, and Governor Brendan Byrne of New Jersey make him perhaps the most sought-after of his breed—despite the fact that he insists on being more than

Illustration by Richard Yeend



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"It's a rule around this organization," he says, "that all media appearances are coordinated. The candidate does not say anything at a press conference that he would not say in a one-to-one interview. And he must say the same things in the commercials we make with him. What he's talking about must be consistent at all times."

Garth has another peculiarity that politicians, after winning, often don't appreciate. He likes to stay inside of the winner's circle. "I want to have input," he says. "Never in an official capacity. No fee. Just input." He had it with Lindsay. For a while in 1974 he had it with Carey until Carey reportedly bridled over some of Garth's staff selections. Says Garth, "There was a disagreement with Carey. I won't say what it was over. Let's just say there was a problem about who was getting credit for the election."

"There are a few differences between David and me," says Deardourff, who at 45 appears a bit less frenetic than Garth, a bit slower-moving, a bit more deliberate in what he says. "We rarely try to play the role of power broker that David plays."

When he says "we" he means himself and his partner, Doug Bailey, who organized their political consulting firm, Bailey, Deardourff & Associates, Inc., in 1967, a few years after working together as researchers in Nelson Rockefeller's 1964 presidential campaign. Deardourff also was director of research for Lindsay in 1965—when he and Garth worked together—and ran Rockefeller's field organization in the gubernatorial election of 1966, and Bailey had been Henry Kissinger's assistant at Harvard.

Deardourff insists that he is as committed to political philosophy as is Garth. "We want to be involved in significant elections and in electing good people." These people have been Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island;

Senator Charles Percy of Illinois; Governors Jim Thompson of Illinois, Otis Bowen of Indiana, William Milliken of Michigan, James Rhodes of Ohio; and New York State Senator Roy Goodman in his race for mayor here last year.

Unlike Garth, who charges all his candidates a basic $15,000-a-month general retainer, Deardourff says, "We do not charge retainers. What we do is a complete plan for a candidate that includes a certain number of consulting days per month when we're at their disposal, plus the advertising package we plan. No other services."

Retainer or no, the two men appear to be thinking similar numbers when it comes to the New York gubernatorial race. His wanting to be governor will cost Perry Duryea about $4.5 million, of which $450,000 has already been spent, and Carey's budget is put at $4 million by Garth, 75 percent of which will be for television, which he calls a "bargain," because Carey's 1974 campaign cost $5.2 million. And what they get for that money is strategic advice, commercials on the airwaves, and a consultative hand to hold whenever the day looks darkest.

Unlike Garth, Deardourff does not always believe that only admen know best. So the Duryea campaign retained old pro Harry O'Donnell, a veteran of the Republican wars from as far back as Thomas E. Dewey. He is part of the effort because of a passion for polls, a talent for interpreting them, and because of the virtually universal respect he receives from the state's political reporters.

It was O'Donnell's polls that prompted Deardourff to make that long Duryea "recognition" commercial, with shots of the Suffolk Republican standing on his lobster boat, jogging through Montauk sand, and posing with his wife and son. But now that the recognition is there, it will soon be time, says Deardourff, to attack Carey, particularly his stand on the death penalty. "Carey is in a lot of trouble because of that and that moral stand of his—how long will that be effective? And that funeral a week he's been making—a little vulgar isn't it?"

Deardourff will continue to play quietly for a while, he said, perhaps throwing a few commercials on before primary day to remind the folks that Duryea's still around. But soon after the primary, the decision will be made as to how the campaign will go.

"We expect to poll after the primary," he says, "and if Carey's negatives are still so clearly defined we may not want to spend time and money

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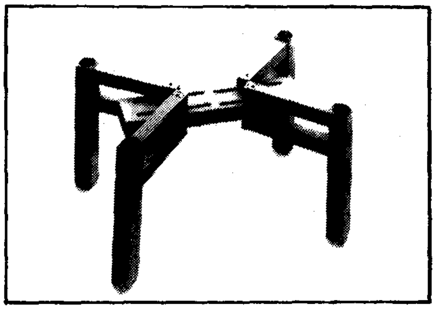

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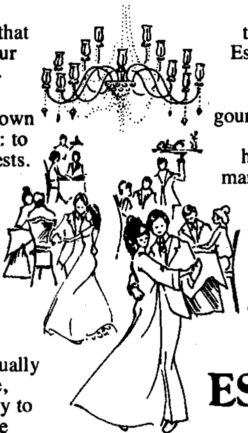

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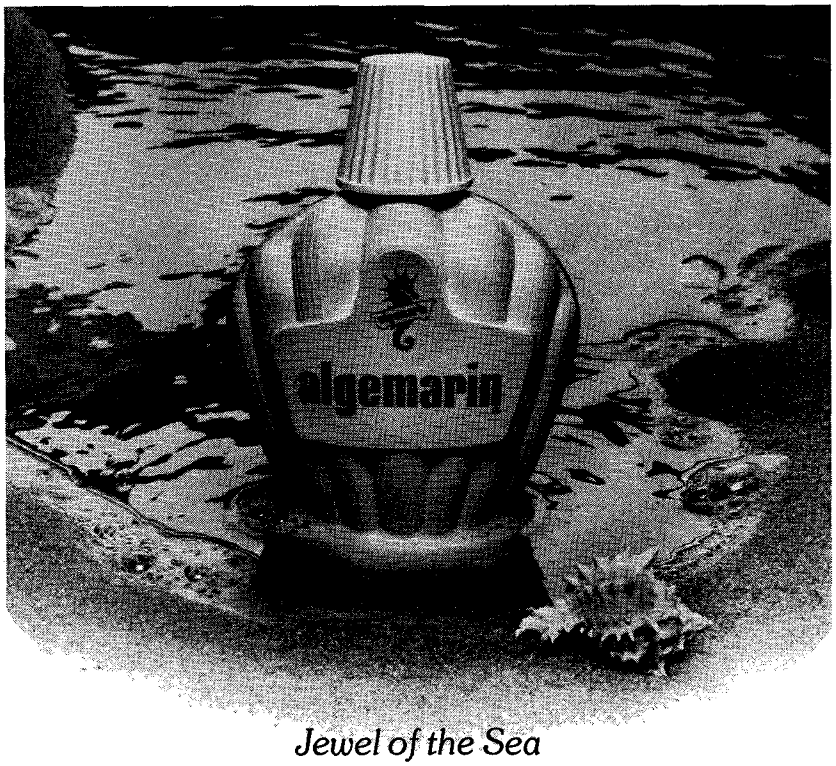

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MACY'S - NEW YORK

just to deepen those impressions." The campaign may instead, he said, be a "comparison of our very acceptable ticket with our opponent's. Here's a man who's not interested in the governorship, a moody guy, uneven, irascible one day and charming the next, a loner. Those flip-flops have alienated three quarters of the state's people.

"He's a bad governor and a bad politician. We're not going to let him get away with the Garth line."

Early on, the plan was to blame Carey for the state's economic decline and for not making the state economically competitive, to point out that he had done nothing to ease the tax burdens of the middle-income population and that his failure to support the death penalty somehow suggested that Carey was not tough enough on crime.

But this week, Duryea will be presented in a new series of ads designed to answer attacks leveled against the candidate by Garth. Yes, they will say, Duryea *did* support Rockefeller budgets, but the state was expanding. When the crunch came in 1971, he led the fight to cut it by $750 million. Yes, Perry opposed Big MAC but was not opposed to revenue sharing for New York City; and yes, folks, you're right, the Democrats *do* have an all–New York City ticket.

And what does Deardourff think of Garth's Carey-for-governor commercials? "They're stereotyped. Garth likes narration and all that copy at the bottom of the screen. I try to avoid stereotypical style."

For his part, Garth returns the compliment in kind. "Those Duryea commericals? They're soft, too soft. All imagery. There's no toughness in there at all."

Toughness, after all, is the 48-year-old Garth's byword, something which is reflected, at least to some degree, in virtually every campaign he handles.

Garth's first act for the Carey re-election effort was to hire John Burns as campaign manager. Burns, mayor of Binghamton for eight years, state Democratic chairman from 1965 to 1971, coordinator of Lindsay's national campaign for president, and late of the city's Board of Water Supply, has an encyclopedic knowledge of upstate politicians. Among other things, it is Burns's job to set up self-funded Carey Citizens' Committees in every county and to help arrange volunteer-worker squads from among the many unions supporting Carey.

Great attention is paid to the governor's schedule. In fact, a schedule committee consisting of Burns; Garth; Robert Morgado, secretary to the governor; Phil Friedman, a member of Garth's staff; and Donald Carey, the governor's 23-year-old son, meets several times each week. Care is taken to schedule the governor where something he can be linked to—assistance to the port of Rensselaer, Long Island Jewish Hospital, a Feast of Saint Rocco, the sidewalks of the Upper West Side, where mental patients have been, to Carey's horror, "dumped"—can be photographed by television cameras, *commercial* television. On Garth's orders, Carey makes one upstate and one downstate television stop virtually every day to take advantage of free television coverage.

New commercials, some of which have just begun to be shown, will show Carey back on the tube on his own behalf and talking, says Garth, "about anything. The death penalty? Abortions? If they are Achilles' heels, and there's some question about that, we will show Carey's decisions on them to be on the basis of character." The commercials, in Garth style, with black space across the bottom of the screen, with gobs of figures and information superimposed on the picture, will have Carey speaking of taxes and crime and economics. "We'll take the campaign to Perry. We'll create a record, and we'll be as aggressive as hell."

"The strategy was almost dictated for us. Get the message out, and early. What he was doing was going from crisis to crisis. He hasn't had time for the ceremonial appearances and that's why people call him remote and unavailable."

And Garth added, with a face that was still straight, "You know the reason Krupsak is a factor is because Carey created her. She made the appearances he was to make. That's not a criticism, by the way. *Somebody* had to go. So she went and got the positives and Carey got stuck with the negatives."

The solution to this, according to Garth, was to have an early spate of television commercials in which people such as Helen Hayes, Morris Abram, Howard Samuels, Alfred Del Bello, and Mario Cuomo came on screen and reminded us of Hugh Carey's good deeds. "My feeling," says Garth about the governor's media surrogates, "is if he came on the screen it wouldn't have the same credibility." So Del Bello praised cuts in welfare spending; Samuels talked about the governor as a good manager; Helen Hayes says that although she's a Republican she'll remember Hugh Carey on Election Day for all he's done for the state's hospital system; and Cuomo reminds us that though he's had disagreements with his

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-James Beard

"Couldn't have said it better myself."

-David K

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No 7
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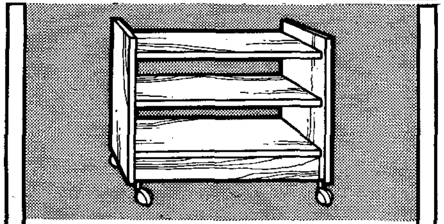
BIENAIME



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For a Relaxing...
JAPANESE HOT BATH, SAUNA, STEAM and MASSAGE by TRAINED JAPANESE MASSEUSES.
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boss he thinks he's been a good governor.

These commercials, Garth thinks, have done for Carey early on what similar commercials did for Koch—put Carey and his issues before the electorate. But they did more. They showed the viewers that Hugh Carey has famous friends who remember his accomplishments. Further note: Carey's campaign organization is not "The Committee to Re-elect . . ." or "Citizens for . . ." but Garth's creation, "Friends of Governor Carey."

Another shot in the arm, as Garth sees it, was Krupsak's defection. "If Carey wins," says Garth, "we owe her a vote of thanks. I wouldn't have gotten Carey to focus on the campaign before Labor Day otherwise. Instead, because of her, the fire alarm was rung. I figure we've picked up two months on Duryea, two months that we wouldn't otherwise have had."

But beyond building the positive imagery of Hugh Carey, Garth seems to be already making plans to accentuate the negative in the opposition. "One aspect of our campaign has to center on Bruce Caputo [Duryea's running mate for lieutenant governor]," he says. "Caputo has criticized Duryea a couple of times already. I mean, he's gone overboard . . . and I intend that Caputo be made to explain that reference he made when he was speaking upstate about 'peripheral areas like New York City.' "

But Deardourff is ready for such tactics and seems equally prepared to strike back if needed. He repeatedly mentions how Carey is quite "vulnerable" on the crime issue and that the Duryea camp will not let the governor "walk away from it if we can help it."

Yet it may all depend on how close the two candidates run in the polls. The closer they run, the nastier things should get.

"David sort of relishes a tough campaign. He likes the role of tough little bastard," Deardourff says. "Given Carey's temper and Garth's instinct for the jugular, you might see a rough campaign." ▬

Who Makes Mary Anne Run?

And if next week Mary Anne Krupsak happens to win?

"Unmentionable," says Garth. "No difference," says Deardourff. "The only change we'll make is to ask and ask why it took her so long to find out that Carey was inept."

Well, not many people expect the lieutenant governor to make it a close primary race. But Mary Bee is not one of them.

Bee is president of a Schenectady "marketing communications" agency called Madison North and is to Krupsak what Garth is to Carey, what Deardourff is to Duryea, only less so. She does not plan entire campaigns—she didn't in 1974, when she handled Krupsak's primary for lieutenant governor, and she won't now. "Mary Anne does her own planning. She's good at being her own spokeswoman. What our agency does is communicate the ideas of the candidate. My advice is where we should concentrate our media money [which Bee hopes will reach $300,000, but probably will not] and for what."

The Krupsak media campaign, which began last week, was heavily dependent upon radio. In different parts of the state, Bee rotated a generic pro-Krupsak message with regional commercials tailored for rural or urban areas. Both the radio spots and the television commercials, which began to be seen around the state and in New York City last week, revolve around two themes—her understanding of the state's problems and her willingness to be involved at a local level.

The commercials have Krupsak emphasizing that "you're right, taxes are too high" and "you're right, spending *can* be cut." She says repeatedly, "You know it," or "You see it," and the words superimposed across the screen—and spoken by an announcer in the radio spots—are "She has the experience and the courage to do what's right."

The Krupsak campaign was a bit of a turnaround for Bee. She had already begun working with Garth, coordinating some of her staff, when Krupsak pulled away from the Carey ticket. But Bee regrouped and began planning on her own. Her candidates are usually Democrats who are philosophically moderate. "I must feel comfortable with them," she says. "If I help them to get elected I want to be able to sleep nights. I want people to say that Mary Bee did what she said she was going to do."

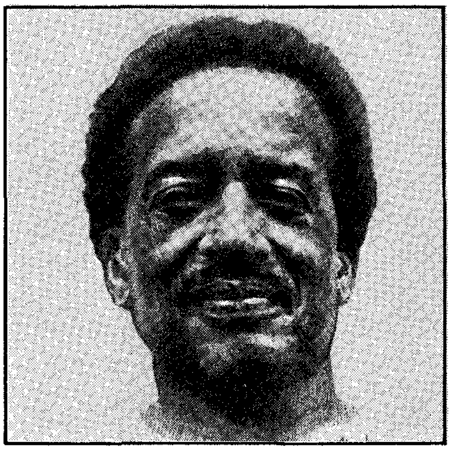
Would she sleep well if Krupsak was elected?

"Oh, yes," she said. **—F.F.**

Jazz/Gary Giddins

VOICES OF EXPERIENCE

"...When a small label will record a good singer in a cozy ambience, we suspend disbelief in corny lyrics and take heart..."



The tramping of young jazz singers is heard increasingly on the cabaret and piano-bar trails of Manhattan's night world, but the intimacy of jazz singing is lost at the big record labels, where a promising voice is plucked from obscurity only to be swaddled in the automatous rhythms and cooing palaver of disco.

The days of Bessie Smith singing the blues with Louis Armstrong's solitary trumpet flirting between phrases, or of Billie Holiday transforming vapid material with a small complement of brilliant instrumentalists, are gone. And so are many of the songs we optimistically call standards. There are no standards, except Christmas songs—you can plug an AM into your skull for a lifetime and never learn to distinguish Jerome Kern from Cole Porter. Yet every once in a while one of the smaller labels will record a good singer in a cozy jazz ambience, and those of us still willing to suspend disbelief in a corny lyric when imaginatively and expressively sung can take heart. In recent months, there have been two such occasions, each resulting in a fine, if by no means flawless, jazz record centered on an unexpectedly distinctive singer.

Earl Coleman is a 53-year-old baritone in the Billy Eckstine tradition, with a romantic disposition; his vowels vibrate, his intonation wavers a bit, and his basement notes purr with the patience of a frog. But for health problems and bad breaks, he might have established himself as *the* male crooner in modern jazz, especially after Eckstine went Vegas. One of Coleman's early admirers was Charlie Parker, who used him on a 1947 record session; in later years, Coleman recorded with Fats Navarro, Gene Ammons, Elmo Hope, and Sonny Rollins. For his first album in more than a decade, *A Song for You* (Xanadu 147), Coleman leisurely glides through a fairly judicious blend of old and new songs, accompanied by the startlingly emotive tenor saxophonist Al Cohn, and a stylish rhythm section, piloted by pianist Hank Jones. The record was cut in one afternoon, a common regimen for jazz, but perhaps unfair to Coleman, whose performances are uneven. Conveniently, it's programmed so that side one is moderately successful, while side two is altogether superb.

His reading of "All in Love Is Fair," a Stevie Wonder gem, is dramatically plotted with the generosity of a great balladeer. Ray Noble's "The Very Thought of You" has been memorably recorded by Billie Holiday, Tony Bennett, and Arthur Prysock (another Eckstine-oriented crooner), and Coleman's version is as good as any of them, not only because of his intensity of feeling, a tender anguish that gives the song dynamic momentum, but because of the sustained hurt in the solos by Cohn and (excepting an inapposite borrowing from "My Man") Jones. Cohn's lazy, foghorn sound, disarmingly insouciant time, elliptical phrasing, and bridling wails are best captured in his two choruses on "Dark Shadows," the splendid blue ballad (it's a 32-bar pop song with blues phrases and effects) that Coleman originally recorded with Parker 30 years ago. The maturity and assurance he brings to this new version are evidence enough that a gifted singer has been unearthed after too long a sabbatical.

Nothing about the early fifties seems quite so remote as the blond-eyed blue-haired musical mannequins who turned out the Hit Parade songs of the day. (If we meet in these pages 25 years hence, I'll make the same statement about the Debby Boone–Shaun Cassidy generation.) **Rosemary Clooney**, bright-eyed and bubbly, became a star with one of the period's more ghastly novelties, "Come on-a My House," but she had talent (as collaborations with Duke Ellington, Harry James, and Benny Goodman made clear), a sensual, husky voice, and immaculate timing. Like Coleman, she has recently returned to the recording studios after some rough years, but whereas Coleman alchemizes his pain with a sly, throaty obliquity, Clooney tackles music and words with burnished determination. The quintet on her current album, *Rosie Sings Bing* (Concord Jazz 60), is austere compared with the studio backings of her heyday, but although she may have to reach a little harder for some notes, she's never sounded more convincing.

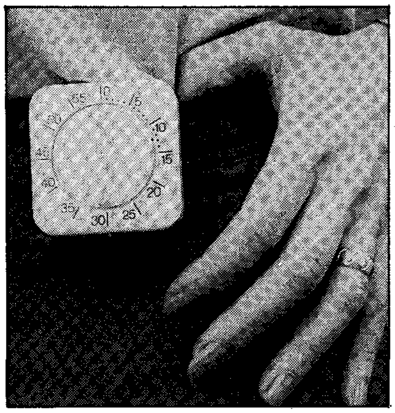
She believes in "But Beautiful" and "I Surrender, Dear" and "I Wished on the Moon," and for the moment so do I. Most of the songs are taken faster than Crosby sang them, and the crisp, medium-up tempos are surprisingly effective on "It's Easy to Remember" and, especially, "Where the Blue of the Night," the only selection where her top tones pleasantly recall Lee Wiley. The one song that seems to beg for credibility is "Just One More Chance," which Crosby salvaged with a youthful mock seriousness that fit the song's pretensions. Yet even here, during her last sixteen bars, Clooney finally gets under its skin. The rhythm section provides her with a restful cushion for the most part, although pianist Nat Pierce is guilty of a few simplistic transitions. Both guitarist Cal Collins and tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton render empathetic obbligato and lackadaisical solos. Collins tends toward superficiality, and Hamilton, the more interesting player, with his Ben Webster tone and swing style, is given to clichés, particularly on phrase endings. Still, make no mistake, this is a welcome recording and, like Coleman's, merits an even better sequel. ▬

Illustration by Jane Clark

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Ticked Off

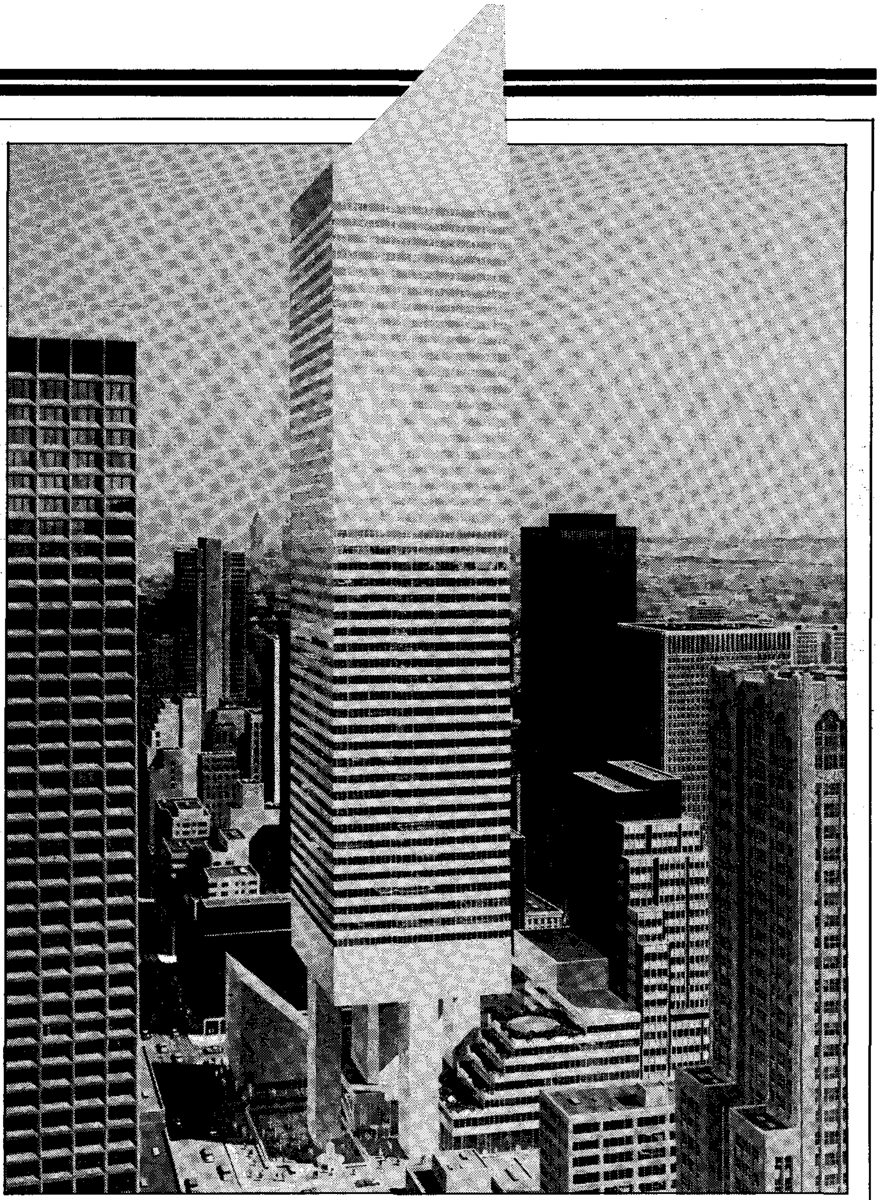
Set it, wind it, clip it on your belt, and take a walk. This Italian timer (known as "Clip") can be set for up to an hour and will go off with a buzz to remind you of the parking meter, the oven, or the thermometer. Available in green, orange, yellow, or white ($10).

AMBIENTI DESIGN, INC./*792 Madison Avenue, at 67th Street*

Great White Hope

A Scotland Yard inspector with a philosophic bent, an aristocratic victim who is a convicted cocaine smuggler, his beautiful and loyal sister, and a mass murderer as brilliant and evil as Professor Moriarty. These are the main characters in *Darkness at Pemberley,* the clever, witty, and forgotten first novel, part locked-room mystery, part revenge thriller, by T. H. White, author of *The Once and Future King* and *The Book of Merlyn.*

DARKNESS AT PEMBERLEY/*By T. H. White/Dover/$3.50*

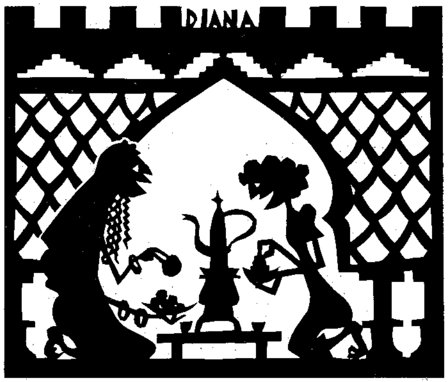


... Or You Can Wait for the Paperback

Manhattan's office buildings with the greatest number of passenger elevators are 1 and 2 World Trade Center, each with 95. Manhattan's greatest rentable area in a privately built office building is at 55 Water Street, with 3,275,000 square feet. Manhattan's most famous Art Deco building, the Chrysler, is owned by Cooper Union, and most of Rockefeller Center is owned by Columbia University. Although the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company might own sixteen of Manhattan's office buildings with assessed valuations of about $186 million, the assessed valuations on the Prudential Insurance Company's thirteen Manhattan office buildings come to about $321 million—including the $62,850,000 Empire State Building. Certainly one of Manhattan's oldest realtors is the Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York, with at least six Manhattan office-building sites dating from 1723. The RCA Building's 70 stories are built on a plot that measures 106,021 square feet; it has floor sizes that range from 20,869 to 81,980 square feet; and it has windows that open, a smoke-detection system, submetered electricity, an under-floor duct system, and the National Weather Service on the second floor. These facts and others like them are to be found in the *Directory of Manhattan Office Buildings,* which provides pictures, floor plans, and such data on 500 buildings as the year built, who designed it, who owns it, how much it's worth, how high it is, how it's heated, what services are offered, who the major tenants are, and more. And if real-estate values are reflected in the price—*$79.50*—of this black-and-white, 228-page book, it is no wonder John Jacob Astor said that if he had it to do all over again, he'd buy every inch of Manhattan Island. **—John Tauranac**

DIRECTORY OF MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDINGS/*By Robert F. R. Ballard/McGraw-Hill Book Company/$79.50*

Photo: left, Stephanie L. Marcus



Moroccan Role

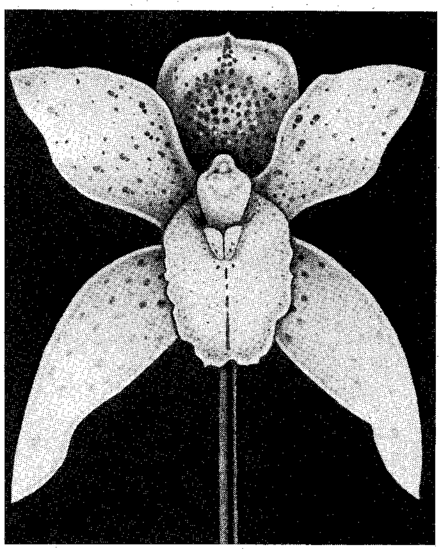
Paula Wolfert's love affair with Morocco has taken her into primitive Berber homes and great palace kitchens. Moroccan Jewish cooks taught her the mystery of sefrina. From the Moslems, she learned the subtleties of the Ramadan-fast-breaking herira soup. Her cookbook *Couscous and Other Good Foods From Morocco* is a classic. She is a master of the recipe that works, a stubborn perfectionist, a high-wire improvisationalist—and her passion is contagious. But, then, this cuisine is full of tiny shocks—the peppery heat of couscous, the cinnamoned sweetness of bisteeya, a flutter of coriander, a splash of rose water, a tickle of saffron scenting broth. This fall, her students will cook and then eat with the first three fingers of their right hand in the traditional Moroccan fashion, because if there is a sensual bone in your body, you wouldn't have it any other way. **—Gael Greene**

MOROCCAN COOKING CLASSES/*Start September 26/734-3684*

Putt It There

A few weeks ago, New York had a drive-in movie. So why not an indoor miniature golf course? It will be playable, and displayable: Nine sculptures will decorate it. At the fifth hole, Ishio Shinohara's beach bather eating an ice cream cone calls for the golfer to putt the ball through her foot. At the eighth hole, John Sanborn will use video monitors to lead the players through a maze. And so on. The project will open in Queens, then move to Manhattan as a permanent installation.

MANHATTAN MINIATURE GOLF
October 1–November 15/Project Studios One (P.S. 1)/46-01 21st Road, Long Island City



35th Street Regulars

"Even an incipient Sherlockian knows about the Baker Street Irregulars," says Carol Brener of Murder Ink. "But Wolfe people haven't even realized that other people knew about *that* whole household." Now they'll have a chance to. Thanks to Carol, the Nero Wolfe banquet she threw last year (featuring dishes from the detective's own kitchen), and the passion it inspired, there is to be a Nero Wolfe club: the Wolfe Pack. For $10 annual dues, members will receive a quarterly journal and a place at the annual banquet. Satisfactory.

THE WOLFE PACK/*Write to Ellen Krieger/28 West 69th Street/New York, New York 10023*

PICCADILLY ASSORTMENT
CHEESE
PICCADILLY ASSORTMENT

Oldies and Goodies

"When you needed a piece of cheese around here, you had a choice of Zabar's or the supermarket," says Maya Schaper (above), an East Side antiques dealer who lives on the West Side and likes cheese. So she opened a sunny country store called Cheese and Antiques. Therefore, there is cheese, and also breads, croissants, brioches, quiches, and such. The antiques are brass trivets, flowery platters, canisters, breadboards, baskets, old cookbooks, and such.

CHEESE AND ANTIQUES/*239 Columbus Avenue, near 71st Street/874-7674*

Illustrations: top, Diana Bryan; center, Dave Calver; photograph by Charles S. Baum

Music / Alan Rich

A LOT OF NIGHT MUSIC

"... For the duration of the 'Out-of-Doors' festival, Lincoln Center was the celebration of performance it should always be..."

The following reasoned words were written to appear last week, but were postponed when some hotshot sold one ad too many. As recompense, Mr. William F. Buckley made his debut as music critic in last week's "Gazette" article. We had asked Mr. Buckley to review Dolly Parton, but he opted for Jean-Pierre Rampal. Such was the nature of Mr. Buckley's review that I'm still unsure whether his words pertained to Mr. Rampal or Ms. Parton. But Mr. Buckley's cultural exploits have baffled me before.

There have been times, I must admit, when the thought has occurred to me that the area around (and including) Lincoln Center might be better off as the residential slum it once was than as the cultural slum it now sometimes is. That thought, however, was dispelled—temporarily at least—by the aura that made Lincoln Center an enchanted place during the month of August. I refer partly to the Mostly Mozart concerts in Fisher Hall, which once again exuded their familiar magic. I refer also, however, to **Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors,** a fabulous bash of free outdoor events—music, dance, theater, all in their broadest sense—that spilled onto every inch of plaza space.

Never mind the variable quality of the entertainment, assembled under funding from Exxon, the State Council for the Arts, and the National Endowment. Mind only the fact that, for the duration of this mindless, mind-boggling orgy of artistic exertion, Lincoln Center became what it should never be allowed *not* to be: a full-scale celebration of the joy of performance. I found it hard to stay away; I watched theater groups, folk musicians, chamber-music ensembles, solo pianists; on one incredible night I saw all of Damrosch Park jammed with square dancers.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when anyone playing music outdoors around Lincoln Center got chased off by the cops. Those days, at least, have passed. Nevertheless, it is tragic how underused the space around Lincoln Center's auditoriums usually is, considering how attractively it was planned. The brief "Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors" festival should be the norm for at least the six months every year of decent weather. The notion of daylong diversion, formal or informal, is what makes London's South Bank a joyous place at any hour. Surely the imagination that worked for London might be borrowed for New York.

Illustration by Jim Harter

Feeding large crowds also remains a problem at Lincoln Center. The abject Footlights Cafeteria has been closed, to nobody's loss, but the two new restaurant areas inside Fisher Hall are undersized and overpriced. With only one exception (which, for reasons of self-preservation, I will not name), the other restaurants in the area are awful, pricey, or both. Has nobody considered a kitchen for the Vivian Beaumont?

Such is the largess of **Mostly Mozart** that one of its prime virtues tends to be overlooked: the 39-member orchestra that, over the course of six weeks, produced two performances each of twelve separate programs under as many conductors. New York's pool of free-lance musicians is vast; a successful player can do quite well, what with television work, a theater pit job, and the various transient ensembles that go by such names as Clarion Concerts, Musica Aeterna, Speculum Musicae, or Mostly Mozart. These musicians must, of course, be masters of their instruments, but the real test of a New York free-lance player is the ability to fit into an ensemble even under limited rehearsal conditions, and to land with both feet on any kind of music, practically at sight. But for the availability of such talent in town, the minor, ego-driven conductors among us (names on request) would have been laughed off their respective podiums years ago.

A 39-member orchestra is not the same as a group of 39 top players, and the amazing thing at these Mostly Mozart concerts, night after night, was the polish, the balance, the sheer beauty of sound that came from this ensemble. For this repertory, the size was exactly right; the interplay between winds and strings, with the flashes of dark color from horns and trumpets, did full honor to the way Mozart, Haydn, and the young Schubert thought of orchestral sound. There was a level of performance that the orchestra set for itself below which it did not fall. Such pride of musical standards is rare among ad hoc groups; somebody must have been doing something right. I remember as one special miracle the incredible balance among the winds around Peter Serkin's dazzling reading of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, and I ascribe this to the fact that the conductor that night, Alexander Schneider, has the ear of both a conductor and a chamber-music performer. But even under lesser talents—the Dutch newcomer, Hubert Soudant, for example, whose ideas on Schubert were somewhat, shall we say, logy—the sound of the orchestra was always its own kind of joy.

Other happy memories: Lili Kraus's wise, witty, and eloquent work (despite a brief memory lapse at the Wednesday-night repeat) in Mozart's G major Piano Concerto; Serkin, Schneider, and the fabulously gifted young cellist Yo-Yo Ma in an exhilarating romp through Schubert's E-flat Trio; Richard Stoltzman's marvelously melting clarinet sound, almost convincing one that the Mozart Bassoon Concerto really belonged to the other instrument; an inventive early Haydn quartet (Opus

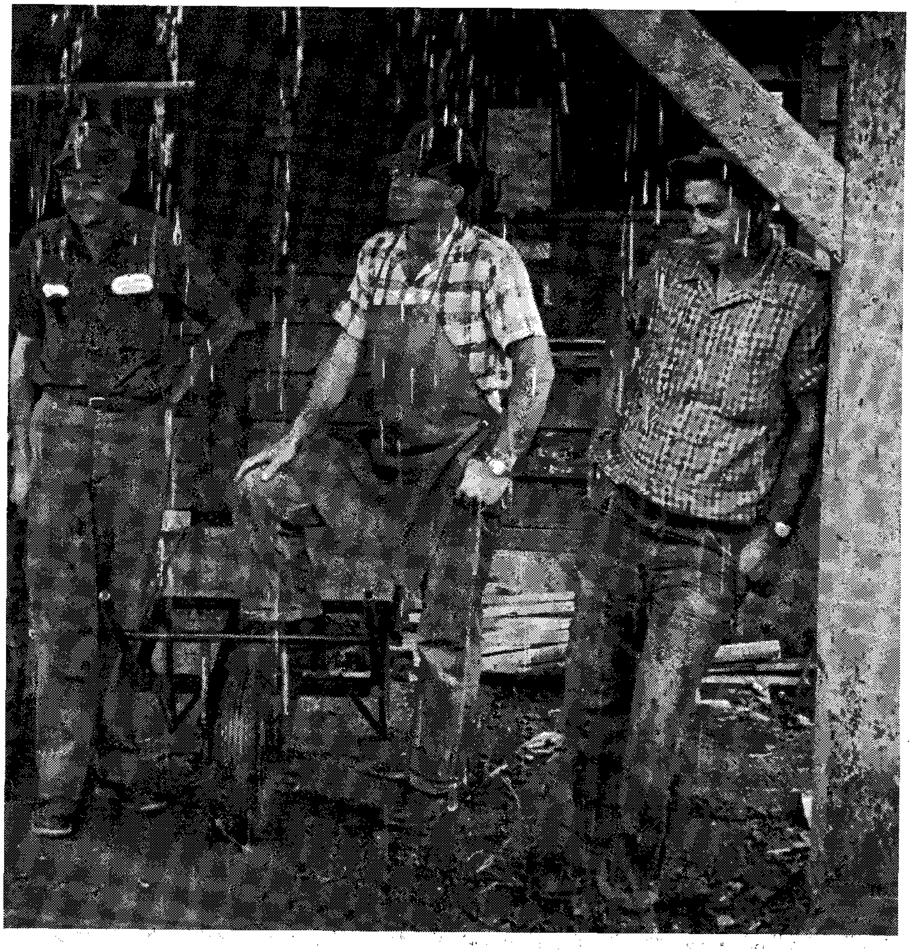
20 No. 4), joyously played by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; and much more.

Great plays seldom make great operas; there is enough music in them as it is. The only exceptions worth citing—Beaumarchais's *Le Mariage de Figaro* and Shakespeare's *Othello*—survived the transition only because librettists of supreme skill *first* cut the plays to the bone, and composers of equal skill then restored the sense of the missing words through the power of their music. Librettists and composers of lesser quality have ofttimes fallen into the trap of mistaking some other noble drama of the past for an operatic possibility, and the wreckage of their misguided ambitions dots the landscape.

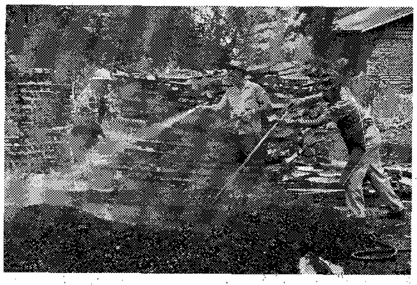
This was the primary error of Stephen Burton, the composer, and Christopher Keene, his librettist, in imagining an opera embedded in **The Duchess of Malfi.** You don't even have to like John Webster's Jacobean bloodbath (does anybody?) to realize that there is no room amidst Webster's murky lyrics for more music of any sort. To be sure, Keene has imposed his own brand of violence on the play, rearranging chronology, reshaping or suppressing basic motivations, cutting the central character not only to the bone but to a bone splinter without marrow. But Burton is neither Mozart nor Verdi; his score restores none of Keene's ravagings but merely daubs some chic sound effects, moment by moment (some orchestral rumpus here, a dab of MGM-style treacle there) onto the ragged torso that remains of Webster's play.

Yet, the opera tied up time, effort, and money for its premiere production at Washington's Wolf Trap a few nights ago. I admit to overreacting somewhat to the loathsomeness of the event, not because Burton's opera is the worst piece of trash I have ever heard (it only comes close), but because this kind of superficially slick and glittery hackwork could, with some well-aimed hype, achieve a certain popularity among impresarios anxious to score points in the service of new opera.

Of the Wolf Trap performance, I can report that it was, at least, loud. Keene conducted a competent orchestra, which sounded very good in the handsome new theater. I will not discuss the singing, since the stage was heavily and badly microphoned so that it all sounded like a night at the Minskoff Theater. The unit set, by Paul Steinberg, was ludicrously raked to suggest that the opera ought to have been done on skis. But then everything else was downhill too; Mr. Steinberg may have a future as a music critic. ▬



A COOL SHOWER is always welcome to the rickers who make the charcoal to smooth out the taste of Jack Daniel's.



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LOCATION	FREE SESSIONS (come to any one)	SEMINAR STARTS
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Barbizon Plaza Hotel 106 Central Park South Corner 6th Avenue	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 12:30 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 12:30 pm
Biltmore Hotel 43rd Steet and Madison	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 6:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 6:00 pm
Chelsea Hall 575 Avenue of Americas *Room 704 (Corner 16th St.)*	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 *7:00 pm*	Monday Sept. 25 *7:00 pm*
Gramercy Park Hotel Lexington at 21st Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Hotel Barbizon 140 East 63rd Street Corner Lexington Avenue	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 7:30 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Park Ave. Methodist Ch. 106 East 86th Street	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Warwick Hotel *54th and 6th Avenue*	Thursday *Sept. 14 or 21* 6:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 6:00 pm
Walden School 1 West 88th Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
BROOKLYN		
Borough Park YM & YWHA of Boro Park 4912 14th Ave. at 50th St.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Brooklyn Heights First Unitarian Church *50 Monroe Place* Near the St. George Hotel	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 *8:00 pm*	Monday Sept. 25 *8:00 pm*
Canarsie Seaview Jewish Center 1440 East 99th Street Between Seaview & Ave. N	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Sheepshead Bay Golden Gate Inn BeltPkwy.,Exit9 at Knapp St.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
BRONX		
Riverdale Whitehall Club 3333 Henry Hudson Pkwy.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Throgs Neck Tardi's 737 Throgs Neck Expwy. Cor. Philip Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
QUEENS		
Astoria Oyster Bay Caterers 31-01 Broadway Corner of 31st Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Bellerose/Queens Village Bell Park Jewish Center 231-10 Hillside Avenue Opp. Martin Van Buren H.S.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Flushing Free Synagogue of Flushing 41-60 Kissena Blvd. at Sanford Avenue	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Maspeth Spartan Restaurant 73-20 Grand Avenue *at 73rd Street*	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
LONG ISLAND		
Commack/Smithtown Howard Johnson Mtr. Ldg. L.I.E., Exit 54 at Wicks Rd.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Great Neck/Lake Success Elk's Club 47 Grace Avenue 1 Blk. N. of LIRR	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Islip/Bay Shore Castle Inn of Islip 712 Main St., West of Rt. 111	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Levittown/Farmingdale Israel Community Center 3235 Hempstead Turnpike 1 Blk. W. of TSS	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Locust Valley/Bayville The Tides Motor Inn Bayville Rd. at Bayville Ave.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Massapequa/Seaford Community Methodist Ch. 100 Park Blvd. Bet. Merrick Rd. & *Sunrise Hwy.*	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Plainview/Syosset Pickwick Motor Inn L.I.E.,Exit48onServiceRd.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Rockville Centre/Oceanside Holiday Inn—Oliver's Rest. 173 Sunrise Highway opposite LIRR station	Monday Sept.11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Stony Brook/Port Jefferson Holiday Inn 4089 Nesconset Hwy. (Rt. 347) *West of Old Town Road*	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Valley Stream/Elmont Valley Stream Park Inn 130 West Merrick Rd. acrossfromHendricksonPk.	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 8:00 pm
Westbury/East Meadow Holiday Inn 369 Old Country Road E. of Meadowbrook Pkwy.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
STATEN ISLAND		
Staten Island Norway House 4653 Hylan Blvd. Corner Arden Ave.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
WESTCHESTER & DUTCHESS CO.'S		
Dobbs Ferry Dobbs Ferry Hospital 128 Ashford Avenue (Corner Washington Ave.)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Greenville Greenville Comm. Reformed Ch. 270 Ardsley Road (At Central Avenue)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Mt. Kisco Mt. Kisco Holiday Inn Saw Mill River Pkwy. & Kisco Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
New Rochelle Sheraton Plaza Inn One Sheraton Plaza (Exit 8 on I-95)	*Tuesday* Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	*Tuesday* Sept. 26 7:30 pm
Poughkeepsie Holiday Inn Rt. 9 & Sharon Drive ½ mile south of Mid Hudson Bridge	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
White Plains Peter Pastors Downtown Rest. 149 Mamaroneck Avenue *(Corner Post Road)*	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Yonkers Red Coach Grill Cross County Shopping Ctr.	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
ROCKLAND CO., N.Y.		
Nanuet Sheraton Inn —Diamond Jim's Rte. 59 East & Rte. 304	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
NEW JERSEY		
Freehold Sheraton Gardens Route 537 West, Enter on Gibson Pl.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Glen Rock Community School Harristown Rd. (¾ miles E. of Maple Ave.)	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Hackensack Oritani Motor Hotel Hackensack Ave.—N. of Rte. #4 Bet. Riverside Sq. & Two Guys	*Monday* Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	*Monday* Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Livingston Holiday Inn Mt. Pleasant Ave. (Rte. 10 West) Rear lobby entrance—4th floor— Hanover Suite	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Maplewood Columbia H.S. Adult Sch. 17 Parker Ave. (Corner Valley St.) Room A-239	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Morristown The Governor Morris Inn WhippanyRd.&LindsleyDr.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Montvale Ramada Inn Chestnut Ridge Rd. at Exit 172 GSP	*Saturday* Sept. 16 or 23 10:30 am	*Saturday* Sept. 30 10:00 am
Somerville Howard Johnson's Rest. U.S. Hwy. 22 (Center Isle) & North Bridge St.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Wayne Howard Johnson's Rte. 23 at Ratzer Rd. Circle	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Woodbridge The Townehouse Rte. 9 Northbound— opp. SYMS 1 mile south of Woodbridge Center	*Thursday* Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	*Thursday* Sept. 28 7:30 pm
CONNECTICUT		
Branford Branford Mtr. Inn I-95 Exit 55	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Bridgeport Bridgeport Holiday Inn *Intersection of I-95 &* Rte. 25 (Exit 27)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 *8:00 pm*	Wednesday Sept. 27 *8:00 pm*
Danbury Ramada Inn Exit 8 off I-84	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Glastonbury Buckboard Restaurant 2941 Main Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Greenwich Sheraton Greenwich 1114 Post Rd., Exit 5, I-95	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Hamden Howard Johnson Mtr. Ldg. 2260 Whitney Ave.	*Tuesday* Sept. 12 or 19 7:30 pm	*Tuesday* Sept. 26 7:30 pm
Norwalk Norwalk Holiday Inn 789 Conn. Ave., Exit 13, I-95	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 8:00 pm
Plainville Holiday Inn 400 New Britain Ave. Exit 34 off I-84	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Vernon Quality Inn I-86 Exit 95	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 7:30 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
W. Hartford JCC 335 Bloomfield Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm

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AW, C'MON, HONEY— LET'S GO TO A HOTEL

"...A few local inns house restaurants serving good food, but you must put up with a soupçon of the absurd in their pretensions..."

Sushi good friends: *Left to right, waitress Haruko Kitayama, chief chef Yukio Takeuchi, and headwaitress Mihoko Imai behind an array of Inagiku's Japanese delicacies.*

A considerable virtue of New York's fabled hotels is their proximity to New York's fabled restaurants. Many hotels run restaurants of their own, of course, but the function of these places is to keep ordinary tourists off the streets, while discriminating visitors desert their hostelries to search out the flavors of the world within the borders of Manhattan.

Sometimes, however, it blizzards, or St. Patrick gets a parade, or the sanitmen refuse to pick up without a contract, any of which can make the streets impassible, unattractive, unhealthy, or combinations thereof; at such times, hotel guests are, in effect, under hotel arrest.

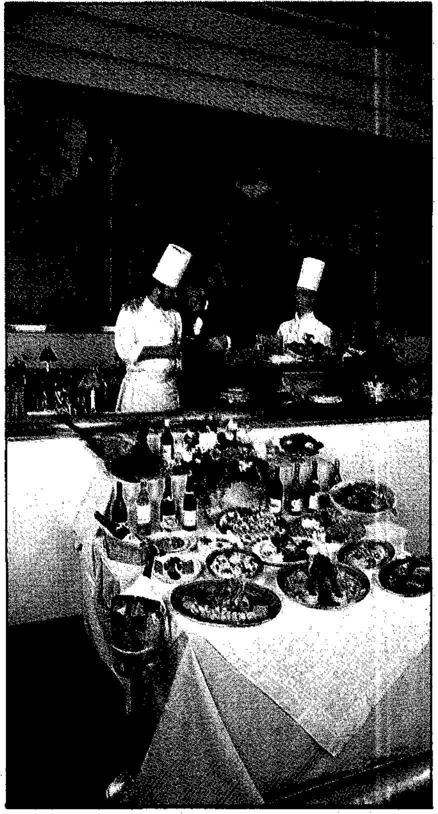
At most hotels, that is just tough. At none is it a blessing. But a few local inns house restaurants that flash a bit of style in their appointments, character in their food; you must, however, put up with a soupçon of the absurd in their pretensions. Herewith, three such.

The **Ambassador Grill,** at the United Nations Plaza Hotel, is a design descendant of the Four Seasons—luxurious comfort in a setting of glinting, hard-edged modernity, stark and posh, striking and familiar, like a big black limousine. The room is dark, with dark walls and charcoal-gray mirrors; the floor is of large marble squares, white and deep, deep green; and the banquettes are of burgundy velvet, cushy as the fur of a fat cat. On each table there is white linen, polished crystal, a long-stemmed flower in a slender glass vase; at each place there is a broad copper serving plate that shines in the glow of the candles that make each table an island of light. Overhead, an arrangement of glass, mirrors, and ivory frames reflects itself and the scene below in an infinitely repeating pattern that recedes upward and away from view—an inverted, glittering geometric cascade. Very romantic.

First you are brought the bread basket, which is an ordinary thing in itself. But the breads and rolls that are stuffed into it prop up a standing matzo the size of the *Daily News,*

Photographed by Paul Elson

All that glitters: *At the Ambassador Grill, left to right, captain Kenneth Zrubek, executive chef Michel Carrer, and manager Friedrich Bischanka display specialties.*



Long live the king: *Old King Cole maître d' Henry Wisnek (center) and two chefs in front of the Maxfield Parrish mural.*

creating little structures that look like unleavened, single-masted junks—this is an international restaurant.

The Ambassador Grill, which was a dreadful restaurant when it opened a couple of years ago, has advanced to a point at which it now does simple things well—on occasion, very well. You get good, fresh oysters and unimpeachable Scotch smoked salmon. But those oysters, when converted to oysters Rockefeller, are little more than a warm juxtaposition of oysters and spinach, neither doing anything for the other. And the cucumber soup, though cool, creamy, and bright, and prettily adorned with a caviar-topped crouton, is undone by an excess of dried tarragon.

An excellent sirloin steak of tender beef accurately prepared is served with a perfectly baked potato and a Béarnaise sauce that is thick, herby, and rich. And the broiled prawns, done, happily, with their shells on, are buttery and fragrantly garlicked. But the roast duck is little more than nice enough, the skin a bit limp, the orange sauce like liquored candy. And the poached bass (you get a serving the size of a baby's hand), though of fresh fish that is flaky and moist, is accompanied by a dill sauce that is absurdly overpowering.

If you have eaten simply thus far,

Richer. And, of course, costlier. For the very good reason that it is blended from the Cognacs of more than 70 select vineyards, all of which lie within France's two pre-eminent Cognac districts, Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne. Truly the world's most civilized spirit.

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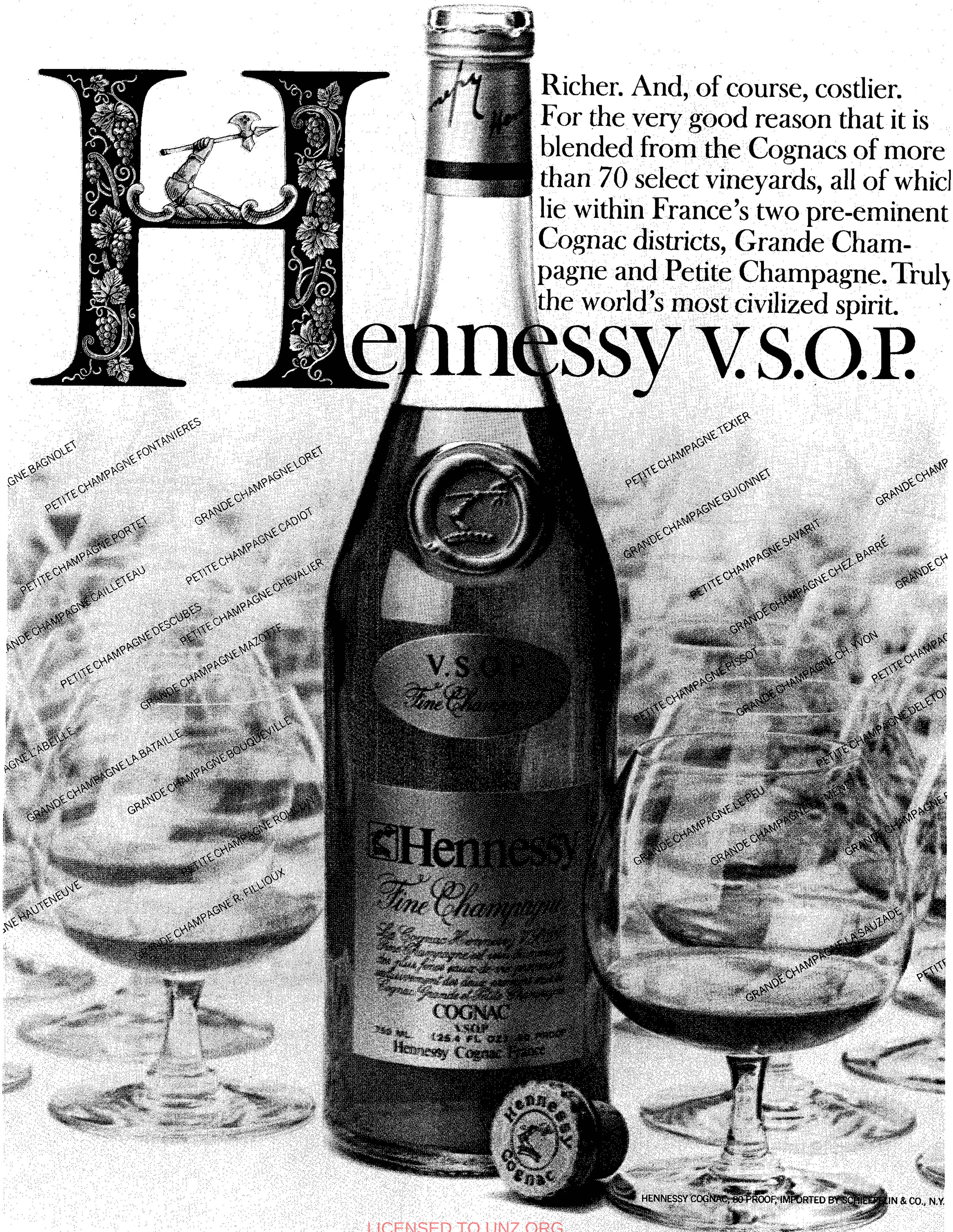
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PETITE CHAMPAGNE PISSOT
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PETITE CHAMPAG
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"...The Old King Cole is for inebriated nostalgia, for just-for-laughs fox-trotting..."

keep it up, with ice cream or berries, and avoid assiduously the cakes, which manage to be heavy without being rich.

The United Nations provides an international set that crowds the long bar in the handsome cocktail lounge. There is a striking display of illuminated bottles against a mirrored wall. A grand piano is tinkled by a cocktail pianist who concentrates on reverent pop—much from Rodgers and Hammerstein's holy-as-hell period—and at least three times a night the clowns are sent in.

Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of wine, around $65, tax and tip included.

Ambassador Grill, 1 United Nations Plaza, First Avenue at 44th Street; 355-3400. Open every day: lunch, noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m. to midnight. American Express (AE), Carte Blanche (CB), Diners Club (DC), Master Charge (MC), Visa (V).

The **Old King Cole,** in the St. Regis, is like a setting for a production number from one of those thirties movies that were no more than settings for production numbers. The Deco décor is as slick as the silver screen. Great old movie palaces, however, could accommodate the noise of noisy soundtracks. But even the limited staff that constitutes the Peter Duchin Quartet (sans, of course, Peter Duchin), which makes music to ballroom-dance by, produces, in this amphitheater of gilded plaster and glass, more decibels than needed to drown out the taste of dinner.

Sensible people have taken one listen and one look at this garish noise box and headed for anywhere else. But for an evening of inebriated, slightly masochistic nostalgia, when you are in a mood to call an earache a *frisson,* ostentation camp, this is a place where you may indulge in a bit of just-for-laughs fox-trotting, while the bumpkins around you are indulging in—can you believe it?—serious fox-trotting.

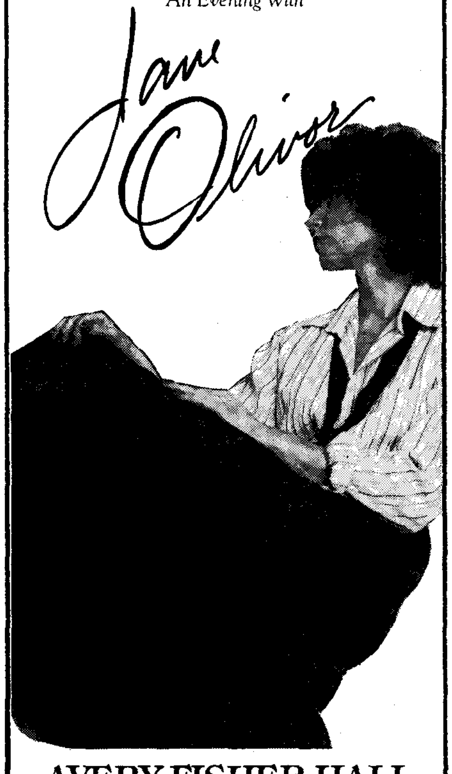
From a polished dance floor that is surrounded by a handful of tables and tuxedoed musicians, tiers, like mammoth stairs, rise on three sides of the room balustraded with golden rails. Tables are strung along them, set with pink linen and encircled by chairs that are upholstered in lightning-pattern velour. The literal centerpiece of the place is a huge, softly glittering crystal chandelier, which is reflected in mirrored columns that rise to the ceiling. But the thematic centerpiece is off to one side, on the top level—the famous 72-year-old Maxfield Parrish mural of Old King Cole as a tasteless sybarite surrounded by servants who reveal, by their expressions, that they know their monarch is an ass. It is a splendid old painting, almost the full length of one side of the room, and it is apt in this establishment, looking down, as it does, on carriers and servers tending to the wishes of minor potentates swelled by expense-account self-importance.

If, as some say, America has no cooking style of its own, this place is its exemplification. Mightily as the menu struggles to be American, you come away from meals here with the sense of having eaten perfectly palatable food, correctly made, according to sound recipes, by cooks who had no idea what they were aiming for. You may find yourself tempted to be a bore. You want to get the subject out of the way by referring to almost all the dishes here as "interesting," or, sometimes, "sort of interesting."

The chipolata sausages, six of them, affixed to six okay oysters, for example, are "interesting," whereas the so-called parfait of bay scallops George Lamaze—plump, juicy scallops in a pale-green herb sauce—is "sort of interesting." Six snails, however, in a pungently garlicked butter that is thick with parsley, are terrific; they are also French. Draw no conclusion from that fact, for the pâté de Cerdagne, of the same citizenship, is merely fatted meat, with no restraint or balance or distinction of flavor. And the $7.50 platter of smoked salmon and trout is neither American, French, interesting, nor even sort of interesting. It is nothing more than high-ticket cold cuts on a plate. But there have been wonderful shellfish soups, vividly flavored with the sweet oceanic taste of fresh seafood.

No safety in broilings: Lamb chops lack juice and meatiness, and are served with "mint hollandaise," a form of viscous candy. The carpetbagger steak suffers from the same textural deficiencies with, moreover, a tunnel dug into the slab of meat, into which oysters are stuffed—sort of interesting. The roast beef is good, the fish dishes fresh and not overcooked. Best of all is the veal Cape Cod, a winner in the "interesting" group—breaded scallops of veal with a creamy shrimp-and-mussel sauce.

There are good berries for dessert, a splendid floating island with a fine



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"...Inagiku is a good restaurant for one's first timid encounter with Japanese food..."

crème Anglaise, ordinary restaurant cheesecake that is rescued by strawberry sauce, fresh-fruit pies and chiffon pies of the best commercial variety.

Around 40 wines are listed on the menu, and they make a good, varied list, but, as your captain warns you, the years indicated are rarely the ones available. At $10.50 there is a Sebastiani Barbera of 1971 that is at a marvelously ripe, fruity peak. Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of that wine, around $65, tax and tip included. Amusing.

Old King Cole, 2 East 55th Street; 753-4500. Open every day: lunch, noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The blonde in the kimono, the parasols in the mixed drinks, the Hot-Box (it looks like an icebox) in the Hida Room, and the wandering photographer are among the false notes that undo the tone of **Inagiku,** an otherwise classily fitted-out shrine to Japanese culture and cooking in the Waldorf-Astoria. The hardwood beams, the walls that suggest burnished copper, the warm polished wood and elegant metal fittings of the sturdy tables, the earthy but jewel-like perfection of the ceramics—all seem of museum quality when judged against ordinary restaurant gear. But the cacophony of rice paper against red carpeting, martinis made of saké, and a short wait in the gaudy cocktail lounge before you are escorted to the Kinkaku Room make Marriott of this potentially handsome establishment. The desecration is underscored by the sales-conventioneers who provide much of its custom: The corporate pep talks by day get them to feeling like Tarzans by night, so this place can be noisy if you catch a table of six inflated district managers bellowing exaggerations of multiple-carload sales.

But then there is the food, which is made of impeccable ingredients. And then there is the dining room, which, after a few years of sometimes faltering start-up, runs smoothly, if sometimes a little slowly. The menu offers no dramatic deviations from run-of-the-mill New York–Japanese–restaurant fare, but the dishes are consistently lively, tasty, and handsomely presented—that is, if you can overlook the Model T hot plates which must be plugged into below-table outlets for those dishes prepared before your very eyes.

It is a good idea in New York to avoid raw fish except in those Japanese restaurants that specialize in sushi and sashimi and have bars at which they are served. Inagiku is an exception: It has no sushi bar, but its raw seafood is pristine, sweet, and sparkling—beefy red tuna, crunchy shrimp, glistening squid, plump and berrylike salmon roe. The sushi items—made with a vinegared rice that is tart and lively—include, variously, in their assemblages crisp bits of cucumber, seaweed that is deep green and sea-gamy, strong mustard. And the fresh ginger that is served to clear your palate between morsels is vibrant.

A hot appetizer of steamed clams is made with clams that are eminently fresh, and they are served in a smoky, saké-flavored broth, but the clams have been hot too long, and, though plump and juicy, are tough.

Good tempuras of lobster and shrimp, the fried batter like crisp air, the gingered dipping sauce thick, pebbly, and cold, are served with tempura-fried vegetables that are almost weightless. A large curved bar at the center of the restaurant is set aside for tempura cooking, but you may have yours at a table.

If you want action, shabu shabu is prepared under your nose. Boiling water is converted to a light broth by the simmering of half a dozen vegetables therein, thin slices of rosy beef are then added, and everything is transferred to your plate when it is barely done. After that, noodles are cooked in the pot, a tender, starchy filler after the meat and vegetables. Wonderful steaks are served in chopstick-size morsels, with hot bean sprouts and with sautéed onions that are sprinkled with sesame seeds. The simply prepared fish of the day is always fresh and accurately cooked.

The heady hot saké comes in tiny ornamented-earthenware decanters. You drink it from matching eyecups. When there is fresh fruit for dessert, it is ripe and firm; papaya with squeezed-on lime is lovely after Japanese food. The green-tea ice cream, unlike green tea, is as green as grass. Frightening.

Complete dinners for two, with alcohol, come to around $50, tax and tip included. This is a good restaurant for one's first timid encounter with Japanese food.

Inagiku, 111 East 49th Street; 355-0440. Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, daily 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. AE, CB, DC, MC, V. ■

Theater/John Simon

SPLAT

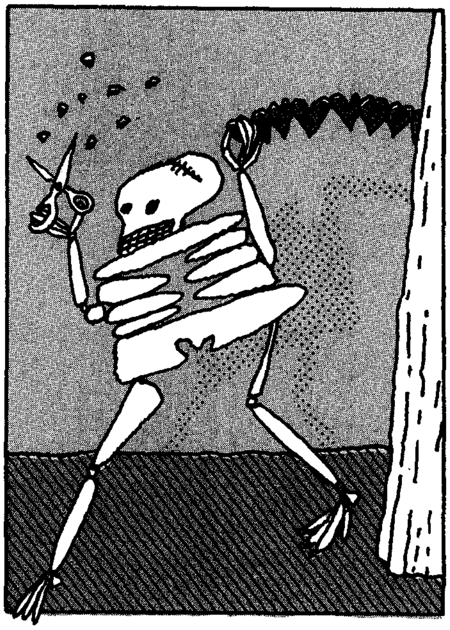
> "...Now that counterculture has gone Establishment, all that's left for the avant-garde is lunacy and lack of talent..."

Is there still an avant-garde in the theater? And do we need one? And what, in any case, would be its nature and function? These questions haunted me as I watched the SQUAT Theater production of its latest group effort, entitled **Andy Warhol's Last Love.** This, I am afraid, is god-awful garbage, and thus perfectly entitled to have Warhol for its protagonist. The capsule review in the *Village Voice,* by Erika Munk, calls it "a definitive summary of European avant-garde theater's most disturbing elements" and "in the long run, extraordinary."

The first part, "Aliens on the Second Floor," takes us into a seedy second-floor room of the SQUAT building to sit on uncomfortable, backless benches. (Aha! Discomfort, grubbiness, probably even genuine dirt to stain our clothes—this, surely, will be art.) Well, a girl wordlessly works a sewing machine in the midst of clutter. At the other end of the clutter, a hatted but shoeless derelict sits and stares. The girl brings him coffee, which he ignores. From a poorly functioning loudspeaker, we hear music from a radio station, punctuated by announcements. Very loud yet indistinct. Finally, we make out something about Ulrike Meinhof, the co-leader of the Baader-Meinhof revolutionary gang, having been found hanged in her cell. Some sperm smeared over her clothes may confirm her claim to have had intercourse with an extraterrestrial being whom she has followed to his other-worldly abode.

A figure on the fire escape knocks on the window and is ignored. The seamstress now sends out messages in Morse code. She administers lengthy foot massage to the silent, shoeless man. A group of seeming terrorists arrives; a small child is among them. They lounge about, help themselves to coffee, and eventually go off through a kind of trapdoor in the wall. The loudspeaker keeps muttering about Ulrike and quoting some grand guerrilla statement of hers. A remaining gang member nails the hem of the seamstress's robe to the floor, with the seamstress in it. He kneels and buries his head in her lap as she enfolds him in her robe, which she proceeds to sew together, so that the fellow is, as it were, entented. Another gang member has been hiding under a table covered with a floor-length paper tablecloth. The enrobed man shoots the girl dead and is, in turn, shot dead by the man under the table (as far as I could make out from my bad seat), who proceeds to set fire to the tablecloth. He watches the paper burn to ashes, then leaves through the trapdoor. A young girl in a cape, silver boots, and with a rubber penis attached to her forehead enters from the fire escape and squats (aha! SQUAT!) by the dead woman.

For Part Two, "An Imperial Message (Franz Kafka)," we are ushered to a downstairs space that has rows of chairs in it. First benches, now chairs: I begin to see what Miss Munk meant by a definitive summary of disturbing European avant-garde elements. While we watch some irrelevant footage on a shabby screen—there is also a TV set before us, but this has nothing on it as yet—an uninspired voice out of a loudspeaker reads Kafka's well-known parable. So far, no live actor has spoken, but SQUAT is a Hungarian troupe that settled here only a little over a year ago, and Hungarians are notoriously slow studies when it comes to languages. Besides, not speaking makes theater, to quote Miss Munk, more "extraordinary in the long run."



Part Three, "Interview With the Dead," still in the same space, begins with a film projected on the aforesaid shabby screen, which is in front of a big plate-glass window—we are now on the street floor—and through the screen, at all times, we can see the lit-up electric sign of the Income Tax Return Service across 23rd Street, which makes watching the paltry home movies even more taxing. (Possibly also disturbing, but surely not European.) The film shows a burly fellow in an Andy Warhol wig (aha! Warhol!—this must be the "moments of hostility to the audience" that Miss Munk found regrettably interfering with "moments of enlightenment") riding all over Chinatown and environs on a white horse. Asphalt, by the way, is very bad for horses' hooves; this, surely, is a disturbing element of equine avant-garde theater. Someone tries to deliver something to Warhol from a car (if I saw correctly through the INCOME TAX sign), but a door opens in the auditorium in which we sit, and a live performer shoots the character on screen. Warhol just keeps riding along, to and fro, but finally teams up with a fat woman in a wig and black cape. They are shown coming down 23rd Street toward SQUAT, and presently enter our space three-dimensionally. (Laterna Magica did this better, without calling itself avant-garde.) I forgot to tell you that the walls and ceiling are lined with mirrors, so we can watch the film in various reflections. It is no better on the ceiling.

Inside, the woman sheds her cape, revealing a huge, blubbery travesty of a female body that would give pause to that painter of obesity, Francisco Botero. She proceeds to perform a long, boring ritual at a makeshift altar as Warhol watches. Later he withdraws to the plate-glass window, whence the screen has been removed, and eats some chocolate cake with a member of the Baader-Meinhof gang. We can now observe the street people peering in at

Illustration by Ben Chase

the monstrous nude and at us. Outside, one SQUATter keeps doing a monotonous jig, in which he is sometimes joined by one or two street people. Another SQUATter photographs the street goings-on with a TV camera, and this shows up on the TV screen before us. Warhol takes Polaroid pictures of the mountainous nude and proceeds to interview her. Only, because he is Hungarian, his questions come off a tape via an American voice. The obese interviewee speaks in her own voice and claims to be a witch. Because she speaks without an accent, we conclude that, whether or not she is a witch, she definitely is not Hungarian.

The questions are many and extremely foolish; the answers are relatively straightforward and deadly dull. We learn that the witch had a Catholic upbringing and has a nine-year-old son who might make a fine witch someday. That all people are to some extent witches, except that the real witches do it better. That she does not believe in keeping her witchcraft secret (though the ritual she has given us would be too pallid for a ceremony of initiation into a sewing circle). That she does not fear death or concern herself with the end of the world. She remains nude throughout, which must be what Miss Munk referred to as "moments of sexual obsessiveness." The street people continue to do their spontaneous things, which are by now equally boring, but still less so than the show.

Now the phallus-horned girl enters with a message for Andy Warhola (Warhol's real name) to the effect that the Venusians condemn him to death, and the mirrors from the ceiling are lowered to reflect us, the audience. The TV cameraman comes in and shoots us, and, behold, we are on TV, which is said to be every American's dream. Is this what Miss Munk meant by "an oddly stereotypical reading of American culture"? The show is over, as are the uses of the avant-garde. When there was a prudish, puritanical, restrictive "official" theater, there was something for an avant-garde to rebel against usefully. Now that every sort of countercultural trend has been co-opted by the Establishment, all that is left for the so-called avant-garde is to indulge itself in its lunacies and lack of talent.

Meanwhile I am still waiting for Miss Munk's "long run" to set in—at which point SQUAT will become "extraordinary." It is now 48 hours later, but the extraordinariness has not yet manifested itself. I gather from the program that SQUAT is supported in part by the New York State Council on the Arts. That is not extraordinary either, though in a sane world it would be. ■

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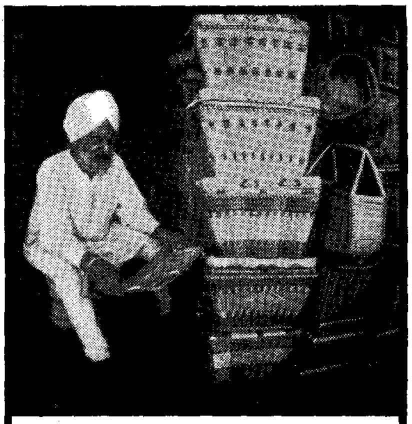

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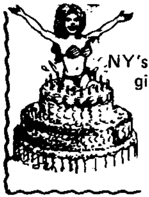

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ART & ANTIQUES

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 at 10 A.M.

19th Century French Furniture, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps and other Accessories.

Property of the Cincinnati Art Museum (Part I), and various owners.

EXHIBITION: Sunday, September 10, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, September 11, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, September 12, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 at 10 A.M.

Important Jewelry Sale

From the estates of Ella Brown; Frances Kuhne; Marie Tinker

EXHIBITION: Sunday September 17, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, September 18, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, September 19, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 at 7 P.M.

Important Old Master, 19th and early 20th Century American and European Paintings.

From the estate of Duncan Graves; Estate of Alice McCutcheon Scudder; Estate of Vida L. W. Hudson; Property of Henry K. Ostrow; Estate of Eleanor (Mrs. Joel) Fisher.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, September 16, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, September 17, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, September 18, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m. Tuesday, September 19, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4 at 10 A.M.

17th and 18th Century English and Continental Furniture, Tapestries and Rugs, Old Master Paintings, Georgian Silver.

From a Boston Collector; Property of the Cincinnati Art Museum (Part II); Estate of Amalie Banks; and various owners.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, September 30, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, October 1, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, October 2, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, October 3, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

FALL AUCTION SCHEDULE

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18 at 10 A.M.

17th, 18th and 19th Century French and Continental Furniture, Accessories and Paintings.

The estates of Mrs. Thomas Murray and Marie Tinker, removed from 660 Park Avenue, N.Y.C.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, October 14, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, October 15, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, October 16, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, October 17, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21 at 10 A.M.

English and American Furniture, Silver and Decorations

The estate of Herbert Todd

To be sold on the premises Lenape Cottage, Pinehurst, North Carolina.

EXHIBITION: Thursday, October 19, 10 a.m.-7 p.m., Friday, October 20, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1 at 10 A.M.

English and Continental Furniture and Decorative Accessories

The property of various collectors.

EXHIBITION: Sunday, October 29, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, October 30, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, October 31, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11 at 10 A.M.

English and Continental Furniture, Decorative Accessories, Tapestries, Rugs, Old Master and 19th Century Paintings.

The estate of Alexander Perry Morgan

To be held on the premises "Constitution Hill" Princeton, New Jersey.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, November 4, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, November 5, Noon-6 p.m., Monday, November 6, 10 a.m.-7 p.m., Tuesday November 7, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15 at 10 A.M.

Americana Sale: Furniture, Accessories, Paintings

The estates of: Duncan Graves, removed from Washington, Conn.; Alice McCutcheon Scudder, Greenwich, Conn.; Grace Thatcher, East Hampton, New York.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, November 11, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, November 12, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, November 13, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, November 14, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29 at 10 A.M.

18th and 19th Century Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sunday, November 26, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, November 27, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, November 28, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12 at 8 P.M.

Second Annual Evening Christmas Gift Auction

EXHIBITION: Sunday, December 9, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, December 10, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, December 11, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13 at 10 A.M.

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September Auction Schedule

DECORATIVE WORKS OF ART,
FURNITURE, PAINTINGS & RUGS
Sept 13 catalogue $2 sale no. 642

FINE JEWELRY
Sept 14 catalogue $3 sale no. 643

ORIENTAL WORKS OF ART
Sept 20 catalogue $3 sale no. 644

GOOD DECORATIVE WORKS OF ART,
FURNITURE, PAINTINGS & RUGS
Sept 27 catalogue $2 sale no. 645

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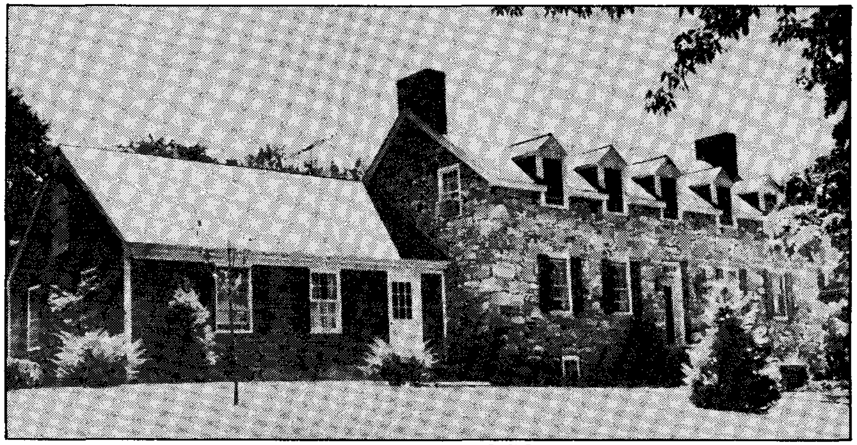

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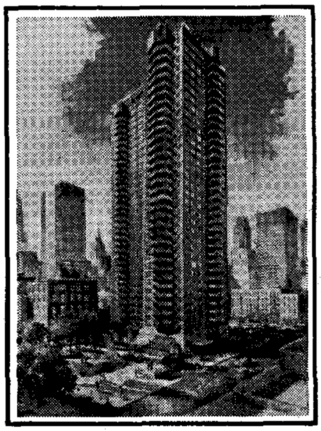

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Handsome 4-5 BRs plus library. 2 WBFPs; immaculate condition. Prestige bldg. Lovely details thruout. Modern kitchen. Thru-wall A/C. Lots of extras. Low maintenance. Call Mrs. Bowditch.

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BEST LOCATION IN NEW YORK
2 bedrm apt avail in choice condominium. High floor. 2 baths. Windowed kitchen. Large dining area. Good closet space. Asking $130,000. Common charges $243 per mo. Taxes $219 mo. Call Mary Lou Robinson.

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EXCLUSIVE - SKY HIGH
Sun & light from 3 exposures flood this spacious apt. Nice LR, full DR, 2 BRs/baths; fully A/C. Good cond. Excellent value at $110,000. Call Mrs. Hagen.

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SPACE GALORE - LOW MAINT
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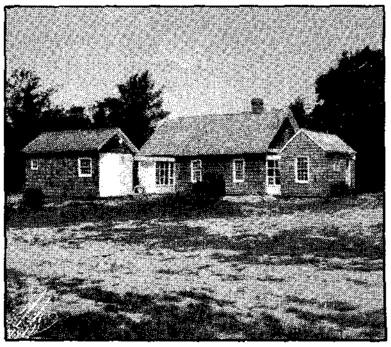

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12 acres, quiet road, seconds to commute. Long driveway to complete privacy amid dogwoods, cherry & crabapple trees. Stately white air cond Colonial, designed with talent & flair, with French doors from every room to walled gardens & rolling lawns.

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Completely equipped 2-bedrm COTTAGE. Heated 20 x 42 POOL, 5-box stall BARN with INDOOR RIDING RING. 10-ton hay storage w/ electric hay lift. Tack rm, outdoor riding ring, paddocks. On the best bridle paths. Property very easily divided. All in move-in condition! $325,000.

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CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.
ROUND HILL POND

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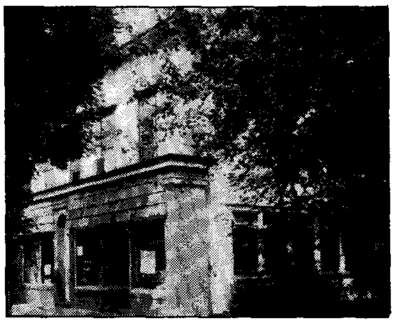
Owner (914) 238-4084



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Superior use of interior space in this unusual architect's contemporary. Ocean views, private master suite. $148,000.

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Main Street Bridgehampton
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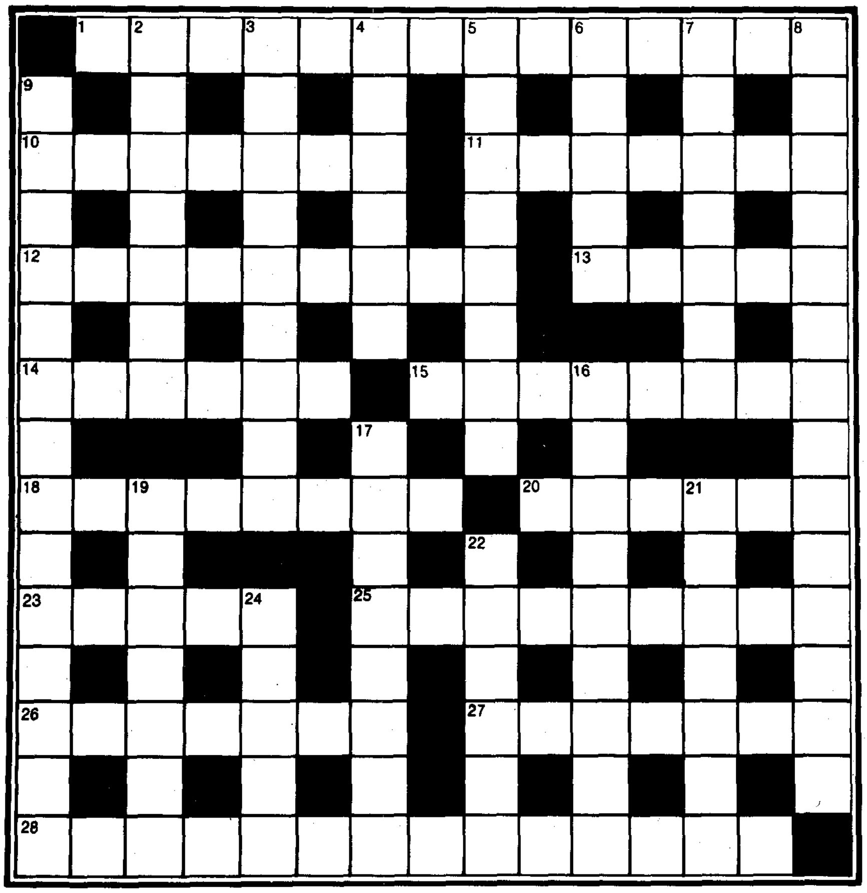
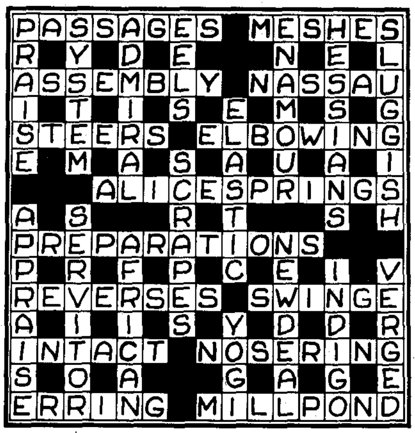
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 They make the dance possibly go sharper after hard work. (14)

10 Mocker with something worthless in his laughter. (7)

11 Birds embrace no Italians. (7)

12 Cheated, putting the metropolitan area in the cold. (9)

13 Strength for one in all directions. (5)

14 Involve having irregulars in the back rank. (6)

15 Comedian who makes a funny lot close. (8)

18 Unusual chat with females—the ones who breed. (8)

20 Assistance which is outstanding? (6)

23 It is atrocious but a pound would make it legal. (5)

25 It lays eggs and turns the shell over. (9)

26 The plant would have to work if the arbitrator were dismissed. (7)

27 Points put into nets but they may be removed. (7)

28 Mixed classes read old writings. (4, 3, 7)

DOWN

2 Player who fluffs his part. (7)

3 Get irregular helpers in to stock up. (9)

4 Making nothing revive with the mouth. (6)

5 Dance in which to fix up with a fellow about love. (8)

6 Clothing for soft creatures. (5)

7 "—— summer gilds them yet" (Byron). (7)

8 Hood's wood. (8, 6)

9 It is smart to know and listen to a man, although cowardly. (7-7)

16 It is potentially hotter in the East going into that place. (9)

17 Woman who is unusually glad about better pay. (8)

19 "—— phrases, silken terms precise" (*Love's Labour's Lost*). (7)

21 Hostility when West is surrounded with misfortunes. (7)

22 Caught the eye as a language. (6)

24 Aerobatics as an afterthought after a card game. (5)

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The Week Before Labor Day 1978

New York Gazette

In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

Marvin Webster agreed to play center for the Knicks last week, and it will make him rich. No doubt there are short people who will call a foul on Mother Nature: Sure, Webster is good, but why should a cheap trick—i.e., the ability to appear seven feet one inch tall—entitle him to $600,000 a year?

It's this kind of injustice that the average, sedentary, sweaty New Yorker feels most strongly in the last week of August, the sour dregs of summer. While mortal nerds leak vital salts and body fluids into their three-piece city suits, the glamorous Cosmos put on shorts and win the North American soccer championship. While parents endure back-to-school shopping, which is only one of the ways God punishes the fertile, funny people like Woody Allen and sexy people like Michael Douglas have a good time making movies on the streets of the city.

Resentment. A nice guy tries to hold up traffic on Seventh Avenue so an ambulance can get through. Another guy jumps out of a white Cadillac, hollers, "What the hell ya doin'?" and punches the nice guy in the mouth. Soon a lot of people are fighting. Soon it will be time to count the number of shopping days until Christmas.

Advertisement for Himself

By Joseph Papp

Joseph Papp, producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, makes his professional singing debut at the Ballroom in SoHo on September 26. Here, Mr. Papp the impresario interviews Joe Papp the performer.

Mr. Papp: Is this going to be an evening of theater music from your musical shows?

Joe: Not really. In planning my program, I realized that I never knew songs from Broadway shows as a child. Songs mostly came to me from movies. The fact of the matter is that when I was a kid, I never realized people wrote songs—I thought music just existed. I thought the people responsible for songs were either the people who sang them or those who played them. Mostly we heard music from a stack of old 78s that we found on the street in front of some old house. I never made any distinction between what was classical or popular or jazz.

Mr. Papp: Did you come from a very musical family?

Joe: Yes. There used to be a lot of singing at home. My family would sit around the table after dinner and harmonize. Another place the family sang was in the synagogue. Also the radio. We didn't own one, but we listened to our next door neighbor's Majestic.

Mr. Papp: What names stuck in your head as a kid?

Joe: Ted Lewis. He used to have a small jazz band. We liked him because he was Jewish. Another name my father reminded us of was Irving Berlin because he was Jewish. I wasn't quite sure what songs he had written, but he was Jewish, so we knew his name. Another name was Al Jolson.

Mr. Papp: Did you ever perform as a kid?

Joe: In the thirties I sang Gilbert and Sullivan in high school. Singing was always part of my life.

Mr. Papp: What do you consider "good" music?

Joe: The best way to become conscious of music is to have it in the home, but mostly to hear everything—just like reading. I read everything, whatever was there. I read junk and then suddenly I was reading George Bernard Shaw. What you develop is a broad taste, and within that you find that you have a sense of what's good. It's true in minority areas today. There are a lot of corrupt sounds, but that's part of it.

Mr. Papp: Why a nightclub act? Why now?

Joe: What I'm doing is not a nightclub act. I call it songs my father taught me, songs my sisters and brother taught me, and songs the radio taught me.

I had no intention of performing after I sang at a Manhattan Theater Club benefit and a Koch fund raiser, but Greg Dawson, one of the owners of the Ballroom, approached me and I said, 'Why not . . . get away from producing for a change?' Also, I liked the attention I received when I was singing. I'm singing all the time now. It keeps me awake at night. I used to wake up, not be able to sleep, and solve lots of problems. Now all that comes into my head are these damn songs.

Mr. Papp: Are you nervous about facing the critics as a performer?

Joe: I really am not concerned about my reviews. I'm not a professional. I don't have a reputation to uphold as a performer. Obviously, if I didn't have a reputation in another field they wouldn't have even thought of inviting me to perform. Recognizing this keeps me nice and humble.

There's another point behind all of this too. As a producer, people get some notion of you. I'm very serious, but there's another side of me that I'd like to show the public at large.

Mr. Papp: If you're a hit, what next?

Joe: The Met, naturally.

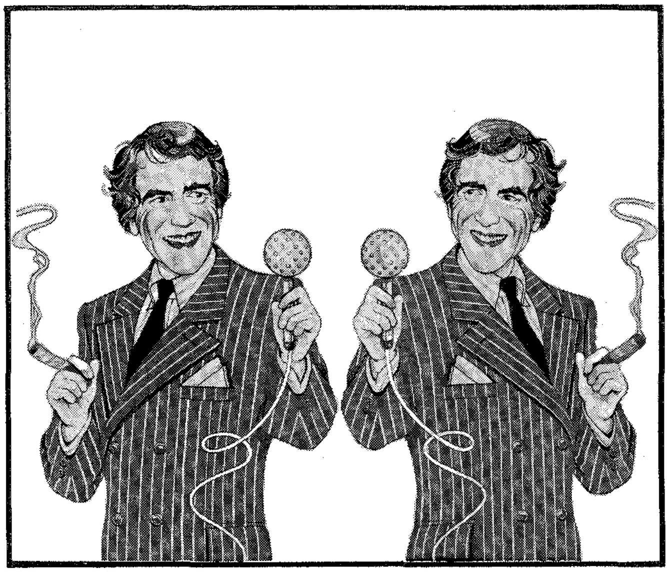


Illustration by Joyce Macdonald

A Night With The 6th Squad

By Stanley Siegel

Reporter's note: The story I wrote in last week's New York *Magazine received mixed reviews. The very intelligent liked it, but my attorney, Michael Lynne, said, "It was neither interesting nor witty nor informative. It had only one virtue—it was short."*

"How do you think this story will be?" I asked.

"I don't know—I'm not going to read it."

I spent two hours last Monday night in the 25th Precinct with the 6th Homicide detectives in East Harlem.

"You can get shot in the head up here for stepping on a guy's shoes, for refusing a drink of his wine, over a piece of chicken, for not paying off a 50-cent debt," explained Detective Gunther Muller. A Latino woman once even stabbed her sister's boyfriend through the heart with a fondue fork.

"Contrition?" Muller smiled. "When teenagers wanted for murder are given a chance to phone home, they ask their mother to bring them their sneakers so they can play basketball at Riker's Island. Two to three years in jail are nothing."

The manufacturers of Adidas and Puma shoes don't want to hear this testimonial, but the black and Latin kids who make East Harlem the murder capital of the city (208 murders in 1977) prefer these shoes above the rest. "They're a status symbol, and when we bust a kid at home we find rows of them in his closet," said Detective Hughie Dorsey.

But what about the cops—what do they think of themselves and their work?

Sergeant Tom Brady, climber George Willig's uncle: "If I ever did anything wrong, I wouldn't want my fellow officers up here in on the case—they're the best. Deputy Inspector Timothy Dowd was picked from the 6th to lead the manhunt for the Son of Sam. When those six men were beaten in the Central Park Ramble, we helped in the investigation even though no murders were committed."

Detective Jim Bateman: "Murders in the 6th Homicide are down this year. There are two reasons. First, they're tearing down a substantial number of living dwellings in East Harlem. Second, we have more specialization in the department. At present we are solving about 70 percent of murders committed."

This is the city: *The 6th Squad. Cop Gunther Muller, right. Left, ace reporter S. Siegel.*

Detective Richard Cahill: "You get to meet a lot of people in this job. A lot of people love you, and a lot of people hate you."

Detective Muller: "I've been a cop for 26 years, and I know I don't trust anybody."

A Commercial Congregation

By Alfa-Betty Olsen & Marshall Efron

Monday night, August 28, the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences held a Drop-in Dinner at the Copacabana, that esteemed institution of high intellectuality known for its effective air conditioning, and endeavored to learn something about the realities of America's newest legends.

The guests who sat upon the dais were the mythic heroes of modern American life: Aunt ("Weigh it for yourself, honey") Bluebelle; Cora ("When you got somethin' good, you stick with it"); and Price and Pride ("Price without pride is no bargain").

The scientists and artists learned that Margaret Hamilton, formerly the Wicked Witch of the West in the Land of Oz, who now portrays the mythic Cora in a mythic general store in mythic New England, is from down-to-earth Cleveland, Ohio.

They also learned that Aunt Bluebelle is played by an actress. An actress named Mae Questel, who used to be Betty Boop in a former life. She became Aunt Bluebelle by auditioning for the part, and she calls auditions "blood tests," because "a little blood seeps out somewhere."

Margaret Hamilton explained that many people believe that Cora's legendary store, which stocks only one brand of coffee, is real.

Both ladies use the products they represent to the world. Aunt Bluebelle threw out a hint to the representatives of Scott's, who were in attendance, that she is running short of paper towels and would like more. Also toilet paper. She likes the double tissue with the double weave.

Price and Pride, that fabulous allegorical duo, were not really there. It turned out that they no longer exist. For three years they graced the cathodes extolling the virtues of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Then they were hacked down in their youth. The academy members had to make do with the merely mortal Ralph Strait, who *used* to be Pride, and the all-too-mortal Ted Pugh, who *used* to be Price. Ralph Strait told how he owns a restaurant in Belford, New Jersey, which he calls Pride's Place, so at least something of the glory survives, if only in New Jersey.

The king of the spokespeople, Mr. Whipple, dragon slayer of the supermarket set, was very much in evidence in spirit, but not in flesh. He was represented by an Oriental lady, Loretta Wakuya, from Benton & Bowles. She said that Mr. Whipple is not irritating.

Hamilton: *From Kansas to coffee.*

Mr. Whipple's real name is Dick Wilson, and the people at Benton & Bowles call him Dick Whipple. Aunt Bluebelle said she met him once. Pride asked, "Did he squeeze you?" Aunt Bluebelle giggled.

Mae Questel recounted the legends of her life. Especially the early years. "I once did a parrot. A personality parrot, come to think of it. I was a mimic always. Then Max Fleischer came along and he wanted someone to do a cartoon called 'Betty Coed.' Then the studio decided to characterize my face. And the face you see is Betty Boop.

"Helen Kane was never Betty Boop. She sued us

Photos: left, Richard Pan; right, UPI

once. We wore hats every day to court, but she lost."

Such are the ways of the heroes. Their ways are merely the ways of actors everywhere.

Life has become very small, and this year is the smallest of them all. Automobiles are shrinking, our magazines are now petite, books have grown quite pocket-size, and newspapers have disappeared completely. (The only things that are getting larger are portable radios, which used to be small. Life is a paradox.) Epic heroes used to be larger than life, but television has made them smaller than life. This event brought them back to life-size.

New York's Best-Sellers

Fiction

1. Chesapeake, *by James A. Michener (Random House, $12.95)*
2. Fools Die, *by Mario Puzo (Putnam, $12.50)*
3. Evergreen, *by Belva Plain (Delacorte, $9.95)*
4. The World According to Garp, *by John Irving (Dutton, $10.95)*
5. Eye of the Needle, *by Ken Follett (Arbor House, $8.95)*

Nonfiction

1. In Search of History: A Personal Adventure, *by Theodore H. White (Harper & Row, $12.95)*
2. Robert Kennedy and His Times, *by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95)*
3. Time for Truth, *by William E. Simon (Reader's Digest Press, $12.50)*
4. My Mother/My Self, *by Nancy Friday (Delacorte, $9.95)*
5. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *by Erma Bombeck (McGraw-Hill, $7.95)*

This list of local best-sellers was compiled with aid from Barnes & Noble, Benjamin Books, Brentano's, Doubleday, Eighth Street Bookshop, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Madison Avenue Book Shop, Scribners, Book & Gameland, and Waldenbooks.

RFK Tennis Goings-on

By George Plimpton

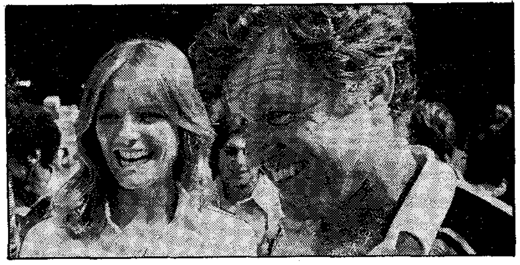
This year's RFK Pro-Celebrity Tournament at Forest Hills was distinguished by a final match with a mixed-doubles team involved for the first time—Dina Merrill, the heiress/actress, paired with Clark Graebner, against Bruce Jenner, the decathlon champion, and his pro partner, Anand Amritraj. The Jenner-Amritraj team won 6-love, showing very little mercy, peppering the actress with their drives, which brought boos from the crowd.

The Jenner-Amritraj pair had moved through the tournament like a bludgeon. Ilie Nastase and actress Cathy-Lee Crosby were the first mixed team to face the all-out Jenner-Amritraj barrage, including an Amritraj shot into Crosby's bosom, or what Nastase kept referring to afterward, rather indelicately, as his partner's "tit." Nastase was obsessed by the shot. To anyone under the luncheon marquee who would listen, he would describe what had happened—reeling backward, fluttering his hand under his shirt to show where the ball had hit. The word "tit" rose above the chatter like the pop of a balloon.

The Merrill-Graebner team played difficult matches through the tournament, but generally in a spirit of gentility not apparent in the final. In the semi-final match, their celebrity opponent, Alan King, confessed an error. The crowd applauded. A friend of the comedian's, the playwright Peter Stone, found this so brazenly out of character that he called out sharply from the marquee, "Schmuck!"—a comment that thoroughly unhinged King and allowed the Merrill-Graebner team to move on toward the final.

That set up the day's climactic match—and the philosophical implications of what one does with a prestigious title on the line and a female opponent on the other side of the net. Quite likely, the professional of the all-male team, if he is very competitive (which all of them are) and has an eye on the professional's first prize (in the RFK, a rather fancy motorboat), will whisper piercingly into the amateur's ear: "Hit it at the lady."

In any case, that is certainly what the Jenner-Amritraj team did. Afterward, discussion arose as to the motivating impulses of the Jenner-Amritraj pair: male chauvinism, or treating Dina Merrill just like any other fellow? One other point was raised: With Bruce Jenner powered by Wheaties and Dina Merrill, the Post heiress, standing in for Grape-Nuts, perhaps it was inevitable that the final match was full of snap! crackle! and pop!



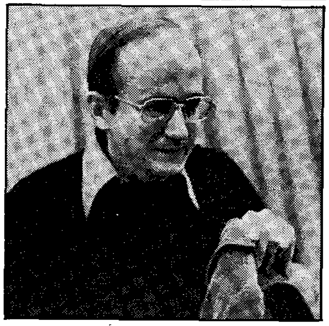
Tennis types: *Model Cheryl Tiegs and Senator Ted Kennedy.*

Unreliable Sources

By Victor Navasky

In the English fashion, I should probably begin by stating my interest. As editor of a political weekly (*The Nation*), I am committed to print journalism. But thus far it seems incontestable that the main consequence of the newspaper strike has been to lower the quality of television news.

Channel 13, which one assumed would have immediately suspended all regular programming in favor of round-the-clock emergency duty for MacNeil and Lehrer, did nothing for the first three weeks of the strike. Finally it announced a half-hour "newspaper of the air" where a bunch of print journalists who don't know what they are doing on television will be on television, talking about what they would have written had they been writing.



John Leonard: *Well reviewed.*

The commercial channels have not done much better. Typically they begin their broadcast day with a "personality" announcing that, absent the print medium, TV will be happy to run ads at bargain rates. They then go into a number about "expanded news coverage," which turns out to be a half hour tacked onto the nightly news. Half of the half hour is usually taken up interviewing spokespeople on when they think the strike will be over. And the other half consists of reports from feature writers, mostly

Photos: left, Allan Tannenbaum ; right, Fred McDarrah

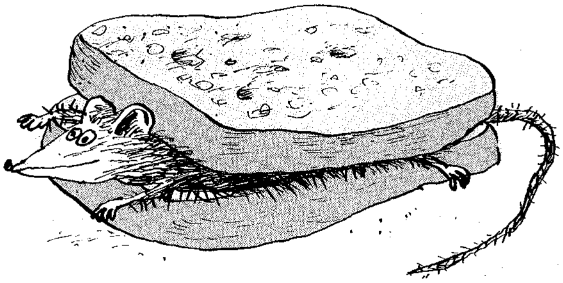
gossip columnists and readers of the funnies. Recently, more substantial print journalists have found their way onto television but they seem out of place. It's as if a steakhouse strike resulted in vegetarian restaurants adding slices of filet mignon to their tofu salads. If broadcasting went on strike would the dailies feel compelled to run columns by Tom Brokaw, Barbara Walters, and Howard Cosell?

It made me happy to see New York *Times* book reviewer John Leonard on Channel 2 the other evening reviewing books. At long last, I thought, the medium has discovered a message, something the strike papers have yet to do. As it turned out, however, CBS-TV is the only channel to venture into books, and twice a week seems its limit.

At the end of Leonard's review, the host, Dennis Cunningham, commented, "I've always admired you, John, and now I admire you even more." Since his review was no more or less brilliant than his print reviews, one must assume that what was being admired was the way he read it from the Teleprompter, no mean feat given the way most of the transformed print journalists seem only halfway through the lead paragraph when time's up.

None of the above, of course, explains why regular news coverage by regular newscasters seems flabbier, softer, blander, less precise than usual. At first I thought the matter was seasonal, but that's too complicated. The simple fact is they don't have the *Times* to steal from anymore. (And neither do *Time, Newsweek,* AP, and UPI, TV's other secret sources.) How can they be sure news is news if it doesn't appear in a *news*paper? No wonder Channel 13 has called its new show "a newspaper of the air."

Please Pass the—Oh, Never Mind



The Health Department made fewer inspections than usual last week but turned up a number of miscreants just the same. Here are the violations it turned up.

1. Charcoal Chef, 22 West 14th Street, Manhattan: can opener food-encrusted; dough mixer encrusted; food-preparation table scarred and unclean.

2. Pan American Motor Inn (swimming pool), 79-00 Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst: potable water supply not protected by vacuum breakers; mechanical chlorinator not in use.

3. Edward Mesa and James Masatone (mobile food vendors), 2487 Webster Avenue, the Bronx: operating a commissary without a permit; some merchandise not stored off the floor.

4. Quality Donuts, 1621 Westchester Avenue, the Bronx: stairway to cellar dirt-encrusted; fresh mouse excreta on food-storage shelf.

A Cruise to Somewhere

By Marya Mannes

There she lay, nice and neat in her red, white, and blue paint and immaculate smokestacks. Miss *America,* waiting to be auctioned off at Pier 92, Berth 5.

It was hard to believe that this maritime lady was the same ship that took a horde of hopeful passengers some months ago for a "cruise to nowhere" which ended abruptly when many of the passengers fled to go back to their native shore, innocent victims of malfunctioning "comforts" and other purveyors of acute discomfort.

Now cleaned (she seemed immaculate inside as well as out, spacious, adroitly decorated, all systems go), she was crowded with spectators, who came to examine the reformed sinner, or, simply, buy her.

Such commercial thoughts hardly seemed possible in earlier decades, when my parents—musicians both—my brother, and I regularly bundled ourselves aboard oceangoing liners. We glided across the Atlantic many times in those years so my violinist father and piano-playing mother could make music together in the capitals of Europe.

Ships meant adventure for my brother and me in those years: While our parents earned money by playing concerts, the two of us just played.

The liners then had a highly aristocratic stance—which this born-again Miss *America* cannot aspire to—and a dignity that cannot be bought at auction.

After the auctioneer had drawn out some bids for the nautical red-white-and-blue lady, ranging from $500,000 to $1 million, he addressed a tall and impressive man a few yards to my right, asked for his bid, and got back loud and clearly (and clearly not American), "I bid $1,010,000."

Only at brief instants could I see the new owner of the ship enough to suspect that he was Greek, remarkably calm, and affable as well as affluent. Later inquiry proved him to be A. J. Chandris of the Greek Chandris steamship and cruise company, which had owned her once before and will refurbish the vessel and have her cruising again.

Anytime he chooses to unshackle his new lady from Pier 92 and take her to the Greek Islands, I would gladly risk any surviving roaches or reluctant plumbing to join the trip. ■

Whew! *Here, then, is the solution to Will Weng's giant crossword from last week's* New York. *Tell the truth now: Did you do well? Badly? Just okay?*

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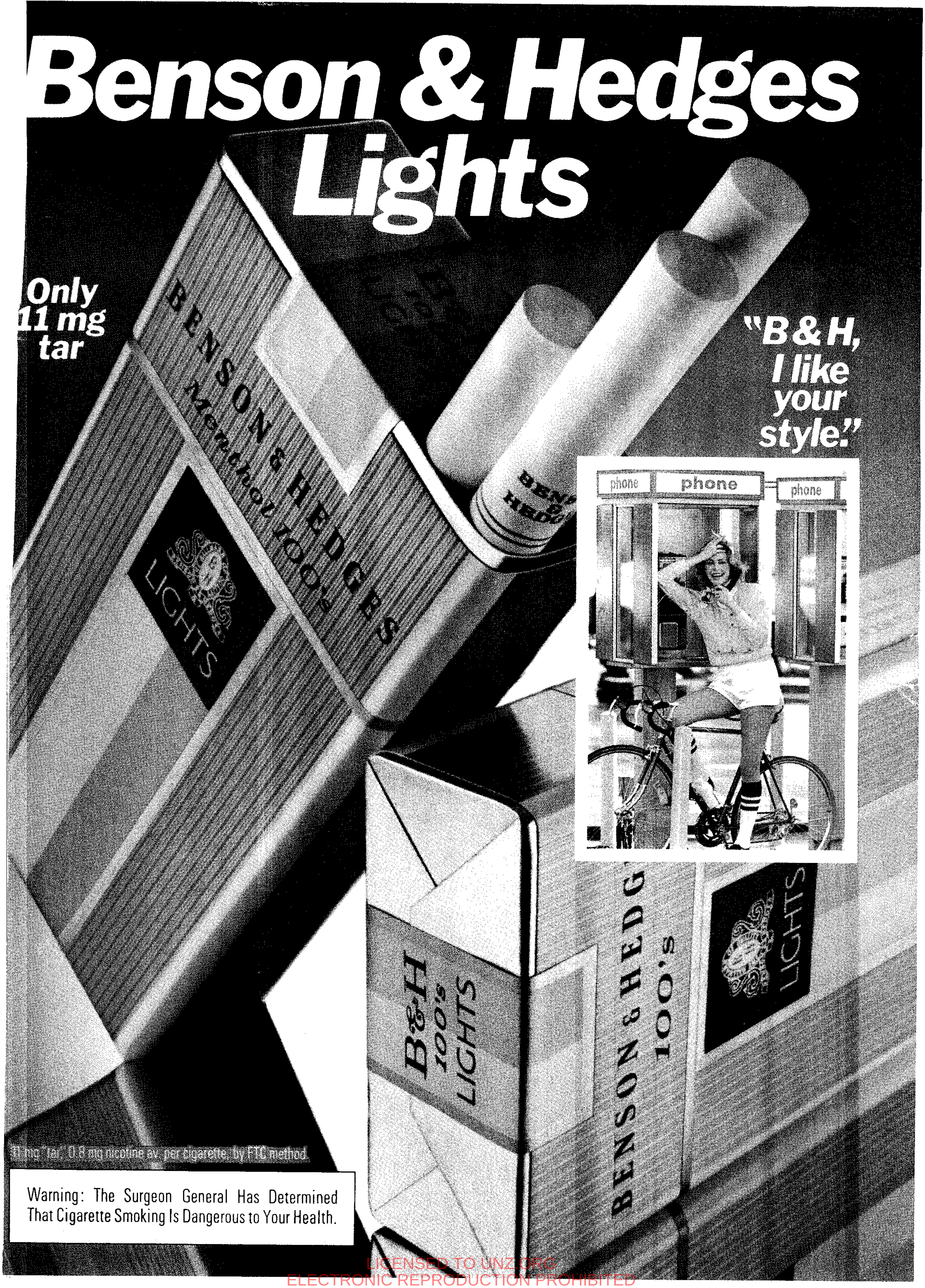
Illustration by Jo Teodorescu


Benson & Hedges Lights
Only 11 mg tar
"B & H, I like your style."
BENSON & HEDGES Menthol 100's
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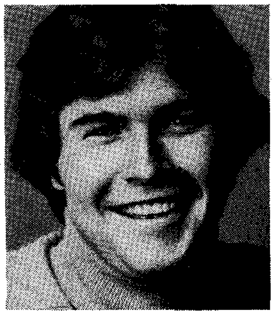
BENSON & HEDGES 100's
LIGHTS

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

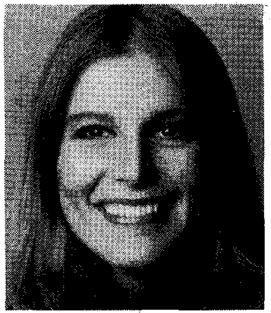
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

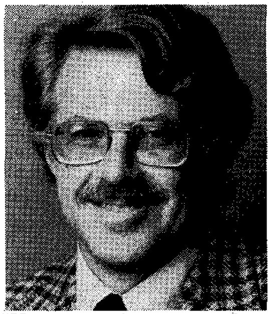
Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



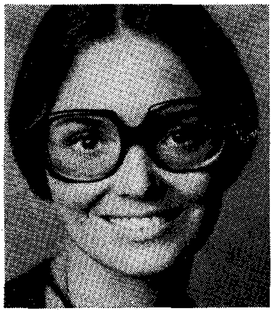
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



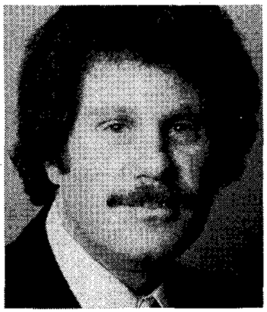
"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

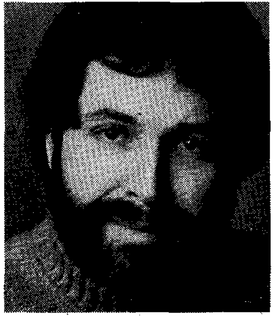


"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



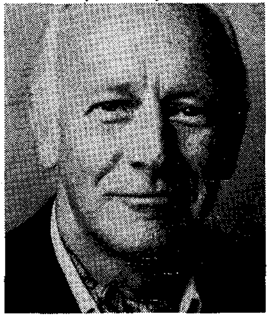
"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.

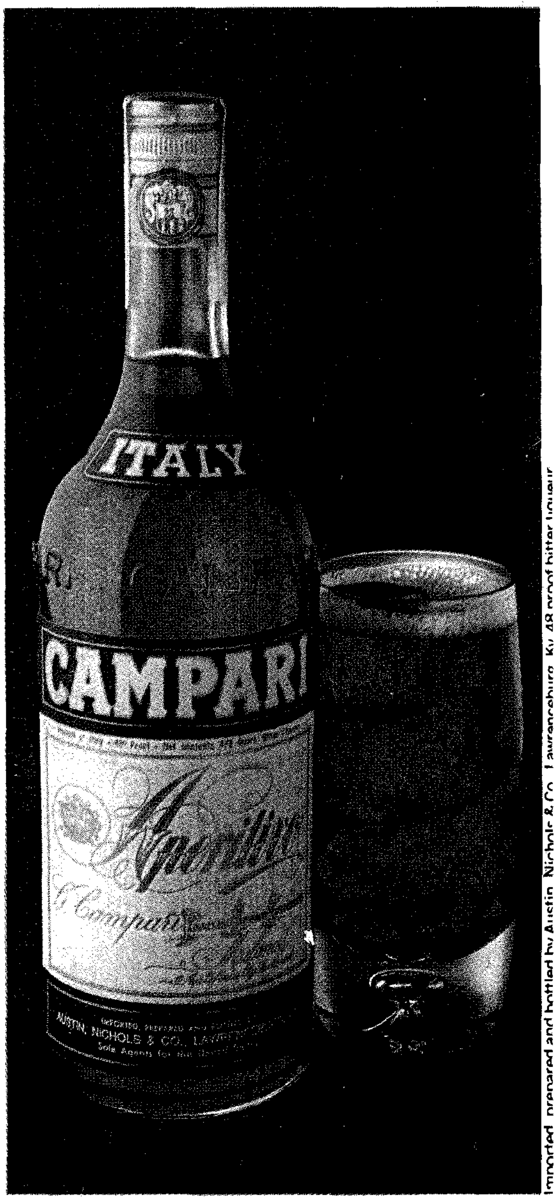


"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.



Imported prepared and bottled by Austin Nichols & Co Lawrenceburg Ky 48 proof bitter liqueur

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

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